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WESTWARD A HO!



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Westward Ho! Magazine

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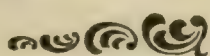


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No. 1

Vol. 2

The New Year. Westward Ho! wishes its readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

There is nothing in Canadian conditions to prevent the full realization of this seasonable wish. Happiness is compounded of many ingredients, the chief of which is contentment. Not the contentment which accepts conditions as they are without question, and without an intelligent investigation of all matters which concern the public interest, but that contentment which springs from a wise and tolerant review of mundane affairs, and realizes that in Canada at any rate, there are few who can find reasonable ground for discontent.

There can be no question that the year 1907 was in every respect the most prosperous in our history, the increase in population and in the value of imports and exports which are the most reliable evidences of material prosperity show increases greater than in any preceding year. Bank clearings, customs returns, traffic returns, post office statistics all tell the same tale, and until the closing weeks of the year, there was no check in the unvarying flow of prosperity. The conditions established by a review of the Dominion returns are reflected in the Provincial. Each local Government finds itself on "easy street" so far as finances are concerned, not only because during 1907 the Federal Government was able very substantially to augment the Provincial subsidies, but because the local

production of revenue, especially in the Canadian West, shows a large increase.

In all the activities of an industrial country, Canada today is foremost, while her agricultural population has been increased during last year to the extent of a quarter of a million, her industrial activities have fairly kept pace and when the statistics for the year are made up it will be found that manufactured products both for home consumption and export have reached a figure undreamt of at the commencement of the year. The staple industries have become more firmly established and may fairly be said to have passed the experimental stage. The manufacture of iron and steel which after coal mining is the greatest industrial enterprise in civilized countries, is no longer an occasion of anxiety to capitalists and Governments; 1908 has found every iron and steel mill overloaded with orders, not only for the ordinary lines but for structural steel and rails, the most important specialties of the trade. Less than three years ago experts doubted if Canada could produce a steel rail which would stand the Government tests, it has successfully demonstrated that it can, and the problem of Canadian rails for Canadian railways is solved.

In view of the enormous expansion of railway systems already projected and others which are certain to be decided on within a short time, it is impossible

to estimate what it means for Canada to supply her own iron and steel manufactures. It means employment for thousands of men, and profit for manufacturers. And in this connection it is not out of place to point out that the Canadian West is within measurable distance of the establishment of an iron and steel industry within her own borders. Evidence that British Columbia contains all the necessary ingredients and enjoys the ideal geographical position for this purpose are accumulating daily, and when the possibilities of the Oriental as well as the home market are considered, it is certain that the project cannot be long delayed.

The lull in affairs towards the end of last year is, in the opinion of the best judges, a temporary matter. It was brought about by over-expansion and not by exhaustion. Reactions are inevitable in business as in all other affairs, the high pressure of the last year or two was bound to have a check, the duration of that check depends entirely upon the abatement of the conditions which imposed it. These were three, scarcity of currency, excessive wages and excessive cost of living. The scarcity of currency was due to the fact that in her period of unparalleled prosperity Canada's business had outgrown her capital. This condition was accentuated by the employment of a large amount of that capital abroad, when every dollar of it was required at home. Of the \$60,000,000 "on call" in Wall Street at least \$30,000,000 has already been withdrawn, and it is certain that in future Canadian currency will not be depleted to such an extent by outside investments, at any rate not until the country is much wealthier than at present. The stability of Canadian banking institutions has been demonstrated more conspicuously than in any previous crisis, with the result that American investors are now making large deposits on this side of the line, but beyond this, the undeveloped treasures of

the Canadian West, both in agricultural land, timber and minerals will for years to come prove to be the most attractive investment for American surplus capital, and the development of the West means larger and very larger markets for the East.

The other conditions which precipitated the crisis are rapidly passing and the natural process of readjustment is taking place. Workmen with an appreciation of the case which does them the highest credit have accepted a moderate reduction in wages, and the price of commodities, especially the necessities of living, which were so unreasonably advanced in 1907 are already showing general reductions. Probably the Finance Minister of all men in Canada is in a position to give the most reliable opinion on the financial outlook, and certainly if in addition the opinion of the managers of Dominion banks be considered, as well as that of the Captains of Industry, no mistake should be made in venturing a prediction for 1908. They all agree that early in the New Year, there will be a general resumption of work upon as large a scale as before the November lull. At this time it behooves all men to practice economy and to exhibit courage. These are the two personal equations which will contribute most effectively to a restoration of the "status quo ante." Retrenchment must be the order of the day and faith in the future of our magnificent country will engender that courage which is the most valuable asset of any community and which more than any other has sustained Canada in many a reverse.

In view of these considerations Westward Ho! looks to the future in the most optimistic spirit, and every reader of Westward Ho! during 1908 may reasonably expect to find a monthly record of happiness and prosperity which will fully justify the anticipation.

The Salmon That "Run" in the Fall.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by Mr. A. Bailey and the Author.

AFTER we had watched the three varieties of salmon that "run" in the spring and early summer—the Spring—also known as the King or Chinook, the Sockeye (Blueback) and the handsome Steelhead, enumerated by the U. S. authorities as a

fish traps that line the southern coast of the Island of Vancouver silver salmon, locally the Coho, Humpback salmon and Dog salmon were starting to "run" in the early days of August. To give you a correct idea if these we photographed the three, a male Dog salmon at the top,



Scow Inside Spiller Net of Fish Trap.

sea trout and by Prof. Prince of Ottawa as a salmon, we noticed that the other three varieties were beginning to appear in the Straits of Juan de Fuca. In the mighty hosts gathered in the great

note the great hooked jaw and large teeth of this ferocious looking salmon, ageing now to the spawning season, his maturity showing the hook of the jaw and the development of the organs, thus

early this variety was colored a light pink and not as soft in flesh as they become later when they enter the fresh-water streams, when this breed is laid in the sun a few moments the stripes appear well defined all over the body. The second in the plate, the Humpback, can always be told by the fine scales and the hump on the back; it too was a fully developed adult, four years old, seek-

on the deck of the tug at the deep water end of the fish trap, a half a mile from shore and gaze down into the circling mass of big salmon imprisoned in the Spiller net. Great Spring salmon, a very rare Sockeye or a square-tailed handsome Steelhead were swimming amid a mass of silvery humpbacks, big fat Dog salmon and clean-cut Cohoes, around and around the forty-foot square-



A Sixty-pound Spring Salmon and Scow-load of Salmon.

ing the fresh water to spawn; its flesh was fairly pink and firm, being taken in the salt water. It seems a pity that this big fish, that later runs in millions, up the straits, should not have a larger commercial value, but as the public have been educated to eat only a red salmon these big fish sell for one cent apiece from the fish traps. The third salmon is the Coho, a good, clean, handsome fish, flesh of a fair red, firm in comparison to the other fall fish, a good sporty fish on the rod and likewise runs in large schools.

It was extremely interesting to stand

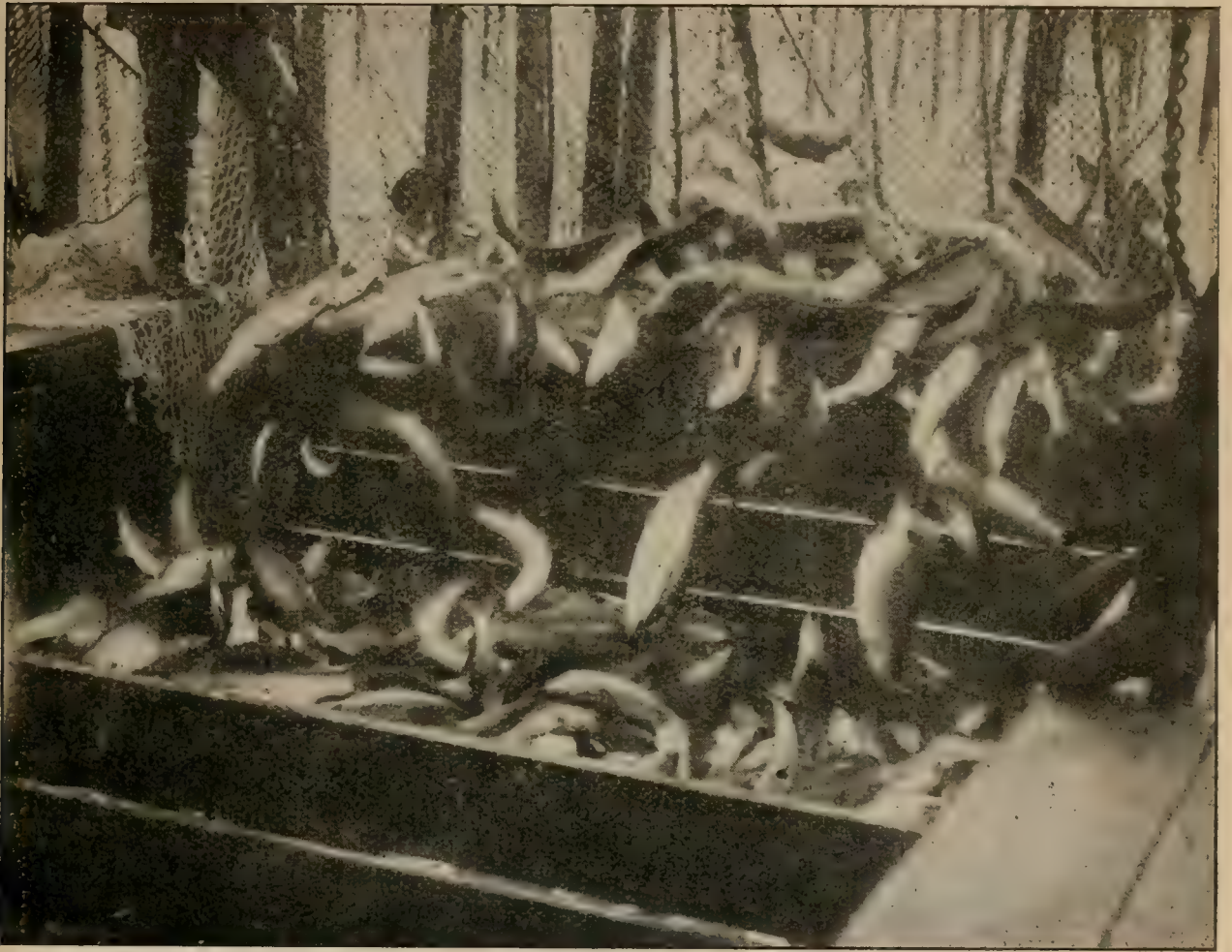
netted prison some five thousand fish were swimming—and this is only a fair catch-dodging. Amid the mass was a school of young salmon not more than six inches long. We dissected these and decided they were young Spring salmon. Deeper down we could see the huge bulk of a blackfish or porpoise. Edging in and out, their shark-like fins and tails ever fanning, were scores of dogfish—not Dog salmon—and many a sore and jagged rip on the sides of the imprisoned salmon showed where these members of the shark family had been feeding. In the swirling mass tapering ratfish with

wonderfully clear sea green eyes could be seen, their rich chocolate colouring adding a new tint to the blues and green and browns and silvers of the crowded net. Deep down a great white spotted, sharp-spined sturgeon glided in the darker places. Huge skates slowly fanned by their brown leathery fins working as a bird's wings. Black bass, cod-fish of five varieties, squid, herring, horse mackerel, shad, darted and plunged—a very kaleidoscope of fish.

The scow was passed in over the edge

Now, in September or October, the trap fishing has ceased, and the salmon are swimming in the sheltered arms and harbours of the sea, waiting for the rains to swell the fresh water streams that they may ascend and spawn and die. Strange provision of Nature, that no sooner has this handsome fish lived its four full years in the unknown places of the ocean, that it must seek a place to deposit its spawn or milt and perish to perpetuate the species.

Early in September we followed the



Salmon Falling From Brailes Into Scow.

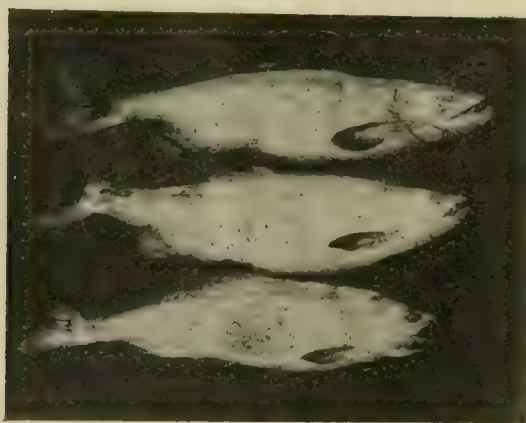
of the Spiller net, the net itself was gathered in under; the steam brailer was set to work and soon a splashing, rattling, leaping mass of silvery salmon and various fishes was falling into the scow. At another place the hand brailer was used and we pictured it coming up out of the spiller full of humpbacks. Within two to four minutes all of the salmon were dead in the scow; later they were sorted at the trap wharf and soon were en route to market.

Dog salmon up the streams—the Cohoes were still leaping in the estuary,—over shallows and riffles they worked with every tide, tearing and scarring themselves and growing great patches of fungus on their sides. Some were turning to a deep red, in fact we have seen some that were actually red salmon. Although they leaped and rose not one of them would take a bait. In places we saw two males following one female; in others we watched the male salmon

following after flounders—for what reason we do not know. Poor things they were marked and torn and fungus covered until we wonder that even the bears eat the remains, but they do as the trails at the water's edge and the half-eaten fish in the woods bear witness—and our web-footed friend the mallard likewise feeds on this awful fare. The gulls were so stuffed with decayed fish that they were inert. Later the polluted air makes this part of our study anything but pleasant.

Summing up all the opinions that we have heard in a thousand-mile pedestrian trip along this ruggedly beautiful Pacific Coast, noting the fact that the run of good salmon this year was lamentably small, while the poorer fish were plentiful, remembering the fact that the Indians at the head waters of the rivers—that have for years fed on the spawn-

ing salmon—are face to face with starvation on account of the absence of the sockeye from its old-time spawning grounds, seeing everywhere in the U. S. great numbers of traps and nets of all kinds, while here in Canada the traps are not as plentiful the nets are ever in the way of the good salmon seeking to enter the rivers, one must be led to the conclusion that the salmon is passing out. True that on the Sacramento the hatcheries have regained a lead, but every place we go the one tale is, less good salmon, as many poor salmon, more firms and men engaged and an ever-decreasing pack—shall we kill the fish until a live Spring, Sockeye or Coho will be a rarity? or shall we have, both in the U. S. and Canada, a series of close seasons, until we find the Sockeye once more plentiful far up that great spawning river—the Fraser?



Dog Salmon. Humpback. Cohoe.

A Greater Britain on the Pacific.

R. E. Gosnell.

IT is not a far cry from the time when British Columbia was part of the great terra incognita, designated as Indian Territory, over which the Hudson's Bay Company had exclusive trading privileges, and the year 1907, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as Premier of the nine prosperous provinces of Canada, and the unorganized districts attached thereto—the whole of what was formerly known as British North America—sat in the councils of the Empire and represented the views of the government of the first dominion in that Empire. It is only fifty years since British Columbia disintegrated from the Oregon of that day, and became a colony of Great Britain. Her late Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria had already reigned twenty years when that occurred and was of middle age. It seems only yesterday that she laid the sceptre down. Yet in that short space of time vast changes have taken place in the West of North America, and not in the least remarkable way in the West of His Majesty's domain. These changes have been so great and momentous and have so altered the destinies of the British Empire itself that few persons, even those who have witnessed them all, realize their extent, character and import. The object here, however, is not to be retrospective or historical, except in so far as may be necessary to institute some parallels conveying a more or less tangible impression of progress achieved and therefrom draw conclusions as to the future.

In 1857, there was no means of communication overland between the east and west of the North American continent, except the prairie ship, the primitive, wearily winding caravan—the

emigrant train of pioneer days. There were still millions of buffaloes on the prairie. West of the line of the Mississippi there were not yet half a million of people of European extraction. Apart from the few servants of the Hudson's Bay Co., scattered here and there at long intervals, there was not a white man on the mainland of British Columbia. On Vancouver Island which had been a Crown colony since 1849, there were possibly not more than 300 white persons all told. The news of the discovery of gold in the interior rivers and streams had just begun to percolate into the outside world through laggard channels. A reminiscent article in April Cornhill from the pen of Admiral Moresby, who was on duty in the Pacific waters a few years prior, is interesting as a picture and a somewhat vivid one of the conditions then existing. He deals with the oppressive solitude of the dense forests, with their children the Red Men and their primitive savagery; with the long winding and deep dark inlets that so numerous indent the northwest coast of the continent; with wild beasts and the winged animals in an unexploited paradise of sport; with Nature in its very pristine forms and solemn majesty; and with the few adventurous fur traders who were pioneering for the generations to come. "So little known, in fact, was Vancouver (Island) in 1852," he writes, "that when the news came to the officers mess of H.M. Thetis (a crack 36-gun frigate) of an order to proceed there straightway, I scarcely think even our hope of sport had any more concrete form than a vague notion of forest and stream, fur and fish," and in conclusion he strikes almost a pathetic key:—

"As I lay my pen down the vision of

the forest primeval and its children fades, and there rises in its place the roar of civilization, the teeming life of the cities that are and will be throned on the North Pacific.

"So the world changes; so our feverish activities fill the space between the silences; but to an old sailor who recalls many men and things in the peace of his last days, it is difficult sometimes to distinguish phantom and reality, and easier to believe that the pines are still waving in their solitude and the rivers running undisturbed to the great ocean."

For the purpose of comparison it is impossible to quote statistics of a time before which there was nothing. To show the progress that has been made we cannot go back as far as 1857, because while there were gold discoveries in that year, and in the following year excitements, inrush of population and government of a kind, as there had been in California ten years before, these were but the bases or germs, of a social and industrial organization that took many years to develop. As in the Middle and Pacific States, there was no real, at least rapid, progress until railways were built. So the history of British Columbia did not commence until about twenty years ago upon the completion of the C. P. R. There were as I have said, government, a small population, incipient commerce, trade and industry, but after the preliminary spurts incident to mining excitements, there was stagnation. Taking into consideration all things, more especially geographical remoteness, isolation, and mountainous exterior, the progress achieved since that time has been as remarkable as—if not more remarkable than—anything witnessed in the world during a very remarkable quarter of a century.

The states of Washington, Oregon and California in their development, and being largely similar in natural conditions what applies to them applies equally well to the country north of them, and in making comparisons I wish to include both. The reason for this rests upon the fact that causes and effects as revealed all along this long line of territory in addition to being largely contemporane-

ous are also very closely correlated. That is important to bear in mind. Statistics confined to a strictly mathematical basis might seem to prove that the American states referred to had relatively advanced much faster than British Columbia, and that is true; but it must be clearly understood that as these three states represented the western shore line of a great Republic that for many years made phenomenal strides—longer and faster than those made by Canada—it was but natural and inevitable that they should with it. Today in Canada people do not mourn over the fact that the United States for all these years, in material development, outstripped it actually and relatively. The very start that country got over Canada, while the latter was struggling with its hard physical conditions and knotty political problems, made it all the more difficult for Canadians to keep up in the race. Canada was not only handicapped in competition, by almost every possible adverse condition, for a share of the attention and immigration its great rival was receiving, but nearly two millions of her own population were carried away in that apparently never-ceasing floodtide to join their fortunes with those of their Yankee cousins. The steady plodding of the Canadian and the filling up of United States lands finally brought him to his opportunity, when the tide has begun to flow back again to the northward, promising to make the twentieth century Canada's, as the nineteenth was peculiarly that of her neighbour. The discipline of working and waiting and struggling was worth more in making national character than riches and fine linen. So, therefore, if British Columbia has lagged behind Washington, Oregon and California, which present many similar natural conditions and opportunities, in the past, it has not been without good, I might say, national cause; but the very reasons which caused the Pacific Coast states to stride so fast for a time will cause this province to stride still faster in the future. The latter possesses some advantages which her neighbours do not, and similar advantages in a

greater degree, as I shall attempt to show.

Readers do not require to be reminded that prior to 1846, Oregon, Washington and the greater part of British Columbia, as at present constituted, were included in that lone land of shadowy metes and bounds then known as the Oregon territory, and, indifferently, some times as Columbia. There were, as they also know, very conflicting claims as to the right of sovereignty. Those of the British extended as far south as the Columbia river, while the United States wanted the earth as far north as Alaska, a claim, by the way, which gave rise to the political shibboleth in the latter country at one time of "54, 40 or fight," a phrase attributed to that erratic genius of American fame in railways and finance, the late George Francis Train, and incorporated by him into some rather remarkable doggerel. Prior to the settlement of the boundary question the whole of the territory in dispute was appraised as practically valueless by the people of both countries, as reference to literature of the time will show. The missionaries and the first settlers in Oregon may be excepted from this general category, but they were recent arrivals, and like the Israelites of old they got, this new Canaan, for Uncle Sam this land of milk and honey, by simply entering in and taking possession of it. I might quote Robt. Greenhow, the distinguished librarian at Washington, as I have done on other occasions, to show the accepted American view of the country—a land hopeless in the expectancy of important commercial or industrial results, and forbidding all expectation of a transcontinental or transpacific trade developing through it or out of it. Or I might also quote some of the British writers on the same subject to practically the same effect. How dimly the potential present was then perceived by the very wisest and best informed men we may best judge by the accomplishments of the meanwhile.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the Oregon dispute. Like some other international disputes we have had with our near neighbours, it settled itself

somehow in a haphazard way. There is a story told by the late Roderick Finlayson in his privately published diary. Finlayson was the factor of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s fort at Victoria, when Capt. Gordon, brother of the then premier of Great Britain, paid him a visit in his ship H.M.S. "America," to obtain information in order to assist the Imperial government in settling this bothering dispute. Mr. Finlayson states that Gordon was quite disgusted to find that fish were caught with lines and bait instead of with a rod and flies. He was equally disgusted with his attempts to stalk deer in a country where the thickets were too dense to be penetrated after the quarry had been sighted. Finlayson, by way of compensation, thought that Gordon would be impressed with the splendid scenic environment of Victoria, and with pride asked what he thought of it. "I would not," said the captain in reply, "give one of the bleakest knolls of all the bleak hills of Scotland for twenty islands arrayed like this in barbaric splendor." History also records that a detachment of this same expedition had visited the country along the Columbia river and returned equally as disgusted with what they saw as was Gordon with Vancouver Island. These incidents undoubtedly gave credence to what after all may have been only an amiable fiction, with a world-wide circulation, that Oregon was lost to the British because the salmon in its waters refused to rise to a fly. The remote or the immediate causes of this would take too long to discuss, and be a useless labour in any event. Doubtless the British governments of the long days through which the controversy in all its phases dragged from first to last lacked imagination as well as information respecting the country, and, perhaps after all cannot be blamed for not being wiser than they knew. Few, if any, in those days could appreciate the possibilities that lay dormant in Oregon or pierce the veil of its mighty future. It goes without saying of course, that British Columbia with Washington and Oregon included would have been vastly greater than it is; but even shorn as it has been of its widest

possibilities it has still an area of 381,000 square miles, an area large enough for, and larger than that of many, a kingdom.

It has already been stated that in 1857 the white population west of the Mississippi did not exceed half a million. As a matter of fact, the population of the western division of America—the Pacific slope—is given as 179,000 in 1850, to which may be added for the country north of the line 30,000 or 35,000, almost exclusively Indians. The population for the same area in 1906 is given officially at 4,100,000, to which may be added at least 250,000 for British Columbia. An official statement of the wealth of the Pacific Coast states in 1904 places it roundly at \$10,000,000,000. We have no similar statement of an official nature for British Columbia, but it may be fixed approximately at \$350,000,000. In 1906 the exports and imports of the western ports of these states reached the respectable total of \$217,500,000, whereas in 1890 they only reached \$99,000,000. To this add \$38,500,000 for British Columbia in 1906. In the case of Puget Sound, the increase in sixteen years was 14-fold, of Seattle 48-fold, and of Tacoma about 5-fold. The mileage of railways, which in 1860 was 23 miles, in 1906 was nearly 18,000 miles. Bank loans and discounts in the latter year amounted in volume to \$175,000,000, and savings banks deposits to \$264,000,000. This is a record of really much less than fifty years, and is eloquent of what we in British Columbia, still in the swaddling clothes of development, are capable of.

Turning now to the exclusive consideration of this our own province, there have been many things affecting its destinies since 1849 when the colony of Vancouver Island came into existence—the mining excitements, the loss of the San Juan group of islands, the acquisition of Alaska by the United States, the entering into Confederation, the agitation for the speedy construction of the C. P. R., the Settlement Act, and, perhaps most marked in its effects, the completion of a transcontinental line. The last spike was driven in 1885 by Sir Donald

A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and the following summer the first through train from Montreal, after a continuous journey of 3,000 miles, arrived in Port Moody—a memorable event, the consummation of the great task of welding the scattered provinces of Canada together, but after all only the forging of the initial link in that mightier chain to unite the Motherland with Canada, the Orient and Australia on the all-red line of Empire.

There is no record of what was produced in British Columbia in 1871—the total was small—but from census returns of the output of manufactures, of the forest, of the mines, of furs, of agriculture, and of the fisheries, we are enabled to follow up the progress since that time. By decades we have the following:

1881	\$ 8,116,355
1891	22,213,575
1901	83,804,862

The returns for 1901 will undoubtedly show a still greater percentage of increase. The mines, which in 1901, produced values to the extent of \$3,500,000, in 1906 produced in values \$25,000,000. We have had even more remarkable progress in agriculture, whose products increased 11-fold between 1891 and 1901, and without doubt the most promising of all our great industries, notwithstanding the relatively limited areas of agricultural lands. Coming to exports and imports, we find totals as follows:

1872	\$ 3,648,402
1881	4,721,197
1891	11,736,041
1901	32,187,545
1906	38,401,998

Taking these figures, which might be multiplied in great volume, and the statistics for the entire Pacific Coast—a territory which as I have stated has a great deal in common and is analogous in its general characteristics—and viewing them in the light of the surmises made over fifty years ago by the historian Greenhow or the not less distinguished British authorities to whom I have referred, one realizes how very unsafe it is to prophecy. What these wise men thought or wrote then is of no real im-

portance now except, perhaps, to accentuate the facts which the future actually revealed. The moral of these facts may be readily drawn. The entire Pacific Coast has been singularly productive and progressive, notwithstanding its many obvious physical disadvantages. Its potential assets are climate, fertility of soil, scenery, ocean, timber, minerals, in almost prodigal combination. The country north of the boundary line, I wish to repeat again as the moral of my story, is similar in most respects to that south, with very many of the essential features emphasized in an especial degree. South of the line the development of the natural assets has been more rapid and fuller, for the reason that there has been a population behind it larger in the ratio of 15 to 1. The tide of population and prosperity having turned in the direction of Canada, British Columbia as its western shore line must share in that prosperity in abounding measure. It is the last of the undeveloped areas of the continent, the last west as a field for the pioneer, the seeker of fortune, and the settler in search of a home. I am not unmindful of the danger of prophesying, to which I adverted a moment ago, but looking at the future in the light of available data and reasonable possibilities, all the factors in the situation favour the belief that British Columbia will henceforth make relatively more rapid progress than any other part of the Pacific slope, remarkable as that progress has been in the past, and is likely to be in the future.

Let us examine carefully the reasons for making this bold proposition. The states of the Pacific slope, though still developing, are approaching the zenith of their achievements. British Columbia is still nascent. Throughout its entire extent it has been shown to be metaliferous, and it will not be denied, so far as events have carried us, that neither Washington nor Oregon can compare with British Columbia as mining countries. Whatever may be our future in this respect, up to the present only a fringe of the Province has been touched by transportation, and consequently only a fringe of our mineral resources has

been made available. In railway construction the Pacific Coast states have been far in advance of us, having nine or ten times the mileage of British Columbia; but in addition to the Canadian Pacific railway, already a most important factor, we have the immediate promise of three other transcontinental lines—the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Great Northern Railways, with, of course, the usual ramification of branch and local lines. One can hardly estimate the effect of such a stimulus to all the activities as will here be afforded. Again, British Columbia has admittedly the largest compact timber areas on the continent, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of that fact. By far the most valuable deep sea fisheries are found north of the 49th parallel, and from as far north as Alaska the United States fishermen are getting their supplies for the American market. It may be freely admitted that in point of agricultural resources we are outclassed in the comparison, that is, as to extent of arable land; but even here we have nine or ten millions of acres, capable, by intensive fruit and small-farm culture, of yielding enormously, with a ready and most profitable market locally, in the middle Canadian provinces, and in Great Britain. While our output can never be as large, as that of the States south of us within corresponding areas, the industry is, for obvious reasons, of vantage in respect to market, likely always to be more profitable here than there. We possess another great advantage over our neighbours to the south in the nature of our coast line and the excellent facilities afforded for shipping. From San Francisco to Puget Sound there is no harbor of any size. Our coast line is full of harbours, many of them suitable as railway and steamship termini, so that in time if our anticipations are realized as to the developments to take place we have in this fact the basis of a great mercantile marine and commercial power. There is still the further advantages, in a sense not less important, in the abundance of coal, iron and pulp wood, which they do not possess. Many problems

have been and still are connected with the development of the iron industry on this Coast, but it seems almost certain that sooner or later these will be solved. There are new processes in the smelting of iron and steel already in operation and likely to be applied to the situation here, which will make the magnetic iron ores, which prevail on this coast, convertible into products comparable with the best qualities of iron and steel turned out in the world. The pulp and paper industry, although never likely to assume the importance it has in the east of Canada, is nevertheless likely to be very successful. Ship-building, too, ought to be from our very situation one of the leading industrial enterprises of the future. I have only touched upon a few of the leading factors in making my comparison and drawing conclusions. Manufacturing on the coast is still in its infancy, though steadily growing. We have peculiar natural advantages for manufacturing on an extensive scale. With iron and coal and lime and timber and sea all in close contiguity—things upon which Great Britain founded its supremacy—we have undoubtedly the essential elements of a vast industrial fabric. As soon as the prairies fill up there will be at least ten millions at our back door, and an Orient, and Australia and South America at our front doors,

to consume our products. I was going to quote Lord Gray's remarks while in the Province last year, but space forbids to reproduce more than one short sentence, which seems to be particularly opportune: "I shall have failed in my object if I have not communicated to you my own profound belief in the present and potential advantages you can enjoy because of your great natural resources and of your unique geographical position."

This vast and in some respects still unknown country has possibilities in store for it not yet, perhaps, dreamed of. It has without peradventure, great possibilities as the home for the British emigrant and as a field for the investor; possibilities as the point of convergence of trade and commerce along the All Red Line to the utmost development of which the statesmen of the Empire are pledged; possibilities as an educational centre as famous as any in Europe; possibilities of great industrial wealth; possibilities in short as a greater Britain on the Pacific, where British arts and institutions will expand under fresh impetus, "where the British flag will forever fly, where British laws and justice will be respected and enforced, and where British men and women will be bred equal to the best traditions of the race."

The Wolf Hunter.

Edith M. Reade.

RUSSIA! What a multitude of thoughts that word brings to us, now that all eyes are centered on that unhappy country. But my tale is not one of political complications; assassinations or plots; but just one of those little unknown tragedies so real to those immediately concerned.

The village of X—— was one of those little communities of peasants of which there are many in that vast country, and Marie was not the least interesting of the inhabitants. Eyes like the sky in the summer time, and the blond beautiful hair and fair skin of the dwellers in the Northern land, such was Marie ——.

She had two lovers! I should not say two perhaps, for literally she had as many as she could count on her fingers, but only two that she had second thoughts about. Paul Kloff, a peasant of her own village, and Peter ——.

Peter —— was no peasant, and though his real identity was unknown it was generally suspected that he was one of the many noblemen fleeing from the troubles and dangers of the Court and hoping to live in the obscurity of a peasant village. It was only natural that the handsome and courtly Peter, surrounded by mystery and evidently of genteel birth, should stir up romantic thoughts in the breast of Marie. Poor Paul! Before the "Count" as he was called, appeared in the little village, he was the favoured suitor, and though Marie was still very kind to him, he could feel that his rival was very attractive to her.

Paul was a great hunter and trapper, and many lovely furs had he brought for his Marie. In the year of which I write many tales were told of wolves that were terrorizing the country and causing great loss by carrying off the

domestic animals belonging to the peasants, especially in the neighbourhood of a village some miles from X——. "Oh, my Marie," said Paul, "you don't care for me as you used to do. I am going to hunt the wolves; perhaps I shall never come back and you will marry the Count."

When Paul was gone, Marie grew to think more of him and less of the Count. Where was Paul? Even at this moment he might be alone in the dark forest with those dreadful wolves on his track.

By and by word was brought of a particularly ferocious band of wolves that were being hunted by a daring band of men, lead by a well known trapper from X——. It must be Paul, and so Marie was fearful for him, and hated the Count. "Who are you?" she cried one day, "who do nothing but sit round and pester me. Paul is a man." Stung by her insinuation that he was a milk sop, Peter suddenly announced that he should be away for a little while, and accordingly he left the village.

He carried out his secret intention of joining the wolf hunters, and found Paul as he expected. Paul was naturally surprised to see him, but said nothing.

So far they had been unable to come upon the dangerous pack which was so wary and cunning, and was lead by several grim veterans of extraordinary sagacity. If only these leaders could be destroyed, the pack would be disorganized, and either be frightened away or decoyed to destruction.

"Ah," thought Peter, "if only I can do what these others have failed, Marie will not think me a milksop." It happened that it was known that at nightfall the ringleaders of the wolves reconnoitered round the outskirts of the

village; for being cowardly animals, it is unusual for wolves to approach human habitations unless in very severe winter when they are in a frenzy from starvation. Peter thought of a plan to be carried out by himself alone. Attract the wolves to a tree where he could fire on them. He would drag a piece of meat on a string behind him, to leave a strong scent, and leave it at the bottom of a tree in which he would be concealed. The leading wolves in advance of the pack, would follow the scent to his tree when he would shoot them down. As for getting safely home, the possibility of having to spend the night in the tree never occurred to him, so full was he of the glory he would win.

Slipping away one evening he dragged his bait about and finally ensconced himself in a tree near the edge of the forest, some three miles from the village. Darkness fell and it was very cold, the first snow having fallen. The weird dark timber rustled with mysterious and fearful sounds; what would be the end? Of course they would track him to the tree and then they would be shot and there would be nothing more to fear.

Presently a confused snarling sound broke the stillness of the watch! The wolves were on his track? Nearer and nearer came the yapping and snarling, and then when they were but a few yards distant, he saw their grim gaunt forms and gleaming frothy fangs.

But, good heavens! it was not only a few leaders, it was the whole pack, a very different matter. They clustered round the tree, growling horribly, and snarling and jumping. He shot as fast as he could into the confused mass below, but the brutes seemed utterly devoid of fear, and hardly seemed to notice their comrades drop, only giving back a moment at the report of his rifle. His fingers were getting numb, he could hardly load his rifle, and dropped many of his cartridges; he would soon have none left, and he did not believe that he had killed more than half a dozen wolves and there seemed to be many left.

Soon the wolves sheered away from the tree and he could not aim at them

so well. I'm here for the night, he thought. But what was that sighing in the forest? A chill breath touched his cheek; warmly clad as he was could he live the night? No, his numbed fingers and limbs would loose their hold and he would fall into the jaws of the waiting death below. Fool that he was to venture alone on such a mad adventure. Ah Marie! He would never see her again. Would she grieve? No, she would be sorry for a little while, and then she would marry simple Paul. Perhaps it would be better so.

In the meantime the "Count" had been missed by his companions, and on enquiry it was found that he had been seen making for the forest with his rifle. Gone after the wolves alone! Something must be done. A number of volunteers were hastily mustered and some twenty men with lanterns and rifles set out in the direction where Peter had been seen. After a while they heard the shots and hurried on fearfully. Then they heard the wolves snapping and growling. "He is firing on them from a tree," they said. "We'll destroy the band yet, thanks to the Count." Paul raged in his heart, "Is the 'Count' to have all the glory; he will have the honour of breaking up this wolf pack, and will return a hero in Marie's eyes. Curse his luck!" "Help!" "Help!" Ah! he is in danger. They must be quick."

They advanced firing to encourage Peter and intimidate the wolves. Peter had left off firing; was he still alive? They could see the brutes now. "We must save him," thought Paul. "I believe she loves him best. I shall save him, but she will never know."

The wolves slunk back at the sight of the lanterns. The rescuers fired together, and by the fearful yells and howls they knew they had taken effect. "I can't hold on long, boys," came Peter's voice. Some of the pack came leaping round them again, and had they all closed in at once, the gallant little band of men must soon have been borne to the ground. The cowardly animals sprang forward one or two at a time, however, and were quickly dropped by bullets.

"I'm falling," called Peter, and as he spoke he fell from the tree, just as a huge old wolf sprang forward. Only Paul saw this in the darkness of the confusion. He fired, but the brute did not fall, and was almost upon the prostrate form of the "Count."

Drawing his hunting knife, Paul rushed at the wolf and plunged it into its throat. The terrible brute leaving Peter, turned on its assailant, but only obtained a passing grip, but which made a terrible wound. Dizzy with pain his rifle fell from his hand and he stood helpless as the wolf turned again. "Marie," he murmured, and all was dark.

But the dreadful wolf never reached him, wounded twice by Paul, it sunk dying to the ground. The rest of the wolves fled into the forest and the fight was over. Many of the brave hunters had serious wounds. The "Count" and Paul were carried home, where both recovered consciousness.

When Paul opened his eyes, there were two figures bending over him. They were the Count and Marie. "Paul, old chap, I've been telling Marie that it was you who saved me, and that it is you who is the hero." "I saved him for you, Marie," Paul replied. "I can die happy now." "But you are not going to die," they cried. But it was even so; he was bleeding internally and would not last long. "Count," he said, "I leave her with you." He clasped their hands together, and before him they plighted their troth.

Together they followed the bier to the grave, and so his love bound Marie more closely to her other lover instead of coming between them.

Marie never forgot the simple and noble Paul, but never did she regret the other love, into whose keeping it was his dying wish that she should pass. "He only is for me," she thought, "Paul gave him to me."

The Queen of Night.

Edith J. Binnington.

MEREDITH had breakfasted at 7.30. For years it had been a custom with him to rise early, eat a light breakfast and after reading the Morning Mail, stroll out into the garden which surrounded his bungalow and gather a few of the fairest flowers from the gaily-decked flower beds, but on this occasion the morning paper had failed to interest him, and his letters he left untouched, save one, a small note in blue, and on opening it, he read:

"Glenwarren, July 7th.

"Dear Mr. Meredith,—My husband and I wish to convey our compliments and ask you to come and spend a month

or so with us while we are at Glenwarren. There is to be a Masquerade Ball on the 18th, so trust you will come down and help make it a success.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HELEN FORBES."

He immediately sat down, lighted a cigarette and wrote Mrs. Forbes an acceptance and at that moment receiving a telegram from a client in the City, left on the early train explaining to his valet that urgent business would keep him in the City for a day or so.

He arrived home on the 17th, the day before the Ball, and bidding James pack his valise, sat down to enjoy a smoke in the solitude of his library

The following morning he set off for Glenwarren and arrived there just in time to dress for dinner.

Of course the Ball was the one topic of conversation at the dinner table, and Mrs. Forbes explained to the party the arrangement of the programme. Masques were to be worn till twelve, when they were to be removed and after a short interval supper would be served and the rest of the programme completed.

At 9.30 most of the guests had entered the ball-room and the smartly dressed flower girls, Spanish troubadours, princes, kings, butterflies and tambourine girls made a brilliant spectacle.

The orchestra began and Meredith, who was a splendid waltzer, was enjoying the first number of the evening with his hostess. The waltz ended and as they were promenading, all eyes were attracted to the door as a party entered composed of a tall girl dressed in black, folds of chiffon delicately arranged with sequin trimming, representing the "Queen of Night," with another lady, somewhat her senior dressed as "Marie Antoinette" and a gentleman as "Knight Templar" created no small amount of sensation. Meredith asked Mrs. Forbes who they were, and as they stopped for a moment, Walton, a friend of Meredith's came up:

"Halloa Meredith, old boy, glad to see you; something new for you to be dancing again."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You must have an influence over him, Mrs. Forbes?"

"Indeed," said she, "I do not flatter myself. He just came, because he wanted to."

"Exactly, Mrs. Forbes," replied Meredith.

"Quite paradoxical," said Walton.

"By the way, Walton, you don't happen to know who the people are who have just entered?"

"Yes, I do, well—that is, I know Mr. and Mrs. Denzell, but I forget the name of their neice; she is a new arrival."

"Extremely handsome, is she not?"

"I should say so."

"I'll introduce you to her chaperone, if you wish," said Walton.

"Oh, thanks very much," and as I turned to speak with some friends, he was gone, only to return after a few moments.

"I've arranged it all perfectly," said Walton, evidently in high glee at his stroke of diplomacy. "I've just had the good fortune to meet the "Queen of Night" and her chaperone, Mrs. Denzell, is a charming woman, I can assure you, and what's more as I engaged the Queen for a dance, I saw the Fifth Waltz was vacant."

I felt suddenly envious, but Walton is a good natured chap and taking my arm, away we went.

"Mrs. Denzell, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Meredith, and Miss—ah—I forget—the names are not to be given away, the "Queen of Night." We bowed and as I asked the Queen for a dance, she handed me her programme, and to my ecstasy she murmured that she had a preference for waltzes.

"That's very fortunate," said I, "and in that case may I have the pleasure of the Fifth Waltz?"

"Certainly, Mr. Meredith," and as he looked he saw beneath the masque a slight flush on her cheeks and she trembled as she toyed with her fan.

The orchestra began playing for the Lancers and he excused himself to seek out his partner, whom he failed to find and being a beautiful evening he strolled out on to the balcony. Through one of the French windows he could see the dancers and as he watched them he presently caught sight of Walton with the Queen of Night in a set quite close to the window.

Surely it could not be Georgie Holister with whom he had been in love some four summers ago. He watched her every motion, her graceful bow and elegant costume. As he re-entered the ball-room, it would not have taken a very keen observer to notice in which direction his eyes and thoughts were wandering.

The Lancers were still in progress and Meredith could not help thinking how beautiful she was and how different she looked to the rest of those about her.

The Lancers ended and after a few

moments, but what seemed to him an age, the musicians filed in and the waltz began.

"You are here on a visit are you not?" asked Meredith of the Queen.

"Oh, yes, but only for a short time. You see, Aunt Eleanor expects me back in a month's time; she says she is lonely without me."

"I can quite understand that," rejoined Meredith.

"Please don't interrupt. I was going to say that when I go back, we are going off to the South of France and shall therefore be very busy until then."

"Yes, I see, but don't you think aunts are very selfish beings sometimes? Now I think it would be a great mistake on your part to leave such a charming place as Glenwarren before the end of the summer. It is such a pretty place, and I'm sure even a Queen could be happy here."

"How absurd you are, Mr. Meredith," at which he laughed.

"Pardon my staring, but you are so much like a Mr. Meredith whom I used to know, but it's a long, long time ago, and I saw her breast heave and a faint sigh escape her."

"You may have known but you see you have the advantage, as we men are not masqued, but it will soon be twelve; then the truth will out."

The waltz coming to a close, they wandered out on to the verandah, which had been decorated for the occasion. Dainty fingers had draped long festoons of flowers from column to column and deftly arranged cosy little arbors in the corners of the balcony, while here and there a Chinese lantern swayed in the evening breeze.

"What a charming spot," said the Queen, as he placed a chair for her. "It is like some fairy's grotto."

"And you—the Fairy Queen," urged Meredith.

"Please don't talk nonsense; it seems too trivial."

"As you will, but it is deliciously cool here and the flowers smell so fragrantly."

"Really, you are very much like the other Mr. Meredith; you even talk and laugh like him—only I think the other—well, he was somehow different, too."

"Is the difference displeasing?" said I.

"I am not surely bound to answer that question?"

"It all depends on who is the judge in the case."

"Then I am the judge, and the case is dismissed."

"Ho, ho, what a way out of it, but, listen! what is that?"

The clock is striking and, taking out his watch: "It is just twelve; I trust I may now have the pleasure of untying the strings of your masque."

"I would much prefer to untie my own, thank you," replied the Queen, with an air of independence.

"Oh, very well, if you really wish it."

Just at that moment there was a sudden gust, which caused the nearest lantern to blow out and Meredith, who noticed she seemed to be struggling, jumped up and insisted on setting the strings free.

"Thank you, so much; they've got in a knot; it is kind of you."

"Not at all, I'd do anything in the world for a Queen."

And as the masque slipped off she uttered a soft "thank you," which, if Meredith had not been near, he might not have heard, and then she saw in a glance that it was Jack Meredith, and all he could say as he gazed at her was: "Why, Georgie!"

Then as he took her to his arms, he saw in the light of her lustrous eyes that unmistakable gleam of love which meant life, hope and joy henceforth to him.

Stray Thoughts on Poetry.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

THE question you have asked me to discuss, is one altogether above my powers. Not only have men failed to satisfactorily define poetry, from the time of Homer until today, but I hold that it is like most of the greatest matters in this world, almost impossible to define and quite impossible to explain.

It will, however, I think, be comparatively easy to show you what is not poetry, and though that is only half the battle, it will be a step in the right direction.

That poetry is one of the great forces which has moved and still moves the world, is a truism almost too trite to repeat: to call it articulate music is but to suggest a line of thought.

Following the advice of a great master, I have hunted diligently to see what I could steal for you, but even so I have been able neither to appropriate, nor to evolve what I consider a reasonably satisfactory definition of poetry.

The worst of my authorities contents himself with speaking of it as words metrically arranged: a better one, as any expression of imaginative feeling; the best to my mind, Mr. Theodore Watts in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, as the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmic language.

Of course, the first is ludicrously inadequate. At the best it would but feebly describe verse, and verse need not necessarily have any poetry in it. The second is better, but it fails utterly, because it would apply equally to painting or music, both of which may, and should be full of poetic feeling, but could not possibly be described as poetry.

The definition by Mr. Watts, probably comes as near the mark as anything we

shall find, but with the irreverence of a free thinker, I must quarrel even with that, though not greatly.

For "artistic" I would substitute natural, and instead of using emotional as an adjective, to qualify the language, I would apply it to the human heart, the source from which that language sprang.

Metrical, or at any rate musical language to my mind is the natural, or if you like it better, spontaneous form in which a stirred human heart expresses itself.

The truth of the whole matter lies, in concrete form, in the two expressions that to write poetry, there must be a heart red hot behind the pen, and in Wordsworth's dictum that only that which comes from the heart goes to the heart.

Absolute sincerity is almost the first essential of true poetry, and so in whatever else I am wrong, you may believe me in this, that no man ever drew tears from another's eyes by verse, which did not bring tears to his own, when he wrote it.

If you want a proof of this, let me give you one, and do you if you should ever meet a poet in the flesh, ask him to confirm or refute my statement.

The critics may praise, or the critics may condemn manufactured verse. They have their canons of composition, and their measure of perfection, but with unerring finger, the world, the man in the street, the big jury of lettered and unlettered mankind alike, will point to and applaud only that which was felt when it was written. The author himself even shall pass his works in review, and hesitate about their relative merits, but he will find that the blundering public with the intuition of a woman, will

detect every time that which came from a red hot heart.

The man who writes for pay, gets his dollars, but the man who writes only when he cannot help it, wins the immortal laurels, and for this reason I think it a pity that almost all poets have written too much. To me, a professional poet is a contradiction in terms. Poetry is the fruit of direct inspiration, is therefore absolutely natural, and cannot possibly be forced for the market. Verse of course can be, and, is.

But let me hark back for a moment. I wanted Mr. Watts to substitute natural for artistic, because I hold that metrical language was the natural language of a stirred heart, and although I fear that I cannot make my meaning very clear, I can perhaps suggest a corroboration of my statement. English verse at any rate, depends almost entirely upon stress, and the stress falls naturally upon the important words. The result is a kind of natural rise and fall, pause and procession of words.

Now consider how, when you are discussing the ordinary matters of everyday life, your voice moves at one sober level. That is the language of prose. But imagine yourself pleading for some life that is all the world to you, pleading with the doctor or the judge. Would your voice, think you, keep at that monotonous level?

Would it not rise and fall, lay stress on the words which most truly echoed the feelings of your red hot heart, become in fact what we call full of emotion? That, though not perfect, because very few of us are completely articulate, is the metrical language of poetry.

And in this connection, let me remind you that poetry is only a degree more articulate than music, which can at the most only suggest ideas to a receptive mind. A poem of course should be lucid, but the symbols of our speech are very few, and a mind in a state of exaltation may well sometimes touch the verge of a world unknown, containing matters for which our vocabulary has no symbols.

Is not this the reason why perhaps hymns dealing with Heaven are so poor

(a golden city flowing with milk and honey) whereas, those which deal with man's childlike attitude towards his God, are so fine. "Lead kindly light," and "Nearer my God to Thee," for instance.

Let me be quite candid with you, and admit that I believe in direct inspiration. I know how the word has fallen into disrepute, because all sorts of fools with long hair, and picture clothes have arrogated to themselves a monopoly of this wonderful gift, having for the most part, no share in it.

Ask Kipling whom I count a poet too great for us to measure as yet, whether he deliberately created any of his greater poems, or deliberately chose the metre in which they should live. He may have done this sometimes when he had a story to tell, or a creed to preach, or an abuse to whip, but I think that "The Flag of England" sung itself in part at least into his brain, before he knew: that Mandalay was the echo of a song which nature had crooned to him in the East, and Puck's stories were not so much made as whispered to him by the land itself which he loves. That is Kipling's secret. I don't know him, and have no conception of his personality, but I know that his love of England is real, that it makes his blood run hot, his breath come quick, his hand clinch, and his eye grow dim, and the British people see this behind his verse, and love him for it.

Of course, all this time, I am talking to you only of one kind of poetry and the critics will tell you that there are two, objective and subjective, and I will be frank with you and admit that I am so ignorant, that I find it rather difficult to explain, what this means, but I think that it means that the first express in verse what they feel, and the others create characters with feelings appropriate to those characters.

I doubt if they really do. It seems to me that man being such a complex creation, and containing in himself, so many different characters, these greater poets only express their various selves under various types. But I must let this go. It is beyond my depth. Only I

have my doubts about the wisdom of telling a long story in verse, and demur entirely to the dictum of one of our friends, that only a man who has written a great deal can be properly considered a great poet. The reverse seems to me to be true, and if you will honestly read a thousand lines of any man's, and judge for yourself, I feel satisfied that you will admit that the inspiration is not maintained throughout them, that the occurrence of metrical prose is frequent, and the gems rare.

And without gems there can be no true poetry.

Consider for a moment what you require to make a true poem. First it seems to me, that you will require the gem of thought. That is essential. And then, you will want the setting appropriate to and worthy of it. A gem without such a setting may be prose, but a setting without a gem, is assuredly only verse.

Amongst the masters, I am afraid that Browning sometimes writes this kind of prose, and Swinburne that kind of verse. The old giant is too full of fiery thought, to have time to fashion this setting reverently, and the sweet singer, so carried away sometimes by his music, as to be a little inarticulate. But both these are so dear to me, that I feel that it is almost a sin to say what I have done, and yet it is a man's duty to judge for himself, and take nothing on trust, or from hearsay.

Your Stevenson has told you that "To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

"And as to this setting?" you ask me, "is not this essentially a matter of art?"

It is hard to establish the contrary, and yet it is that I believe, or at any rate, it is an art which cannot be taught, and therefore to my mind, no art at all. Is the lark's song art? When the March storm is over, and the brave thrush pours his song from the top of the larch, is that art? When Shelley wrote his matchless ode to the sky lark, was that art? Can you not hear in it the echo of the lark's song: read in it

the inspired revelation of that song's meaning?

No, I believe that the true poet is one, who in a state of temporary, mental, or, if you will, spiritual exaltation, vibrates like the strings of a harp to some touch from the unseen, hears with an internal ear, the voice of God, and echoes it, or the throb of a nation's heart, and makes it articulate (as Kipling did when he wrote the Recessional) and that this voice sets itself to music, and suggests the setting when it shows the gem.

There is a book in my library, which contains much exquisite verse, and I am going to quote a little from its preface to emphasize my own views at the expense of the author.

This gentleman is an ardent admirer of what I consider artificial verse,, of old and difficult forms, like the ballade, rondeau, virelai, and such like, which bind a poet in fetters of iron, so that he cannot say the thing he will, but says the thing he can.

It is metre first, and matter as luck will have it, and the rhymes of the English language allow, and to extenuate this fault, my author pleads in the words of M. Lemaitre that "The poet who begins a ballade, does not know very exactly what he will put into it."

In other words, he has nothing to say, but means to say something in a particular way. "The rhyme, and nothing but the rhyme will whisper things unexpected, and charming things: things he would never have thought of but for her," etc.

Need I comment on this? Need I ask you, if you will take such happy-go-lucky Chinese puzzles for poetry? Will you prefer the accident of rhyme to those ballades and rondeaux, and I am speaking of English poetry.

In this book, *Ballades and Rondeaux*, by Gleeson White, you will find many beautiful verses. Take the most beautiful and compare them with the specimen of a failure by Leigh Hunt.

It is not a rondeau, and we are told has not the faintest claim to be called one—

Jenny kissed me when we met
 Jumping from the chair she sat in
 Time you thief, who love to get
 Sweets upon your list, put that in!
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad
 Say that health and wealth have
 missed me
 Say I'm growing old—but add
 Jenny kissed me.

Good old Leigh Hunt! Can't you feel that he meant those lines? Is not the worth of love and the defiance of fate finely written in them? Is not the whole matter a true echo of a stirred human heart, and is it not better than the most cunningly concocted sweetmeat in the volume?

But even our own Stevenson errs somewhat I think, in the same direction as M. Lemaitre. He volunteers to take the musical box to pieces, and show you how the music is made, mechanically, and I think we may thank God, that he fails conspicuously. I think that sometimes R. L. S. wrote with his tongue in his cheek.

He would have you believe in his essay on the art of writing, that the effect of great prose and of poetry is obtained by the use of conscious, or, I think, he has the grace to murmur in an aside, unconscious artifice.

If he depends upon this "unconscious" artifice, he has left for himself a way of escape, and I have nothing more to say to him, my mind being so rudely planned that I cannot understand what "unconscious artifice" may be, but if

he stands upon "conscious artifice," have at him.

He has elaborated a system of initial letters, which, used in proper sequence, achieve the results aimed at, and he quotes as an illustration of the use of this artifice, the most musical verse in our language. Coleridge's lines

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree
 Where Alph the sacred river ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

and the illustration fits the theory as if it had been made for it, or perhaps as if the theory had been deduced from the illustration.

But as to that "conscious artifice!" It is a matter of history, that Coleridge dreamed those lines in a sleep induced by a drug, that he wrote such of them as remain to us, red hot when he awoke, and lost the rest of them forever, because the maid disturbed him, as maids will, with a "please sir, some one to see you on business."

Can a drugged man be a conscious artificer, or could a worse example have been chosen by the most charming of modern authors?

Let me plead with you for a moment. Don't try to understand how poetry, true poetry, is made.

Take something even in this scientific, commercial, commonplace world as a gift from your God, and believe that all of us in a state of exaltation are still capable of hearing His voice and a few, a very few, are sometimes sufficiently articulate to echo it.

A Change of Toast.

Billee Glynn.

IN consideration of the usual early declension of single-hearted principles, the Bachelor Club of Kamloops might well have been looked upon with all the reverence due to age. It had been in existence six months, and had seven members, all of whom were quite matrimonially eligible—in other words financially eligible—but were nevertheless confirmed despisers of the opposite sex, or pretended to be. They were also confirmed dabblers in stocks and smokers of tobacco as the atmosphere of "Live Alone"—that being the name of their resort—would testify on nights when the members had convened to jubilate on the gloriousness of singleness, and revow their vows at the altar of celibacy. The stories recounted on these occasions regarding the ineffectual blandishments of the fair sex to encorral these free lances, who had thrown the glove at the feet of Dan Cupid with all the daring of D'Artagans would turn the average woman's hair grey within half an hour at the most, and it is just possible that she would be on her way to the drug store for a restorative in half that time. The apartments were comprised of three rooms, a library, sitting-room, and a smoking-room. The members were about as follows:

D. M. McCarthy, president, was twenty-nine years old, and a journalist. In his youth Mr. McCarthy had been guilty of sundry droppings into verse, but had now settled down to political articles and economics. He was the possessor of a few odd thousand which, besides making him a desideratum to home-inclined spinsters, precluded the necessity of him earning his living by literature—an extremely lucky thing for Mr. McCarthy; as in that case he would

probably have had to marry some woman to keep him and would consequently never have dawdled on an easy chair and talked scepticism in the pleasant quarters of "Live Alone."

James Lane, secretary, was a young and ambitious lawyer, with a blonde mustache, no cases, and his disregard for woman more emphatically in evidence even than in the case of his brother benedict—perhaps because he was younger; he had a fashion of playing with it as he did with his mustache which was also in the babyhood of its career, and consequently called for caressing. Buzzie Roach was smooth, plump and smiling; somewhere about thirty-five in years, and a decade younger in looks. Ab Delaney was under thirty, and the associate editor of a local paper. He always looked at everything through half-closed eyes, which probably accounted for his scepticism;—that being the way he looked at modern Eve he did not see the whole of her. Jack Smith was head reporter on the same paper and the wit of the party. The other two were young men of considerable wealth and more leisure; Gibbs, tall, blonde, and handsome, had joined the Bachelor Club when Olga O'Neil had gone to the theatre with Dumsden, despite a previous engagement with him. And Nelse Campbell had drifted into it the same way as he drifted into everything else.

The club had a code of ten commandments for its guidance, which ran as follows:—

(1) Members of this club, namely the "Live Alone Bachelors," must never, under pain of expulsion propose to any female—girl or woman—of any description whatsoever.

(2) Social intercourse is allowed but

love-making is strictly prohibited. Members found guilty of this offence will be fined according to the strength of the proof. For the unnecessary holding of a female's hand the fine will be fifty cents, or one dollar, according to time consumed in such act. For putting the arm about the waist, except in dancing, one dollar; if left there for half a minute one dollar and a half; after that fifty cents a minute for all additional time until the period of one hour, when it is taken for granted by the order that the member has proposed and he will be expelled. Any member that allows himself to be kissed, two dollars; if the aggressor in such act, three dollars; and if the kisses number more than three the member will be considered in love and expelled from the L. A. B. without compunction. Near relations, up to and including first cousins, are excepted from the above. But members of this club are requested to remember that the lodge does not hold the philosophical view that all men and women are brothers and sisters, or even first cousins; and govern themselves accordingly.

(3) Members must refrain from the reading of summer literature, as such leads to verse-making and marriage.

(4) Any member who is found with a love poem on his person, written to a female of any description whatsoever, or who has been proven guilty of composing such poem by a reliable witness, will be fined ten dollars.

(5) Members are allowed the full use of their eyes;—they may wink all they like, but hand and lip flirtation are strictly prohibited.

(6) Members are expressly forbid to stand up at weddings, as this not only often entails the kissing of the bridesmaid, but necessitates the needless expenditure of money in presents, and also by accustoming the participator to the marriage ceremony tends to lessen the natural horror with which every true bachelor should regard it; arousing besides in the mind of the bridesmaid expectations which may be dangerous to the celibacy of the said groom.

(7) Members are allowed to kiss another man's wife by way of punishment

of the husband for marrying, but they must not do it for the pleasure of the act itself.

(8) Members are requested not to nurse babies.

(9) If any member, sorely tempted, should feel himself about to fall from the glorious state of celibacy, and on the point of making a proposition, he is earnestly advised to get drunk and arouse his landlady's temper at four o'clock in the morning, in order that he may taste of the bitter cup of married life and save himself in time.

(10) In such cases members are also advised to frequent the company of engaged men in order that they may get a thorough knowledge of the depths of folly to which they, themselves, will descend if they follow their inclination. It is also further advised that they likewise resort familiarly with married men, that they may make a just comparison between lovers and lovers cured, and draw their own conclusions.

Two placards bearing these laws were tacked up in conspicuous places in each of the three rooms of "Live Alone," and were adhered to rigidly as far as could be ascertained; only an occasional instance of apostasy being brought before the lodge for reprehension, and in such cases the fines had been always paid promptly, the proceeds going toward the Convivial Fund. In all such charges laid before the L. A. B., proof had been adduced and convictions made with but one exception. That was when Buzzie Roach had been charged with kissing a woman during a tete-a-tete in a conservatory at a fashionable ball. Roach, however, had proven conclusively that she was a married woman, and as no one could prove that the act had been done solely for the pleasure of performing it, he was let off with a reprimand. Jack Smith had endeavored to pass free under the same ticket, but as the woman in his case was a widow, the lodge could not understand how he hoped to hurt the feelings of the dead husband by kissing the living relict, so had given him the full penalty of the fine.

It will be understood that keeping such a clean record, the Live Alone Bache-

lors' Club had become quite a popular institution for the saving of men. In fact it was so popular that application after application had been sent in for membership, but in almost every case they had been rejected, the applicants not possessing the necessary qualifications. So the club as has been stated was comprised of only seven members. The most difficult point of qualification was the condition that all members of the L. A. B. must be worth at least five thousand dollars in cash, real estate, or other property; it being considered that applicants not worth that amount desisted from marrying only because of a lack of resources, and were consequently not bachelors by belief, but through the enforcement of circumstances.

The L. A. B. was in this flourishing state of popularity when the Women's Matrimonial Club suddenly burst on the scene. Mrs. Katherine Graham—known amongst her associates as Kate Graham—was at the head of it; and having been one of the prettiest girls Kamloops had ever reared, and the death of her husband just two years after their nuptials in no wise spoiling her beauty, she was a widow of the most charming and dangerous type. The other nine members of the club comprised some of the prettiest and most fashionable unmarried women of Waterton,—and, all bent upon the annihilation of the L. A. B. But this latter fact was not known outside the precincts of the club-room. It was frankly admitted there, however, and in truth had been the motive of organization. As Kate Graham tersely expressed it "The Live Alone Bachelors had piqued the women of Kamloops long enough, and it was time some of the old codgers were being married off."

The second meeting of the W. M. C. was a most important one. It was then that the plan of attack on the L. A. B. had been decided upon. Their place of meeting was a handsomely furnished apartment in Mrs. Katherine Graham's house.

The president was in her chair, the members all present, and about her listening attentively to her words. The convention did not look much like a gun-

powder plot. A looker-in on the contrary would probably have come to the conclusion that they had convened to discuss the "Proper Method of Rearing Children" (for unmarried women invariably know all about these things), "Self Culture," or something of like innocence, in fact anything but the annihilation of a bachelor club. He might have lost his heart too if he looked long enough and was not so case-hardened as the irreclaimable "Live Alones."

The meeting was drawing to a conclusion. Kate Graham, with her pretty foot placed man-like on a chair, and one hand beating into the other, while her grey eyes flashed under the glory of her auburn hair, was giving instructions to the members individually according to the design which had previously been agreed upon.

"Now girls," she was saying, "or more particularly those six of you who have consented with myself to begin the attack on these crusty old bachelors—although they are not so old you know, but we will call them that—I want you to begin operations at once. Use your lips, your eyes, your frowns, your smiles, just as best you know how and as often as you can. I am going to. And look here"—she pointed to a stolen copy of the rules and regulations of the "Live Alones" lying on the table—"if we do not make every one of them kick over those traces—to say it in the bachelor way—before our next meeting why then we are not worthy the name of women. And I have a strong belief that should things prove such a failure I would be tempted to hide my disrespect for myself in masculine attire. (Laughter.) But I am not going to do anything of the kind. You will see that I will have Mr. D. M. McCarthy, his ten thousand dollars, his romantic mustache, his Roman nose, and his classical features, at my feet long before me meet again; and I will walk on him a little too, just to show him the true weight of woman in the affairs of the world." Whereupon Kate Graham stamped her little foot on the chair emphatically in illustration of her promenade on poor McCarthy, while her coadjutors applauded.

"Do you think you can make him write verse again?" asked Peg Miller, smiling.

"Make him! I will make him write an epic on the superiority of woman;—see if I don't."

Then the laughter having died down, she continued: "But I am only running Mr. McCarthy you know. I will do for him; and I want you girls to do for the others. Six of you with myself have been elected for this undertaking and have each picked out one of these bachelors for attack according to your own liking or inclination; and it is your urgent duty to make him propose whether you marry him or not. Peg Miller, you are to look after the heart of Jack Smith. It seems to me you would not mind taking care of it. (Laughter.) Edith Sommers, James Lane, attorney-at-law, is your look-out. His indifference is only skin-deep; give him a case and tell him he looks like Choate and he'll be at your feet grovelling and pulling his mustache in half an hour. Mab Horton, the target for your shots is Buzzie Roach, and he's easy. But be careful never to run down strong drink in his presence for his father made his money manufacturing beer—though I believe the son is strictly temperate—and if he wants to keep his hat on in company let him do so, and don't look at his bald head when he takes it off as if it were a light reflector. You need not notice these things till afterwards, and then you can explain to him as often as you choose that many a man makes himself balder by hiding his baldness. Annie Bennet you are to follow the fortunes of Ab Delaney, or rather make him follow yours. He used to be fond of you three or four years ago. Olga O'Neil, Fred Gibbs was head over heels in love with you once until you hurt his feelings by flirting with Jack Dumsden. If you cannot have him back again in one week with his hand on his heart and his heart at your disposal you are no good. (Laughter.) Islay Edgars, you are quite capable of looking after Nelse Campbell. He only went into the L. A. B. because he had nothing better to do, and if you manipulate things with any skill at all he will propose for the same reason. The

several parties mentioned, as the president referred to them, had expressed appreciation of her advice by a smile or assenting nod of the head amid the merriment of the rest; and pausing for a moment and smiling as few but Kate Graham knew how to smile, the president concluded her rather lengthy address.

"The other three members of our club," she said, "who have stated themselves to be wholly uninterested in any of these bachelors, but who have, nevertheless, the success of our scheme at heart, are requested to aid us in every possible way. There will be many opportunities open to them if they will only be tactful. And now girls, we will close our meeting by singing the chorus of that rousing song dedicated to our club by Ethel. Whereupon Kate Graham stepping gracefully on top of her chair and laughing blithely down on her companions, broke into the following in a voice that would make the ordinary man see angels, waving her hand at the same time to the rythm of the notes:

Let us give a loud cheer for true women
all,

This earth would be poor without us;
Let us give a loud cheer for whate'er
may befall

We can never let bachelors flout us;
Let us laugh loud and long when they
dare to despise,

For howe'er they may try to rout us,
They are sure to return and with lan-
guishing sigh

Admit they were fools to doubt us.

The meeting closed with the singing of this refrain.

* * * * *

Three weeks later the members of the Women's Matrimonial Club, with the exception of the three who were not taking an active part in the campaign against the bachelors, were again gathered together in the handsome apartment assigned to them in Mrs. Katherine Graham's house. The president occupied the chair. The meeting was most important for the reason that it was their first since they had decided upon their plan for annihilating the L. A. B. Each

of the young ladies had consequently to report as to the progress she had made with her particular bachelor. And with the beauty of the aggressors, their energy and avowed determination at the former meeting to storm the stronghold of bachelorhood without let or hindrance, it was only natural to expect that each would arrive upon the scene with a "Live Alone" scalp swinging gaily at her belt, or at least concealed somewhere about her person.

But when the president arose and said succinctly, "Has any of them proposed?—If so the lady will please stand and report first," there was no one who stood. Kate Graham, however, only smiled.

"I can understand," she said, "that you may have been very successful even if no proposals were made. Will the ladies stand to whom a proposal was almost made."

And a moment later the six girls were all on their feet laughing at each other. The president's smile was very broad, or rather exquisite for her mouth was far too small and pretty to expand to any extent which might justly be described by the adjective "broad."

"Well done, girls," she said. "But I have done even better; I had a down-right proposal. And yet I think that you will agree with me when I say that Mr. McCarthy was the hardest of all to bring around. But I did it. That is what it is to be a widow. But we will take all your reports first, and I will keep mine to the last, it being the best. Will some of you girls begin? Peg Miller, you were never bashful. Miss Miller rose in acknowledgement of the compliment; and although it might easily be seen there was no want of confidence in the flashing, black eyes, and pretty, piquant face, it was also to be admitted that they were very likely to destroy confidence in the man who beheld them.

"Well girls," she began, "Mr. Jack Smith, I am pleased to report, is so far gone on my own charming self that I actually believe that he would have proposed a week ago if he were not so much afraid of the gibes of Kate's Mr. McCarthy, the president of the L. A. B. In fact he hinted as much, but of course

I didn't pretend to understand. I met him first after our last meeting at Mr. Edward's garden party. I had no trouble getting in with him, or rather none in letting him get in with me;—Jack and I were always great friends. (Laughter). Now don't be foolish girls, you know we were. Well, we had not been together very long when I asked him how the Live Alone Bachelors were coming up, and this started him along his old groove of scepticism and indifference to everything, woman especially. It does not take much to start Jack, you know, he is always waiting for a chance to show his wit. Well, I listened patiently with raised eyebrows to it all, suggesting by way of interlude several courses of ice cream and everything else on hand that was eatable and had to be paid for, and Jack continued firing away and paying gracefully for the refreshments. He didn't mind the money, I guess, so long as he had someone to listen to him, and I didn't mind listening to him because I didn't hear half of it. He took me home that night, and at parting I gave him my hand just to see what he would do with it, and he held it just a little longer than an inveterate woman-hater should have done;—we were always great friends you know. (Laughter.) I made it my business to meet Jack pretty often after that, and I must say he showed no inclination to avoid me. He continued to talk the doctrines of the "Live Alones" for several occasions following, but nevertheless always held my hand just a little longer each time at parting. Then I noticed a sudden change in his conversation. He quit airing himself on the correctness of bachelorhood, and showed plainly his resentment toward Mr. McCarthy. And I could guess why. McCarthy had seen him with me and was twigging him about it. His incensement gradually spread to the other members of the club, and the first thing I knew he was calling them all down.

"But these are your fellow associates," I said to him one night. "Surely you have not given up your belief in their doctrines?"

"Oh, their doctrines may be all right,"

he returned, somewhat ruffled; I don't give a cent whether they are or not; but personally they are a lot of blasted fools and that McCarthy is the worst of the bunch."

He looked in my eyes very meaningfully that night as he held my hand on leaving;—I was always very careful to give him my hand. "I don't believe the companionship of woman is going to hurt any man," he blurted out. And then, as I appeared very much surprised, he flushed like a schoolboy, and lifting his hat made hurriedly away, as if he were somewhat afraid of himself. The next night I met him was at Mrs. Gray's ball. We were in the conservatory together, and I knew he was about to propose. I had waltzed him to the point of ecstasy and I could see he was hunting in his mind for some way to break the subject. I endeavoured to help him by drawing his attention to a ring on my finger, which had nothing very striking about it, however, except a rosette of rubies, and even they were paste. But he seemed to think different. And when at last he got my hand grasped firmly in his own, till the pressure almost made me yell, and was looking up tenderly in my eyes, with his mouth open ready to let out a torrent of love vows, who should come walking into the conservatory with the air of an accusing judge but McCarthy, bent doubtlessly on saving a brother from a woman and perdition. He started visibly; but nothing to the way Jack did as he dropped my hand and said in loud tones, "Yes, I admire that ring very much, Miss Miller." McCarthy smiled dryly. Then excusing himself with a manner of great importance he called Jack aside for a moment or two of private conversation. Of course it was all up after that. No man can be brought twice in the same hour to that point of exhilaration when he will lay his heart and all his worldly possessions at your feet. It was only, as you know, a day or two ago, and I have not seen Jack since. When I do he will doubtlessly be ready to begin again where McCarthy interrupted."

Miss Miller sat down amid a storm of applause. The other young ladies all

told similar stories of subjugation; and although some of them had not brought things just so near the point of proposal with their respective bachelors, in every case a deep impression had been made, and it was plainly evident on the whole that the "Live Alone Bachelor Club" had reached the utmost limit of its existence, and must inevitably sink soon into oblivion—like a falling star—in the heaven of matrimony. In two other instances besides that of Peg Miller and Jack Smith propositions would have been made if it had not been for the advent upon the scene of McCarthy, who seemed to watch over the bachelor standing of his associates with an omniscient eye. This circumstance not only caused a great deal of wonder in the mind of Mrs. Katherine Graham, but put together with her statement that McCarthy had actually proposed to her created a deep curiosity among the young ladies to hear her story. Edith Sommers, handsome of figure, with blue eyes and melodious voice, reported having won over Mr. James Lane in a truly wonderful way. Miss Sommers had read up the histories of all the great figures in the fortunes of the past, and this display of knowledge with her adaption of it to Mr. Lane's personal appearance and intellectual qualifications so wrought on the heart of that gentleman that he shewed beyond peradventure that his conception of her was angelic; and intimated his belief that a woman might be a great help to a man, looking at the same time as if he thought one woman in particular would be an infinite help to himself, if he only dare ask her and she would accept the responsibility. Buzzie Roach had been on the point of proposing to Mab Horton at the same ball and in the same conservatory as where Jack Smith had been moved so deeply by looking at Peg Miller's ring; and had only been prevented doing so by the intrusion of McCarthy. The president of the L. A. B. seemed to have been excessively vigilant that night. He had also interrupted a tete-a-tete between Fred Gibbs and Olga O'Neil in an arbor in the garden, when she had every reason to believe that Gibbs was about to

ask her to be his wife. Olga reported Gibbs, however, to be again completely subjugated, and that a word from her skilfully applied would do the trick. In regard to Delaney, Annie Bennet stated him to be in a desperate way. He was madly in love with her, but was afraid to tell her so, as there was every possibility in his mind of her refusing him. And Delaney was besides like most editors, extremely sensitive to public opinion. For him to turn Benedict and at the same time miss his Beatrice would be an eternal shame and make him forever the laughing stock of his associates. Delaney was aware that woman has a fashion of telling the world all about it when she refuses a man. This was Miss Bennet's summing-up of Delaney's heart; and anyone beholding the speaker could not have impugned Delaney's consideration of the possibility of her refusing him. Her waving blonde hair, blue eyes, slim girlish figure, and lively grace, were all equally dangerous; but it was her mouth that made her irresistible. It was one of those pretty, expressive mouths that allures you and mocks you at the same time; and to fancy it smiling like that while you were engaged in the earnest outpouring of your love would be to Hamletise real life. No wonder Delaney was desperate. He was not the first either. Nelse Campbell as had been expected was an easy victim. Miss Edgars reported that she had no trouble with him, and that the only reason he had not made her the offer of his heart was that he was too lazy to offer anything; but that a little opposition would bring him to the point. She added that she was so sure of him that she might take the leap year prerogative and propose herself as she really liked the fellow. Her companions laughed at this admission. But the president now arose, placing her dainty foot autocratically on the chair. "We all like them—a little bit anyway," she corrected, "or we would not be doing this thing; and I assure you for my own part I am quite fond of Mr. McCarthy. But I must tell you how he came to be so fond of me as to ask me to marry him. You all

know girls that McCarthy has rooms next door, and you all know, or if you don't I will tell you, that he has a habit of writing his articles in the hammock under those shade trees in the back yard; and that the hammock is situated very close to the wire fence separating his backyard and mine. Well, I had said, "Good morning," very graciously to Mr. McCarthy from my front door on several occasions, and had I fancied made a favourable impression; though as you know I was badly handicapped by having scarcely any previous acquaintance with him. One afternoon, however, when I had seen him betake himself with notebook and pencil to his accustomed place in the hammock, I sauntered out with a volume of Moore in my hand, and came to a pause, quite unintentionally of course, under the maple tree on my side of the fence, directly opposite and within a few feet of Mr. McCarthy's hammock. Well, he was busily engaged writing, and did not look up, but as luck happened one of those green leave worms that are so hard to get off was crawling up his back, and I told him so. You should have seen him jump; I did not think men were so sensitive about small things. He hopped around there for a minute or two endeavouring by sundry movements to get his hand between his shoulder blades where I told him the worm was, and never thinking of taking off his coat—though perhaps being a bachelor his shirt wasn't very clean and he didn't care to do that; but at any rate I at last took pity on him, and told him to step over to the fence and I would take it off for him. It took quite a little while to do that. The thing was stuck on there awfully tight and if it staid there for an age I could not use my fingers to dislodge it; besides I was making fierce attempts to restrain a fit of laughter. I managed, however, to scrape it off at last with a little stick, and then McCarthy's excitement being somewhat allayed, he became aware of the fact that his conduct had been ridiculous and that it was possible I might be amused at it. He looked at me narrowly, but I knew what he was looking for and that he would never

forgive me if there was even the shadow of a smile on my face, and I was consequently as grave as a church mouse.

"They are nasty things to get off," I said seriously.

"Very. It was very kind of you, Mrs. Graham," he returned, smiling gratefully. "I am—very sensitive to such things."

I felt like saying, "So I have seen," but I restrained myself and said, "Most people are," and I knew that the words purchased me a warm corner in his heart for all time to come. I kept him in conversation for quite a while then, which in courtesy he could not refuse after me as good as saving his life;—really you would have thought an octopus had him the way he jumped and squirmed around when that worm was on his back. I referred enthusiastically to several articles of his I had seen in magazines, which also pleased him greatly, although he tried to appear very modest and indifferent to the honours I was heaping upon him. But he didn't succeed very well. He was telling me of a sketch which he was writing on the civil life of the Japanese, when I happened to say:

"Do you always do your writing in this hammock under these trees, Mr. McCarthy? How delightful!—what a pleasant place!"

And then Mr. McCarthy made the mistake of his life. He was in a glow over my appreciation of his genius and I suppose was not responsible.

"It is," he said, "a really charming place." Then he glanced over my fence. "Your side is almost as nice, Mrs. Graham," he suggested. "A hammock would swing easily between those two trees, and the shade is even better."

"Mry, Mr. McCarthy," I replied, looking at him admiringly, "I never thought of that. I will buy a hammock and have it put up immediately."

He saw his mistake with a sudden look of dismay, but it was too late to remedy it, and a few minutes later I left him and went into the house.

The next afternoon a hammock was swinging in my garden in the place Mr. McCarthy had so kindly pointed out, and

I was in it, and McCarthy across the fence in his. He was civil and that is about all that could be said for him. He saluted me with a rather courteous "Pleasant day" when I first went out, and then didn't say another word all the afternoon till I was leaving—when he managed to give vent to another formality—but wrote away as if he were married to his notebook. I had expected this of course and it did not repulse me any. I was out in that hammock every afternoon now, with Mr. McCarthy on the other side of the fence writing as if there wasn't a woman in the world, and I on my side reading as if a man were the last thing on earth I could possibly think about. Well, this went on for a few days and then I noticed that he was beginning to forget the incident of the worm. He merely grunted when I entered my hammock now, and when I was leaving usually never said a word. But fate was on my side; and after the second worm incident, or accident rather, he was no better than dough in my hands. You see, girls, it was this way: I went out one afternoon about a week after our first meeting, and glancing over the fence as usual to where Mr. McCarthy sat waiting, what was my horror do you suppose to see two of those sticky green worms on his very head, and crawling up his curly hair like a couple doing the Alps or the Bohmer Wold. Well I screeched;—he was my prospective husband you know; and Mr. McCarthy was out of his hammock in a jump.

"Sir," I said, "there are two of those terrible little green worms in your hair."

"On my hair!" he cried agonisedly. And then you should have seen him. He fairly went wild. He began brushing his hair like a woman beating carpets, and swore once or twice I believe—though I am not certain what he said; and then rushing over to the fence asked me entreatingly if they were off. Well they weren't. Instead of that he had actually smashed them and the green matter was oozing out of them like hair oil on his head. I told him this and he was pale to the very gills.

"Mrs. Graham," he pleaded, "will you

take them off?—I've a weak heart, and if they stay on there busted as they are, I don't know what may happen. I will never forget you."

Well, I had of course to consent you know—although I wasn't any too sure of my own heart—and more than that I had to use my fingers. A stick would have been utterly ineffective; each of them had twined itself around a lock of hair, and was nobly dying there like a sailor on a floating mast. I caught one of them between my fingers by the tail end, shut my eyes, gave a quick pull, opened my eyes again, and he was off. I then proceeded to operate in a like manner with the other; but I shut my eyes too quick this time, and put my fingers on the very spot of him where he was leaking—and ough!—Well never mind—he came off alright, at least all that was left together of him, but his coming off sent me off too, in one of those syncopees in which you have seen me. I suppose I might have prevented it; but I didn't want to very bad, you know—Mr. McCarthy was so near at hand. At any rate I reeled unsteadily for a moment—you all know how dramatically I can faint, girls—and then when about to fall Mr. McCarthy was over the fence and had me in his arms. I let myself go. It was just as well under the circumstances you will admit, better perhaps, for you cannot guess what actually happened;—well, Mr. McCarthy in remorse I suppose, for having brought me to such a pass, took advantage of my unconscious state to kiss me, and on the very lips mind you. When I came too, he was sprinkling water over my face, which I do not believe was nearly so white as his own. I soon recovered under this treatment of course,—the kissing I suppose was the most efficacious—and a minute later was on my feet and joking about it with Mr. McCarthy, who had no end of regrets to express, and evidently thought me a heroine for bearing it so lightly. That kiss and the falling in his arms had done him good I could see. It kind of brought back I suppose, those days when he used to write poetry. I have been told besides that I am really pretty when

I faint. The next day Mr. McCarthy was very solicitous about my health, and asked permission to come on my side of the fence. I, of course, kindly granted this, and he continued to come every day after that and sometimes in the evening too. In fact it was all smooth sailing now for me. I had moved the mountain and did not have to move myself. But of course I used all the arts of a—widow. Well, the proposal came about in this way: Mr. McCarthy had been endeavouring to say the words in a becoming manner for three or four nights, and I had been endeavouring to help him along; but he always seemed to get nervous and stumble at the very last moment when it was impossible for me to give him a hand, until one night—let me see—two nights ago it was—he was sitting in my hammock with me and began to get poetic. It was about ten o'clock and a soft moon was sailing overhead, and perhaps that may have had something to do with it; though I think it was more in my eyes for that is where he was looking. But at any rate he began to talk Romeo and Juliet and recite portions of the play. He has a really excellent voice and I told him so. This induced him to declaim the whole passage of Romeo's speech to Juliet at the masque; and during the recital he had actually taken my hand in his just the same as Romeo was supposed to have done. I let him do it of course. It was all in the play you know. And when he ended with—

"My lips two blushing pilgrims ready
stand

To smooth that rough touch with a
tender kiss,"

he asked me if I knew Juliet's lines, and I said I did, and innocently repeated them. He continued with Romeo's part, and in conclusion looked so expectant for me to proceed as Juliet, that I did—quite innocently again of course—and kept on doing so till I came to that line,

"Saints do not move though grant for
prayers' sake,"

which I had no sooner uttered in the tender innocence of my widowhood than he was kissing my hand as though it had been a small fortune. I was about to remind him that it was Juliet's lips Romeo had kissed; but he was on his knees immediately laying at my feet his bachelorhood, heart, fortune, genius, etc., and I thought I had better hold off so that he would never have any doubt in the future about getting his money's worth. I told him that though he had a strong hold upon my affections, I was not just sure of loving him, the time being so short, but that if he would give me a few days I would let him know. So that, girls, is the story of the poetic renaissance of Mr. D. M. McCarthy, president of the L. A. B., and the burial of his celibate ideals."

Such enthusiasm was rife among the young ladies at their president's unprecedented success in bringing to time and matrimony the most obdurate bachelor of the "Live Alones" that they all insisted on shaking hands with her.

"And now," continued Mrs. Graham, "I am going to make you girls a somewhat startling proposition. It is quite reasonable, nevertheless, and bound to succeed, and I think, considering what I have accomplished with Mr. McCarthy you should follow me in this without question. ("We will," sung the chorus.) Well, putting all your stories together, I will admit that you have been very successful indeed. The "Live Alones" are all in the last stages of the grand passion, but still—though they have all been brought pretty close to the point—it is somewhat uncertain that they will propose, watched by each other as they are and each fearing the scoffs of the rest of the party. They are all equally guilty you see, but do not know of each other's guilt. If they did they would be making you the offer of their hearts the next minute; for they are all ripe for it. My proposition then, is that we tell them; and not only that, but tell them this very night; though the course we will have to adopt may be a little unusual. I do not think, however, the members of the W. M. C. are going to be squeamish about such foolishness as maidenly mo-

desty, propriety, and the like, or that they will forsake their leader in a crisis of such importance even if the conduct she demands of them might be termed "outré." Please remember we are not Evangelists, but modern women, new western women, who have set out to accomplish a certain purpose, and that the western woman when she wants a thing always goes after it and gets it. I might also say that this will be such a joke on bachelors and bachelor clubs for all time to come that the perpetrators will doubtless go down to fame by the side of Lincoln and Grant and all the other great ones. This is as you know the night that the bachelors meet at their "Live Alone" quarters. In fact I have found out on good authority that they are having a special "time" tonight, and will probably sit late. Now, as I said, they are all ripe and on the bursting point, but afraid of each other; and what I propose is that we all go down together, gain entrance to the "Live Alone" establishment, and make a general leap year proposal to the seven bachelors. This will be quite easy, and confronting them all together, and giving them away to each other, they will not only accept on the spot, but it will be the biggest joke that was ever worked out. Now listen, Mr. McCarthy has proposed to me, and consequently I cannot propose to him. But I can accept him. And I am going to accept right then and there, and in a way that will make him see stars, and pay him back for his interference with you girls and the other three benedicts when they were about to propose. Now ladies what have you got to say? I hope you are true Americans and game."

There was a moment's pause after Mrs. Graham sat down; they were all too astounded at the daring of the plan to speak; and then they all rose to their feet with one accord and cheered their president to the echo.

"We will go," they cried; "it will be the greatest lark in the history of Waterton."

Ten minutes later seven remarkably pretty young women were tripping gayly toward the rooms occupied by the L. A.

B., the members of which were blissfully unconscious of what fate had in tow for them.

The sitting-room of the L. A. B., where the members were all gathered, was spacious, well-lighted, and a very pretty room indeed. Pictures of some noted bachelors adorned the walls, and the floor was covered by a thick layer of Brussels. The club, contrary to the usual custom, always left business matters to the last, it being more certain then that all the members would be present. They had just left the smoking-room, where they had passed a half hour or so in gossip and cigars, and were now lounging about the sitting-room waiting for the President to begin his speech; for he always spoke at quarterly meetings and this was one. Jack Smith, the Times' reporter, was explaining to Delaney, his associate editor, and laughing considerably at his own cleverness, the details of a "scoop" which he had lately accomplished; and Delaney was pulling his dark mustache critically, as if he thought in some points Jack had not grasped his opportunity sufficiently. It might have been, however, that he was not thinking of the "scoop" at all, but of a little girl with blue eyes and a mocking smile. Buzzie Roach and Nelse Campbell were facing each other on easy chairs discussing Gray's ball. In speaking of the women present at the function, strange to say, Roach did not mention the name of Miss Horton, nor Campbell that of Miss Edgar. One might have fancied these ladies had not been there. Fred Gibbs was in a corner by himself deeply interested in the paring of his nails, his back slightly turned toward the others. He was usually the life of the company, but tonight claimed not to be feeling well. Lane was smiling unconsciously over a love passage in a novel. McCarthy, the president, was seated at the upper end of the room gazing at his companions reflectively,—perhaps searchingly would be the better word,—and sometimes a look came on his face as he curled the ends of his mustache as if he were also viewing himself in that way. A faint smile now and then crossed his lips;—the same

smile perhaps as might have been behind the mask of Mokanna, when with a knowledge of his own perfidy, he bamboozled his followers to believe in him as the Prophet Chief, the divine delegate from Heaven. While all this was taking place the clock suddenly struck nine, and the President straightening in his seat called out the one word "Ales" in peremptory tones, and the members facing about in their chairs came to an attitude of attention. Then Jack Smith, rising by a general consent of eyes went to a closet and taking out seven small bottles of ginger ale and seven glasses placed them—one of each—at regular intervals around the table and took his seat in front of one bottle. The other members all followed suit, and then glanced expectantly towards McCarthy, who now rose to deliver his customary quarterly speech. We might state here that the L. A. B. was a strictly temperance organization; and that with the exception of these quarterly nights when they toasted their order in the harmlessness of ginger ale, no drink of any character was allowed within the precincts of the club-room. But the President is speaking and he has a mellifluous voice and a rather pretty wit and we must listen. He started off his speech as most orators do with congratulations, telling his brethren how proud he was of the club which was now seven months old, how proud he was of its reputation, its principles, its members. He, of course, had to outline these principles, refer flatteringly to individual members, and by the time he had finished this harangue he had wasted fifteen minutes and come at last to the kernel of his speech.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, bending his head confidentially toward his associates with that Mokanna expression very evident on his face, "I have a short note of warning to sound. I refer to the social intercourse with the opposite sex allowed by the regulations of our club. Now social intercourse is quite necessary and proper and within our license, and I in no way desire to eliminate it. But I wish to state emphatically that we have a certain set of rules restricting this which must and shall

be lived up to, or our end as a Bachelor Club is near at hand." (The Mokanna look deepened on his face and he went on). "Now during this present week, gentlemen—I will not state on what occasion, but it was the same occasion—I found three of our members in positions with the opposite sex which might properly entail a fine." (Roach smiled; Gibbs cast down his eyes; and Jack Smith looked defiant.) "I might even add that the conduct of the members to whom I refer on my interrupting them was such as might indicate love or the possibility of a proposal being on foot. We will hope, however, that these members suffered from a momentary weakness only, or that they were testing their strength, and that it will not occur again; for in that case the matter will have to be laid before the club. Despite these instances, however, gentlemen, I am going to state that I believe you are all steadfast and true and that you will always remain so. For let me tell you confidentially, fellow members,"—McCarthy lowered his voice and leaned sympathetically towards them—"if any of you should fall, if you should allow any woman to seduce you—any one of you, I really believe it might so work on me, weaken me, render me so desperate, as to become a victim to such seducement myself." (The President was smiling faintly, but Mokanna-like, at the impossibility of the prospect, and so were his auditors.) "But I feel, gentlemen, that if there were any weaknesses they were only temporary, and to cement still closer the bonds which bind us together, to put aside forever the possibility of woman severing them, I am going to add to our customary toast, 'The Glorious Freedom of Bachelorhood,' a new phrase:—'Our utter and everlasting Indifference to Woman.'"

There was an intermittent thunder like the straggling volley of a retiring foe as the bachelors uncorked their bottles, then each poured and stood with his glass raised waiting for McCarthy's final nod to drink, such being the custom. McCarthy glanced down the table, first at the faces of his companions. This was also his custom, only now the Mo-

kanna-like smile had taken the place of the glow of the enthusiast. There was a reckless, dare-devil twinkle in Jack Smith's eyes; Gibbs was eyeing his upheld glass despondently; Delaney was grim; Campbell endeavouring to smile carelessly like a man about to perjure himself; Roach had the appearance of a complacent liar; Lane was gazing at his glass sarcastically as if it were a disreputable brief. McCarthy saw all this with his Mokanna-like smile, which dimmed only for a moment as he seemed to look into himself, and then he was about to nod his head; but the outer door suddenly opened, the sound of laughter flooded the room, and for the first time in its history the Live Alone Bachelors' Club was filled with women, veritably filled with pretty smiling women, and women with a purpose too. There was no hesitation in their manner and there was six of them. Three went on either side of the table, and each paused in front of a particular bachelor as he turned astounded with mouth open and the ale glass in his hand; and each said in a demure voice with a blush that made her face twice as pretty—though it had been exquisitely pretty before, "Will you marry me?—This is leap year, you know." And the six bachelors' mouths opened a little wider at this request, and their glasses almost fell from their hands, but not quite, and they started in a most unmannerly way at the six pretty young ladies, who blushed most furiously but stood their ground.

The President, who was standing at the end of the table and who none of the six pretty women had addressed, was every whit as astounded as his fellows, only his mouth closed sooner. The Mokanna-like smile came to it. And then while the six bachelors were still staring at the six pretty women, he got up on his chair and began to speak.

"Gentlemen, fellow-members," he cried, "remember your club, remember your vows, the sanctity of your oaths; remember the toast you were about to drink, 'The Glorious Freedom of Bachelorhood, Our Utter and Everlasting Indifference to Woman.' Gentlemen, I entreat you do not be seduced. Beauty is

the charm of a day; liberty is eternal. Look at me, your president, whom nothing can seduce, for whom woman's charms were made in vain. Gentlemen, look on your president, the founder of your noble order, and be strong; cast temptation from you and laugh at these women. Fellow members, associates, I say again look on me and be str——" But the President did not finish the word, and as they looked his expression changed to one of anything but strength. The door had again opened, and another woman entering, was making straight toward McCarthy at the head of the table. She was smiling and pretty, prettier even than the rest—Mrs. Katherine Graham by name. As McCarthy's eyes fell on her they seemed to start out of their sockets; his jaw fell, his hands clutched feebly at each other, and he sank in his chair with a groan staring at her as if fascinated. The others were all watching him, each man with a glass in his hand and a woman beside him. They, too, seemed to be under a spell. She approached very close to McCarthy, and then a dazzling smile on her lips and a twinkle of amusement in her eyes, she addressed him directly, her tones ringing clear through the silent room.

"You asked me to marry you two nights ago, Donald," she said; "and I promised you I would give you your answer in a few days. I am giving it to you now. I will."

A look of utter dumfoundedness was on the faces of the other bachelors. Mc-

Carthy was like a man in a nightmare. His mouth and eyes were open—wide open; he seemed to be seeing something terrible, but was altogether helpless. The woman gazed at him in surprise for a moment and then with an air of hauteur made as if to go.

"You don't want me, then," she said.

But McCarthy awoke with a gasp. He clutched her hand and held it—held it frenziedly.

"I want you in the very worst way, Kate," he said fervently.

And then with a great effort he controlled himself; and as he turned his glance to the table about which the six couples were standing like figures in a tableau the old Mokanna-like smile flickered again on his face and the light of command was in his eyes. He picked up his glass from the table, where in his first surprise he had set it down, and lifted it on high with a flourish of his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "forget the advice that I gave you a moment ago. I now propose to change the toast. Let us drink to woman, her virtue, her beauty, her irresistibility, to the annihilation of the Live Alone Bachelor Club of Kamloops; and let each man, though we drink to all women, drink particularly to the woman he loves, as I do now."

And turning he quaffed his glass looking into the eyes of Mrs. Katherine Graham; and the others followed suit, each gazing fervently in the face of the woman who stood beside him.

Survivors.

John Edward.

IT was dark; the moon had set. And all about them was the sea. The sea with its waves of leaden hue save for the crests which were of foaming white. Other than themselves there was no life for miles and miles around. The horizon dipped and rose, advanced and retreated, and always its edge was jagged with the waves which seemed jugged in points like rocks.

The Doctor pulling at one of the two oars in the boat watched the angry sea and wondered why he was there.

The Oiler steering with the other oar often raised himself suddenly to escape the water which kept swirling over the side, and he also wondered why they stayed there.

The injured Mate lying in the bow was just now buried in that profound indifference and meditation which comes to even the bravest when they have been deprived of their most cherished aim. He was the commander and the others looked to him for orders. He spoke in a low tone and calmly, for never could he command a more willing crew. This was a boat of brotherly love and each man worked for the sake of the others and most of all they worked for the Boy.

The Boy squatted in the bottom with his eyes fastened on the increasing volume of water while his arm rose and fell mechanically baling the water from the boat and emptying it over the side. He was a jolly boy; the captain's boy and it was he who had kept up the spirits of the others. His father had gone down with the steamer, but he strove to hide his sorrow and the rest laughed at his quaint stories. But sometimes at night they heard him murmur: "Mother," and "Poor Dad" and tears

came to the eyes of those strong men.

"A little more East, Billee," said the Mate.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the Oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was like unto a seat on the back of a bucking broncho, and by the same token a broncho is not much smaller. The boat reared and plunged and pranced like an animal. As each wave advanced she rose for it, and seemed to act just like a horse making at a fence most outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these watery walls was an incomprehensible thing, and moreover at the tops of them were often those problems in white water which swished, swirled and leapt and ran as they passed from bow to stern. After courageously mounting a crest she would race down the long incline and arrive bobbing in front of the next menace. One disadvantage of a running sea being that after passing one wave one finds there is still another behind it, just as anxious to swamp your boat and requiring as much skill to surmount it as the last. In a ten-foot dingy one can see the resources of an angry sea in the shape of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dingey.

They in the boat knew not the color of the sky, for the waves were cunning and needed watching, but as the sun rose steadily up they knew it was broad day, because the sea changed from leaden to emerald-green and the foam became like tumbling snow.

In unconnected phrases the Doctor and the Oiler argued as to the difference between a light-house and a life-saving station. The Oiler had said: "There's a light-house at Carmanah Point and as

soon as they spy us they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who spy us?" asked the Doctor.

"The crew," said the Oiler.

"Lighthouses don't have crews," said the Doctor.

"Oh, yes they do," argued the Oiler.

"No they don't," repeated the Doctor.

"They must, they must, they must," shouted the Oiler in frenzy.

"There are no crews on this coast," said the injured Mate in the bow.

"Well," said the Oiler, "perhaps its a crew that I was thinking of as being at Carmanah. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"There are no crews on this coast," said the injured mate in the bow.

In the meantime the Oiler and the Doctor rowed. They sat together on the same seat and each rowed an oar. Then the Oiler took both oars. Then the Doctor took both oars. Then the Oiler; then the Doctor. They rowed and they rowed. Presently the Mate, raising himself in the bow of the boat, declared he had seen Carmanah lighthouse. Then the Boy remarked that he had seen it. The Doctor who was then at the oars also wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was towards the far-distant shore and the waves were important. But soon came a wave more gentle than the others and when at the crest he quickly scoured the eastern horizon.

"See it?" asked the Mate.

"No," said the Doctor, sorrowfully, "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the Mate. "It's exactly in that direction," and he pointed.

At the top of the next smooth wave the Doctor did as he was bid and this time he saw a long thin shadow with a break in the middle which must have been the lighthouse. It was exactly like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"It's a good thing its blowing towards the shore," said the Oiler. "We wouldn't have a chance else."

"That's right," said the Doctor.

While the busy boy nodded his assent.

But the Mate in the bow looked up and he chuckled. It was a chuckle that expressed humour, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Think we've got much of a chance anyway, boys," said he. Whereupon the three were silent save for a trifle of heming and hawing. A man thinks doggedly at such times, so they were silent.

"Ah well," said the Mate, "we'll get there all right." But there was that in his tone which rang of false hope and the others did not speak.

By the brown patches of kelp the men in the boat knew they were approaching to the shore; each brown spot seemed to advance, then become stationary, then advance and slowly pass behind the boat. But in the absence of kelp the advance of the little craft was not apparent to those in her. She seemed to them just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously, right-side-up at the mercy of the surging sea. Sometimes a great sheet of water swarmed into her.

"Bail her Boy," said the Mate.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the cheerful Boy. And he baled then harder than ever.

Of the four in the boat none had slept for two nights and before that the Oiler and the Mate had been on duty two long days. In the excitement caused by the storm no one had been able to eat heartily and now all were tired and hungry. They were four of a kind—four kinds, yet one kind. They were a Mate, a Doctor, an Oiler, and a Boy, and they were friends, nay brothers. It would be difficult to imagine a more inspiring brotherhood than that which was here established upon the high seas. No one said it was so. No one mentioned it. Yet it dwelt in that boat and each one felt it warm him.

Slowly the land rose up from out the sea. From a black shadow it became a line of trees and rocks, fringed with foam. Soon the Mate said he could see a house among the trees.

"That must be the life-saving station," said the Oiler. "I wonder where's the crew!"

"There are no crews on this coast," murmured the Mate in the bow.

"We had better pull easy and rest ourselves," said the Doctor. "We'll have to swim for it."

Suddenly darkness fell and the heavens seemed to open and fling upon them all the terrors it possessed. All the sea in its fury hurled itself upon the shores and a line of feathery foam spread down this almost limitless coast. There was a roar in the sky as of raging battle. Hailstones beat down upon them and great sheets of lightning flashed and sought to consume one another. The great billows rushed upon their frail craft, but still it rose and fell, bobbing and nodding as if disdaining such an enemy. As yet the dingey had sustained no damage, being small it afforded little opposition to the waves and they passed beneath it. And all was black darkness. There was no light save when the lightening flashed.

Meanwhile they rowed. The Oiler rowed one oar and the Doctor rowed one oar. Then the Oiler rowed both oars. Then the Doctor rowed both oars. Then the Oiler; then the Doctor. They rowed and they rowed. The darkness caused them to put out to sea again for the boat could not live two minutes in that surf. The faces of the men glanced grey and wan when the lightening flashed. They were weary and hungry and cold. First the Boy lay down exhausted. Then the Oiler, who was rowing, grew faint and whispered to the Doctor:

"Change me Doc?"

"Sure, Billee," said the Doctor.

And carefully they changed. First the rower slipped his hand along the gunwhale, then the other bent low and treading gently passed beneath the rower's arm and slowly slid upon the seat. And all the while they were balancing like circus acrobats. When one changed his seat to rest he lost all feeling of hunger and cold and just dropped to the bottom and lay there with the water for a blanket. Even the sea dashing over the side was not disturbing. The Oiler curled himself up and with his arm around the Boy's neck he slept.

So sweet a sleep it was that it seemed to him only a minute before he was awakened.

"Change me Billee?"

"Aye, Doc," said the weary Oiler.

Day dawned. The shore was far off, but they rowed and rowed and again approached the surf. The billows that now came were more dangerous and the sea was covered with driving foam. The surf was a guard to the shore and the boat could not pass to it.

"Shall I take her out again?" asked the Oiler.

"Yes," said the Mate. "Then turn south."

A long line of rock coast lay before those in the boat. The surf beat upon it and sometimes they could see a white-tipped wave roll up amongst the trees. They had now passed the lighthouse and were now rowing down a forsaken coast. The light-heartedness of a former time had now completely faded and no man spoke unnecessarily. The men reflected and as they reflected a great rage arose within them. Why should they be carried scathless for so long a distance and then drowned? Had they not a right to live? Surely Fate would take pity on them and perhaps in an hour they would be ashore. Perhaps a ship would pick them up.

"Well," said the Mate ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for it. There's a beach behind this surf. Turn her in Billee."

Then by fast but steady seamanship the Oiler turned the boat and made for the shore again.

Someone fastened the life-belt around the Boy. The Oiler gritted his teeth, his muscles tightened and he rowed harder. Soon they were amongst the breakers; each mountainous wave seemed to break upon the boat and she shivered and cracked; then a wave larger than the others fairly fell upon them and the boat swamped and overturned. Simultaneously the four leaped from the craft. The Doctor grasped the empty water-bottle and it floated him. The water was awful cold.

When the Doctor cleared his eyes he saw his companions in the sea. The

Oiler was ahead in the race; he was swimming fast. To the Doctor's right was the life-belt with its Boy. It appeared and disappeared, but the Boy floated face downward. The Mate clung to the keel of the overturned boat and the Doctor wondered how he managed to stay there.

They went on nearer to the shore, but the Doctor made no progress. Each wave beat him back and he was whirled round and round. Then he noticed the Mate was calling him.

"O-o-oh Doc! Come to the boat. O-oh Doc!"

The Doctor struggled harder than ever, and unexpectedly found he could progress towards the shore. But he soon tired and a drowsyness overcame him and he cared not whether he lived or sank. It appeared a pleasure to drown. The water was now so warm.

"O-o-oh Doc. Come to the boat!"

"Coming Mate," shouted the Doctor.

He struggled forward, but he could not help his companion. The Mate's hand slipped from the keel and it disappeared, waving frantically. As the

Doctor struggled he thought and his thoughts ran in circles like this: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why in the name of all that is good didn't I perish at first. If I am going to be drowned—if I am going—"

Suddenly he found himself standing waist-deep in the water, but his condition did not enable him to stand there long. Each wave knocked him down and the under-tow pulled at him.

It was then he saw a man running and bounding, and bounding and running towards him. He was a brown man; an Indian, brown as the leaves in autumn. But he was a man. He caught the Doctor by the hand and with a heave and a drag pulled him from the sea.

Suddenly the Indian stopped and pointed, then rushed headlong down the beach.

There in the shallows, face downward, lay the Oiler. His head bumped the sand, that was, between each wave, clear of the sea.

Our Pioneer

James Lambie

We cannot reckon all the debt we owe
To him who first made known our country's worth;—
Who through the pathless forest sallied forth,
Where fir, and spruce, and feath'ry cedar grow,—
And, where the mighty, mountain torrents flow,
Laid low the giants and upturned the earth,
To plant and nurture growths of gentler birth,
Which in their fulness mellow fruits bestow.
For love of gain was not the urgent force
That turned him from the common, beaten track;
He fared along a solitary course,
Nor yearned to ease the burden on his back;
Content to think that later kinsmen should
Follow his trail and find his choice was good.

The Wendigo.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

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YOU don't believe that the environment can ever master the man, don't you? That, my dear fellow, is because you have lived all your life in places where men were many and Nature already subdued, but even so you should know better than that. A man is like a chameleon. He will take on the colour of his surroundings in the shortest possible time."

The speaker was a grizzled man of about forty, smoking his cigar in a London club after dinner.

"Give us an example, St. John," said one of the others in the room.

"We are all examples, more or less, and a keen observer could probably tell something of our past lives from our mere outward form, but do you pretend for instance that America has no influence upon the English race: that an Australian even though born in Surrey does not approach gradually to a type different to your own, Vernon? Of course he does, but the Siwash is up North where I used to hunt, go further than that. They believe that a man may, and sometimes does, revert to the beast."

"Morally? That is likely enough."

"No, physically."

"What with paws and tail?"

"Almost. They believe that he grows hairy, smells like a fox and loses his power of speech."

"And you believe that, St. John? Truly the North breeds credulity."

"That is likely enough. Here in town a man never sees anything, never hears anything except the 'gassing' of other fellows like himself, but there where there are no men, a fellow sometimes hears a voice from outside."

There was a long pause: St. John

had a way of making men think. Perhaps it was because he had learned in lonely places to indulge in that rare habit somewhat more than his fellows.

At last he broke the silence.

"Do you remember that fellow Wilmore who was at school with us, Vernon?" he asked after a time.

"In Doane's form?"

"Yes, a stupid, weak-minded fellow, with an underhung jaw."

"Yes, I remember him well. Expelled, wasn't he, for drawing a knife on someone in a rage?"

"That's the man. He came into money afterwards and surprised everyone by going an unutterable mucker, after which he disappeared."

"I remember that he came to grief. Someone said that he had taken to drink and then gone away North towards some of your haunts to straighten up a bit."

"Did you know that I had met him?"

"No! The deuce you did. Where?"

"On the Arctic slope, and if you'll light another cigar I'll tell you if you like how I met him. Its not a cheerful story but it may open your eyes a bit."

The men rang for more cigars, the fire was piled up anew and the four of them drew closer as St. John began.

"I don't suppose you fellows have any idea what the Arctic slope is like, and if you had, none of you would perhaps think me sane for spending so many years prowling about it, but there is a fascination in those great lone lands which gets hold of some men in an extraordinary way. Perhaps that is the first symptom of the power which nature has in its greatness of recalling us from civilization to itself."

I don't pretend that the North has the beauty of the south. I grant you that the seas which we go through to reach it, are grey, dreary, endless wastes fit to breed Jotuns and sea snakes. I grant you that the coast line with its monotonous armies of dumb mildewed pines, which no sun mellows, no breeze sings in, as breezes sing in other trees, is not as beautiful as a few crazy tourists would have you believe. Their appreciation comes, I think, from their joy of having escaped from it. But to a man tired of town, and of your endless eating and drinking, and all the little things of society, there is a charm in forcing one's way into the fastnesses of nature, although it is as lonely there as though you had stumbled suddenly into a new world's dawn.

"When you pass through the Coast range, matters improve a little. The everlasting rain ceases: the vegetable world gives you breathing room; things are dry again and bright; fires burn and the sun shines and in the daytime a strong man may reasonably rejoice in his strength. I know nothing better than hunting in that great lone land beyond Cassiar where the snow laden trees stand out hard and crisp against a crystal sky when the world is powdered with diamonds and every willow flashes a jewelled tipped spear in the sun.

But when the sun goes it is different. Then you realize your utter insignificance. Then you know that if before you were moving through the world's dawn, here you have come to the world's death, and the silence and the vastness of space terrify you.

But what is the good of my talking to men who would feel chilled if they walked ten miles without meeting a fellow man, or seeing the smoke of an inhabited house.

Try to think what it means to walk for ten days without seeing anything but an unbroken horizon in front, the tiny thread of your own tracks behind, without hearing a voice of man, bird, or beast, only the report perhaps of rending ice on a river and the sound of your snowshoes as you break a way.

I won't bore you with the story of our

hunt. Philip and I had been away to the musk ox land, and had come to all manner of grief in our endeavours to penetrate into the country where the Esquimaux make their summer hunt, and were tramping our way back, very lean, but very fit to the borders of civilization our hope being that we should reach a Hudson's Bay Post before the worst of the winter caught us.

As long as we could keep near the caribou we were safe enough, but it was a bad year for rabbits, there were very few ptarmigan about and we were very nervous lest we should stumble upon a strip of starvation land on our way back and had no supplies of any kind with us, nor any hope except in our rifles, or the caches of meat we had made on our way in.

The Indians with us, two of those wanderers who live from hand to mouth hanging like wolves on the flanks of the caribou herds, began to get uneasy, and at last after seeing no living thing for three days, we realized that our trouble had come upon us. We had starved for one day. We could catch no fish in the lakes, we could see no tracks in the snow; there wasn't even a raven to be seen. But our first cache was not far distant so we sat in the snow through the dark and windy night, thinking of the good time coming when we should reach the first small bunch of pine trees and revel again in the glow of a great camp fire.

It is pretty tough to sit through an Arctic night in that barren land, with no fire, no food in the midst of surroundings unsuited to man's life.

Here night is rather pleasant than otherwise, except that it is such a waste of time. You sleep warm and soft and safe, knowing that someone else will have your breakfast ready when you are tired of sleeping.

There night is a terror.

You may be so dead tired as to be glad to lie down when the dark comes, but you will soon be so deadly cold as to wish for light in which to plod on again and keep warm.

It was so with us. There were endless hours during which we shifted

miserably and uneasily in our blankets and then stiff and half dead we rose again and groped our way forward in the dark.

Anything was better than lying still and besides there was food in front, or at least so we thought at night. The first glimpse at our cache about the middle of the next day undeceived us.

A few months earlier we had hidden three caribou carcasses amongst a pile of rocks, leaving them to freeze and await our return. The rocks were there still and the snow had covered them, but over the snow in every direction ran tracks of the cursed carcajon or wolverine. We knew what that meant. Wherever a cache can be rifled there will generally be found a carcajon to rifle it, and of course there was not so much as a rag of hide left for us.

It was a good deal more than annoying, it was just beginning to be serious, but no one shewed any sign of funk; we had been in Starvation Land before, so, except for a curse or two and a general hitching tighter of our belts, we made very little of the matter. In the great lone lands no one gasses much about his troubles. Suffering is dumb where it is likely to elicit sympathy.

However, just as we were taking up the trail again Niko stumbled on a fresh track, which brought an exclamation even from him. In a minute he was running on it like a dog on a pheasant's track, in and out amongst the low long line of rocks, until he stood sniffing, (I had almost said snarling) like a dog who has cornered a cat.

When we got to him his actions even there struck me as peculiarly vividly animal rather than human. His nostrils were working, his teeth were bare, his coarse short hair was "staring" and his hand stole quietly to the pump of his Winchester, as he whispered the one word "Wendigo!"

And all we could see was a lump in the snow and showing through it in one place a patch of caribou hide.

"My God! St. John its a man," cried Phillip, and before I could help him he had begun to drag out something from the snow beneath an overhanging rock

while Niko and Takush chattered excitedly and handled their rifles in a way which looked distinctly threatening.

What the deuce the fellows were saying, or what they meant, I neither knew nor cared. I wish I had done, although I don't suppose it would have made much difference. I never paid much attention to their crazy tempers or crazier yarns, even when I was idle by the camp fire, and just then we had all we could do, to drag the man out and scrape together enough willow twigs to make a tiny blaze on that dreary grev waste.

As fate willed it there were a few little scrubby patches near us, and from these we made fire enough to thaw our waif out and make a brew of tea. In this I put my last dose of brandy and by means of it woke our find to gain a world he would have been better out of. It was just the luck of the thing. Another hour and he would have been frozen beyond hope of recovery; as it was his good condition saved him.

And that was one of the strangest features of the case. If the man had died, he would have died of cold, not hunger, for he was what we should have called fat. Not "hog-fat" as we all are now, but not starved as things go in the barren grounds. What he had lived on was a mystery for many days' longer, for after we had brought him back to life, we found that it was only an animal after all that we had rescued. The thing was inarticulate and as far as we could tell an idiot. When we had driven the frost out of its body, its wits still remained numb. It sat up and peered weakly at the fire and spread its maimed hands to the little blaze, as another man might have done, but there was something clumsy in its movements, its eyes were restless and frightened as those of a trapped lynx, and its fingers I suppose had been frozen off though they looked for all the world as if they had been gnawed away.

What with the ghastly deformity, its strangely clumsy bandages of caribou hide, certain crimson icicles in the grizzled hair round its mouth, and the constant watchfulness of its eyes, I

could have forgiven a white man if he had shown repugnance to the poor wretch. I felt an instinctive loathing for it myself, and I knew that I was inwardly cursing myself for having interfered with Nature's ways. How were we going to feed the thing we had saved and why could we not let Nature arrange her own affairs as she saw fit?

But with the Indians it was different. They were deucedly nearly beasts themselves, yet they stood apart, angry eyed, outside the circle of the red fire light, muttering incessantly and handling their rifles whilst even the four dogs would not come near us, but sat upon their haunches, showing their teeth and every now and then breaking into a low howl.

Certainly matters looked pretty blue. The barren grounds in winter and towards evening never look very cheerful but even if you can conceive anything drearier than that pitiful handful of sputtering twigs, in the middle of grey space, the sky meeting the unbroken horizon on all sides of us. The Thing in the middle and our own dogs and Indians, snarling at us apart,—I cannot.

"Hang the thing, I wish we had let it die."

I couldn't help myself. The thought would come out in words, but I was sorry the next moment that I had spoken for the poor wretch crept furtively to the other side of the fire like a threatened dog.

Philip heard my words and saw the creature's sudden action and I am afraid thought the less of me for blurting out what I was thinking. But Philip was wrong. My words caused no pain. I am convinced of that now. The creature heard the anger in my tone and beast-like knew by instinct against whom it was directed, but my words had no meaning for him.

However, that night Philip and I had a quarrel or as near one as we ever got, I am scarcely sorry for it now; the cause of it was so thoroughly in keeping with the rest of my chum's character. He, of course, wanted to drag the idiot along with us, I did not. He saw a starving human being; I saw an incubus

which would probably cause the death of the whole party.

"The Thing cannot live," I argued, "unless we feed it, and we cannot feed ourselves. There is no greater certainty of finding game in front than there was behind us," and I pointed to the wastes we had traversed.

"We can kill the dogs," said Philip, and I knew he hated that almost as badly as he hated leaving the man behind.

I hated it worse for I had come to like the dogs. They had been useful to us and were old friends.

"And afterwards?" I asked. "Shall we risk four who can think, for one who does not understand enough to feel."

"You don't know how much it understands," answered Philip, unconsciously half granting my proposition.

"No, I don't know, but let us make that the test. If it understands it will follow us, if not, will you let it stay?"

Very unwillingly Philip consented, and just at dawn he and I scraped together all the little remnants of scrub which we could find and blew the ashes into a feeble blaze.

Then we called to the man and turned to go. Surely if it was a man it would follow us, but it did not. It preferred to sit by the blaze and die with the dying embers, and so we left it, a bent figure warming its frozen beard in the tiny column of smoke.

I knew Philip did not like the idea, but he could not himself "pack" the idiot with him, and none of us would lend him a hand, so he left with us hoping no doubt, as we did, to kill game in time to take back food and save the waif after all.

The sky was at its saddest when we started, not dark enough to hide the misery of the scene, not light enough to impose upon our eyesight with a cold fiction of brightness, and that little figure by the fire emphasized the last loneliness in which we left it.

As a rule white men will outwalk Indians, but on that day Niko and his companion almost reversed the ordinary rule. A frightened Indian can travel

like a barren doe, and our Indians seemed thoroughly frightened.

At first that morning they kept their hands on their rifles, looking back nervously from time to time as if expecting to see something following us.

But nothing came. Then they began to talk excitedly. The dumbness of half-starved men and their apathy had quite gone, and with one last look back along the trail, they settled into their stride. By George! How they did travel! It makes my limbs ache now to think of it, but luckily before midday their scare seemed to wear off and when on the sky line we saw a tiny clump of trees, the first seen for months, a change came to all of us.

Where there are trees there seems to be hope, and when several hours later we lay under them, with a great fire roaring at our feet, we were happy, if hungry, men.

That night a dog had to be shot. I am not sentimental, but I don't like killing one's dogs, and would have starved for another day on the chance of saving the poor beast, but Niko knew that and killed him before I could interfere, so that at midnight we were all sleeping as men can only sleep who are warm and fed.

At midnight I woke with a start and sat up. The Northern Lights were flashing with unusual brilliancy, the fire had fallen somewhat low and round the fire all of us, dogs as well as men, are sitting up staring with one accord along our back tracks.

What woke us I don't know. Possibly a dog howled at The Thing which was now loping so swiftly toward us in the strange light, but if so I never heard the howl consciously.

Swiftly with head bent The Thing came on. Then with a short howl a dog clapped its tail to its quarters and vanished through the clumps of pines. The others followed him, and as I turned to speak to them I saw Niko throw aside his blanket and bring his Winchester to his shoulder. I heard in the stillness of the night the loud clang of his pump as he brought a cartridge into the chamber, and I saw Philip's hand go up just

before the red flame spurted from its muzzle.

For a moment The Thing which was coming stopped dead, like a beast who hears a shot but does not wind the hunter and then it ran on again and the next moment was squatting on its haunches within the red circle of firelight, looking at us with that same shifty glance, half timid, half menacing.

For a time we sat there staring like men fascinated whilst it "mopped and mowed" inarticulately at the fire. I think that I recovered myself first, and turned to see what had become of our Indians.

They and their dogs had vanished. Even in the firelight I could see the tracks of them, but by the time I had shaken myself clear of my blanket, and passed through the pine clump they had gone out of sight. They must have travelled as if the Devil was behind. Perhaps they thought he was.

How that night passed you fellows can perhaps imagine as well as I can describe it. I only know that neither Philip nor myself slept at all, and that long before it was really daylight we were on foot again tramping towards our next cache with The Thing, as we now called it by common consent, slouching at our heels. It never came with us, but it never left us, dogging our footsteps all day, and squatting somewhere near our camp fire at night.

The second cache was as empty as the first one, and on the second day after Niko left us I began to reel as I walked. My feet weighed tons, and my legs had contracted the habit of going off on their own account in utterly unexpected directions, besides all which my head seemed to have grown too big and heavy for my body: I knew that I was almost used up and could have wished that Philip would leave me to die quietly but for one foolish reason.

A terror of The Thing behind had grown upon me unconsciously. I suppose I was growing light headed. Do you know what it is to fancy that someone is following you in lonely places? I did not fancy, I knew it, and whenever I looked over my shoulder I could see

its hungry eyes watching every stagger that I made.

But even The Thing itself was starving at last. It dragged its feet almost as badly as I did, and I caught It once chewing Its own maimed hands till the blood came.

On the last day of all I thought that we had done with it forever. That morning it had been coming closer and closer until more than once I had heard its heavy breath in my ear. So far a curse had sufficed to drive It back again to its place twenty yards behind me, but I had a mind more than once that morning to kill It whilst I was still sure that I could draw a steady bead with my rifle.

That day Philip struck a caribou track.

The great bull had not passed many hours, and if only one of us could get within range of him we should yet be saved!

Talk of hunting for trophies and its excitement! You don't know what hunting means until you have hunted for a meal which means as much as that meal meant for us, and yet when it came to the crisis only the younger of us was fit to make an effort.

Philip had outstayed me, and I had to admit it.

Even when the old chap found time to think of me, and before he left, lit a great fire of pine and made a bed of boughs with his blanket and my own.

We didn't say anything, of course. Both knew that if that caribou was not killed before dark it would matter very little who had the two blankets. Neither of us at any rate would want them long. But we shook hands, looked hard at each other for a moment and then I fainted or dozed off, or at any rate became unconscious, with an indistinct idea that the last thing I had seen was Philip on the caribou track with that loping, bent-backed beast at his heels.

Whether I slept or fainted, I certainly dreamed before I woke, dreamed, as starving men do, of the most luxurious of club "feeds," and if it would not be so preposterously incongruous I could, I believe, almost tell you now the menu

of my dream dinner. At any rate my dream had more basis in fact than most dreams have, for when I woke there was an unmistakable smell of cooking, and two men were bending over my fire. At first I thought that Philip had come back, and that the smell was that of caribou steaks grilling for supper, but in a moment I saw my mistake. The two silent figures watching me were those of Niko and Takush, the Yellow Knives who had deserted us. They had killed caribou, and being out of danger themselves, had come back to look for us. That I learned later. Just then I had no thought but to get as much food as they would let me have and to bitterly resent the manner in which they wisely doled it out to me.

Twice I ate and slept between eating from sheer weakness, but after the second eating they began to question me.

"Where was my brother? Had I heard a shot fired?"

I told them that I had not.

"And yet the Wendigo has killed," muttered Niko.

"How do you know?" I asked. "Have you seen?"

"No, I have not seen, but we shall see. Sleep again, now, and perhaps tomorrow you shall see too." Niko answered, and then he and Takush stood peering out into the growing darkness the way Philip's tracks led.

In the morning I would gladly have stayed behind and let Niko and Takush go alone to bring in the kill and the two hunters, but this did not please them. There was no hurry, they said. They would wait until I had rested, but when they went I must come too. At last I made up my mind to try and in some feeble fashion managed to trail along behind them. Though it seemed far to me then it really could not have been more than a couple of miles before we reached a little barrier of pines.

"Beyond that is a lake. He will have killed there," said Takush, as he pumped a cartridge quietly into the barrel of his Winchester.

Niko imitated him, and then stopped to point to two tracks which joined those we were following.

(Concluded next month)

Floe-Whaling on the Alaska Coast.

Captain Nelson.

OF all our industries less is known of whaling, perhaps, than of any other. True, of late years some information has been published about the hunting of the Finback, Humpback, and other common varieties of whales caught in the neighbourhood of Vancouver Island and off Newfoundland by the Norwegian method, and a little about the chase of the Bowhead whale by San Francisco whaling ships, but of hunting the Bowhead from the floe-ice—undoubtedly the most interesting and the most exciting of all the branches of the business—nothing has been said. I propose in the present article to describe this method, adopted by the residents of Point Hope and Point Barrow.

Years ago whale hunting at these places was entirely in the hands of the Eskimos, who with their old primitive gear succeeded in capturing quite a number annually, but since 1886 a few white men have settled in the neighbourhood

and have taken up the work in a more up-to-date manner.

About the first day of April every able-bodied man in each settlement starts out to make a road to the nearest water. Axes, picks, spears and shovels are used in this work, which sometimes takes three to four days according to the roughness of the ice and the distance, the floe frequently extending twenty miles from the shore. As soon as the road is finished it is marked and flagged as otherwise it would be impossible to find it after a blizzard.

Next, the canoes are overhauled and covered with new hides, and about the tenth of April everything is ready. The canoes, thirty feet long and six feet abeam, are then put on sleds made especially for the purpose, and lashed solid. The gear, cooking utensils, a bag for each person containing a change of clothing, rifles, ammunition, seal-spears, and firewood are loaded in the canoe. Then

SKETCH OF DARTING GUN



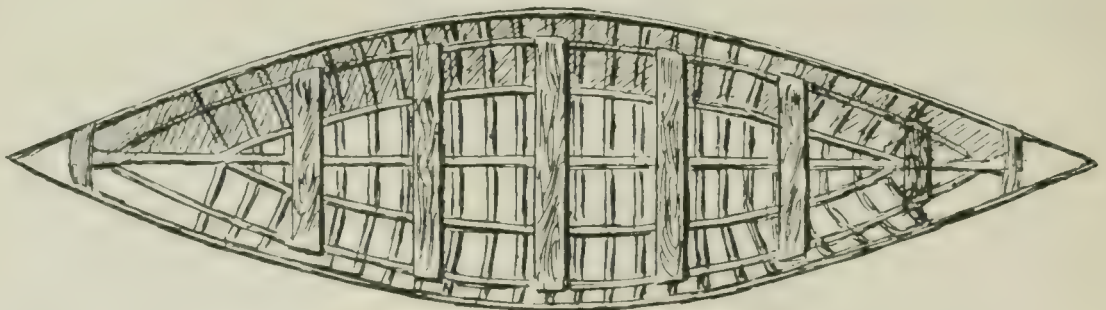
the crew, numbering eight men and two women, harness themselves to the canoe, five on each side, with as many dogs as may be had, hitched to a lead-line, and the procession starts over the road to the edge of the ice. As soon as this is reached the canoe is taken off and launched in the water. All now get in, first placing the sled upside down in the middle of the canoe, and proceed to find a sheltered place to camp and one that looks favourable for whaling. When this is found, the canoe is discharged of all its contents. A slanking chute is cut in the ice and the canoe stern first, is hauled out, the bow projecting about three feet over the water. The whaling gear is arranged and put in position, the bomb-guns loaded, and the floats inflated. The floats are made of sealskin and attached to the whale-line, two small ones about seven fathoms from the harpoon, and a large one at the end, the whale-line being usually about twenty-two fathoms long, made in New Bedford, of the very finest Manilla. The Darting Bomb Gun, made by Pierce of New Bedford (the home-port of the American whalers), is a brass instrument measuring fourteen inches in length, attached to a wooden pole six feet in length and about two and a half inches at the thickest end, tapering down to about one

and a half at the other. On one side a barbed harpoon fits into a socket, on the other side through another socket a stout steel wire is inserted in such a manner that when the gun is cocked the wire projects two inches beyond the end of the bomb, which is loaded in a screw barrel in the breach. When thrown at the whale—and the harpoon is imbedded in the blubber to the depth of fourteen inches—the wire is pushed back by the force of impact, thus releasing the trigger and exploding the cartridge, which sends the bomb into the whale. A four seconds time fuse governs the explosion of the bomb; this is terrific in its power, not only forming a considerable cavity in the fleshy parts but dislocating and even shattering the bones.

Directly a whale shows himself, everybody rushes to his place, grabs the canoe and shoves off, getting in as the boat slides down the chute into the water. The paddlers drive the canoe as speedily as possible towards the whale; being highly trained men they make each stroke with the greatest care so as not to disturb the water.

The crucial moment arrives when the canoe gets within about eight feet from the whale. Then the harpooner stands up and, bracing himself, hurls a darting gun, harpoon attached, at the whale,

ESKIMO CANOE.



A Bird's-Eye View.
To show the wood framework.

quickly followed by a second gun; the whale-line and floats are immediately thrown overboard, the guns are hauled in and reloaded.

Directly the whale is struck he sounds, sinking to the bottom, and all anxiously watch for his reappearance. By this time canoes may be seen coming from every direction and when the whale again shows himself, he is quickly surrounded by boats and canoes, all being determined to get fast to their quarry, regardless of danger, as whoever succeeds in doing this obtains a share of the "bone," which at the present time is very valuable.

To an onlooker it is decidedly exciting to watch the crowd gesticulating and jabbering, each man with some sharp instrument, long knives, seal spears, anything in fact that comes handy, cutting, slashing at the poor creature until it is literally worried to death.

Should this occur close to the ice, a line is thrown over to the carcass and all hands haul until it is alongside the ice. Then a flat cake of ice is selected, a slanting chute is cut, a strap is passed round a convenient hummock, another strap is passed round the fluke or tail, a big tackle is then hooked with one block in the strap round the fluke and another in the strap round the hummock, and all hands haul it as tight as possible. Another tackle is then hooked on the fall (i. e., the rope of the first tackle), and every one now hauls until the carcass is right on top of the ice.

And then the fun begins. Men, women and children with knives of all kinds and "cutting-spades" slice and hack with such energy that in about three-quarters of an hour there remains nothing but a heap of bones.

During this time some of the women have been kindling fires in their stoves, which by the way are generally made out of empty coal oil cans, and are busy cooking the hide of the whale, commonly known as "Black-skin." This is considered to be quite a delicacy and indeed it is not at all unpalatable, tasting very like cocoanut. Blubber is also impregnated with the same nutty flavour and when raw bears a strong resemblance

in its outward appearance to the reddish centre of a ripe melon.

It is pleasant to watch the Eskimos as with happy, contented faces they joke with one another, working and eating at one and the same time, never stopping except to whip off their dogs, who are rendered ravenous by the smell of so much food and struggle to steal the meat and tempting scraps of black-skin. All this work is done without any quarrelling, and when the stuff has been divided, the women haul it back to the shore and cache it in ice houses.

But of course every whale hunt does not end so smoothly as the one I have described. Very often, when not struck in a vital spot, the whale will start off shore and before he is killed he may have upset a canoe or two and possibly killed some or even all of the occupants. This happens occasionally. Or again, he may die six or eight miles off the edge of the ice. In this case the canoes are forced to tow the carcass in, very often in the teeth of a strong wind. Then indeed one may see what dogged perseverance, pluck and stamina can do. Paddling with desperate determination, shouting and encouraging one another, the Eskimos have been known to tow a dead whale for thirty-six hours without giving up, and after bringing it to the ice, to start at once to "cut him in" (to use a whaling term), well knowing that nothing is safe until landed on the beach. But these are not the only risks: the floe itself may break away. Well do I remember one occasion in 1897 at Point Hope, when six whales were killed at different places along the edge of the floe. A gale sprang up from the northwest, breaking the ice about half a mile from the beach. Those on the floe knew nothing about it, as all were busy cutting away at their whales, until the writer with three squaws (no men had been left behind on the beach) arrived hauling a small canoe.

It would be impossible for me to describe the confusion and excitement that ensued. Everyone ran for his canoe, leaving the whales and a lot of the gear to the mercy of the elements. The floe was a large one, the outer edge being

quite eighteen miles from the beach, and by the time we arrived at the crack we had drifted fully six miles from shore. There was a terrible gale blowing; amidst foaming breakers and heaving masses of broken ice we were obliged to launch our canoes and paddle for dear life. We reached safety after several hours hard paddling, but without some of our dogs, whom we were compelled to leave behind on the floe. Very fortunately, however, the wind changed and drove the ice back in to shore and we were able to secure the dogs again, but the whales and a lot of the gear were never found.

Canoes are not always used in floe whaling. Some of the white residents use the regular whale boat, but the risk is no less. Once, a few years previously, a whale boat crew succeeded in killing a large Bowhead off the ice, but a heavy

gale springing up, they were forced to cut their line at last, only to find that they had delayed too long and that no sail could be carried owing to the fury of the wind. Running under bare poles they made for the loose pack ice and hauled the boat up. There they had to remain inactive, watching the land receding in the distance as they drifted with the pack.

For sixteen days these men, eight of them, were on the ice in a starving condition. Eventually the floe drove in again to shore, and with great difficulty, having to actually crawl on their hands and knees for a considerable distance over freshly formed ice (commonly known as "young ice," which is thin, treacherous and almost wet) they got back to safety.

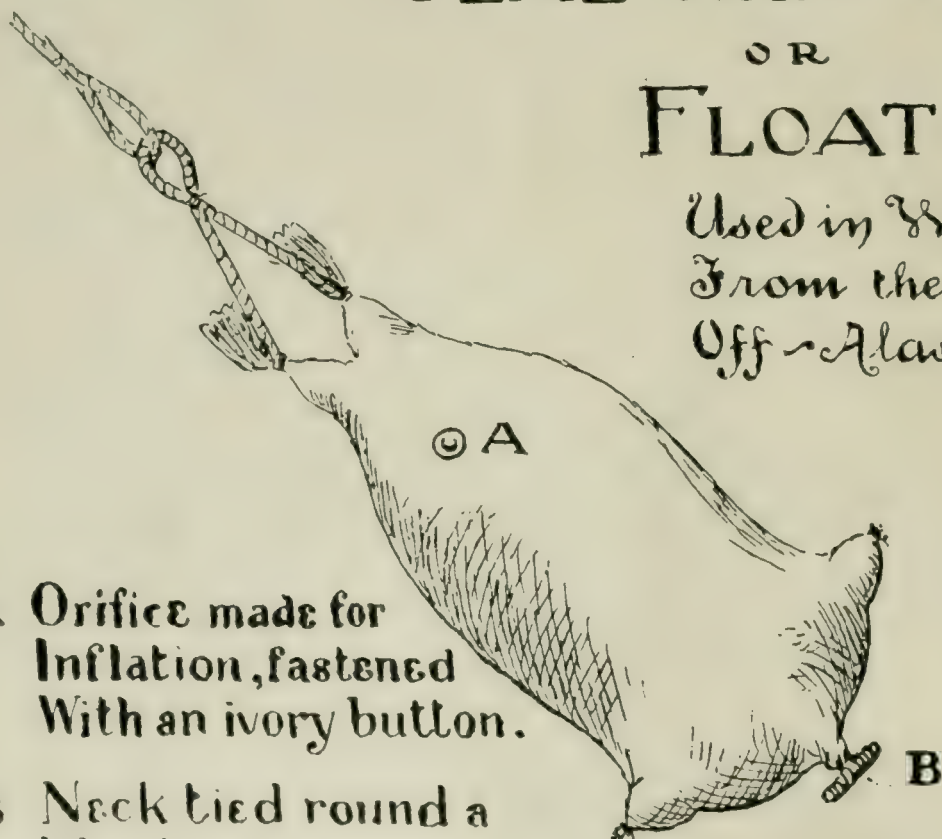
But the most terrible occurrence of all happened at Point Barrow in 1894 when

SEAL-SKIN "POKE" OR FLOAT.

*Used in Whaling
From the Floe Ice,
Off Alaska.*

A Orifice made for
Inflation, fastened
With an ivory button.

B Neck tied round a
Wooden toggle.



two men and a woman were lost on a road cut out from the shore to the edge of a big floe. There were several people on the floe at the time and those at the edge suddenly discovered that they were drifting. Launching their boats, they sailed to the southward and found an open lead through which they escaped without further trouble. But the fate of the three Eskimos who were lost on the floe was by no means so pleasant. Quite unconscious of the disaster that had overtaken them they kept on wandering in search of their companions till at last they discovered the camp—deserted. Quickly realizing their terrible predicament they hurried back over the road only to find a very large crack, which they could not possibly cross, and that the ice was moving rapidly. For no less than sixty-three days these wretched creatures managed to exist on the drifting floe, living on pieces of raw whale meat, that had been thrown on the

ice at the killing, and quenching their thirst as best they could by eating snow. Finally they were picked up by a whaling ship after enduring the most awful misery from cold and exposure and famine that can be imagined.

Of course life on the ice would be impossible were it not for the wonderfully warm clothing. It is the same for both sexes and consists of a suit of fawn skin underwear (worn with the hair in) and a suit of deer skin (worn with the hair out); deer-skin stockings and deer-leg boots, well oiled; during wet weather seal-skin water-tight boots are used instead.

But even with this clothing there are times when the conditions become almost unendurable. Especially so when on a flat sheet of young ice one is exposed without an atom of shelter to a strong wind; then indeed it seems as if one's blood must congeal.

Chinese Miners in Their Own Country.

Richard Lawrence Pocock.

A GOOD deal has been heard recently concerning John Chinaman as a miner in South Africa. The writer has no wish to enter into political controversies in this article or to express any opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of the Celestial's employment in mines under the British flag. It may, however, be interesting to see what are the conditions under which he mines in his native land, the methods he employs, and the amount of skill to which he attains.

Chinese have long been known as skilful miners of gold in alluvial or "placer" diggings in various parts of the world, and poor indeed will be the clean-up of a white man following in their wake or

working their "tailings." It may not, however, be generally known that there are districts in China where the natives have been accustomed to underground work for centuries, certainly in the case of one mine known to the writer for not less than five hundred years, records of ownership of the same being in existence covering that length of time. It was with the mines of this district in Central China that the writer was associated for three years, they having been for some time owned and operated by an European Mining Company; but it is to the Chinese miners working under their own home conditions, and not under foreign management, that special reference is intended.

In this district the mineral chiefly mined is cinnabar (sulphide of mercury), some of the mines being Government property, others privately owned, but paying taxes to the Government; in the comparatively near neighbourhood, however, the ground has been worked, though nowhere to any considerable depth, for gold, silver copper, antimony and iron.

The country in this part is mountainous and rough, being intersected in all directions by more or less narrow valleys and numerous canons, though, in the district containing the mines, and

sale for their produce in the little market towns dependent on the mines. There being no roads in our sense of the words—nothing more than rough paths or trails,—carts are unknown, goods being brought to market entirely on men's shoulders in the orthodox Chinese fashion with a stick and two baskets, sixty catties, or about eighty English pounds, being considered a man's load in this part of China.

In the neighbourhood of the mines the population is fairly dense, though a few days' journey brings one to a jungle



Cinnabar Mine in China known to have been worked over 500 years. The buildings are modern European.

chiefly owing to their presence, cultivation is seen almost wherever possible, the land in the valleys yielding rice principally, while on the slopes flourish maize, wheat, rye, beans of various sorts, wood-oil trees, vegetable-oil plants, garden stuffs, and in some parts considerable crops of the poppies from which opium is obtained.

Fruit is scarce and of poor quality, but in the lower altitudes a few days' journey from the mines, oranges and similar fruits are abundant and of excellent quality. The farmers find a ready

country, where one can go for miles without seeing a human being, and where leopards are comparatively common and tigers by no means unknown.

Apart from the actual mine-workers, a great portion of this population is indirectly dependent on the mines for support; the treatment of the ore requiring a large quantity of firewood, farmers and coolies, in the winter months especially, do a good business cutting, splitting, and carrying the wood to the mines, while bamboo workers supply large quantities of baskets of different shapes used

by the mine coolies and ore pickers; so that it will be seen that in this part of China at least mining is, and long has been, a flourishing industry, giving employment to large numbers.

The cinnabar mines are mostly situate high up, with entrances on the canon side, to which in some cases steps have had to be cut in the solid rocks; the formation being almost horizontal, there has been no need for sinking operations, the ground being worked by means of tunneling. This is no doubt the chief reason why the cinnabar mining here has long been a flourishing industry,

in the cinnabar mines they have often been prevented from working bodies of ore when any considerable depth below their entrance-levels through accumulation of water; though certainly it is wonderful how much they have been able to handle when one sees their only pumps, something like a gigantic boy's squirt made of a large bamboo.

The Chinese system of mining has hardly been scientific according to a white man's ideas, the main principle underlying all their work being to find the ore and follow it as best they can; so that in a very few places have they done



A Mine Entrance, showing wall to keep out robbers, and dump of waste down canon side.

while very little has been done with the other minerals that occur in the province. Where the deposits of ore were not so situate that they could be worked entirely by tunneling, no serious work is found to have been done by the natives; sinking has been tried by them and numerous small shafts are to be seen, but the greatest depth they have succeeded in reaching has been about three hundred feet, when they have usually encountered too much water to cope with with their primitive appliances. Deep-level mining by natives is unknown in China. Even

any "dead work." Underground surveying is of course unknown to them, as indeed for that matter is any other kind of surveying, (even after some years' of working under European management most of them imagine the mine surveyor's instrument to be some wonderful "foreign devil" engine for mysteriously discovering new ore-bodies).

This system, or rather, want of system, is naturally extremely wasteful, as they do not take out of the mines any more waste rock than is absolutely necessary to allow sufficient room in which

to continue working. The ore, which lies in limestone formation, being irregular and buncy, there is no doubt that they have lost considerable quantities of pay-ore through covering up with waste the poorer rock in their eagerness to follow a rick streak.

In the mines now referred to can be easily seen traces of the various methods resorted to in the history of their working. Evidences of the oldest method, namely fire-setting, are plainly visible; while vast chambers have obviously been hewn out by the primitive means of hammer and moil,—a laborious and tardy process compared to the modern mining methods employing high explosives and machine-drills.

Fire-setting was practised until comparatively recently, many of the old inhabitants of the district still remembering its use. The method employed was to build a wood fire against the face of the rock to be penetrated; the heat thus formed cracked and softened its surface, which was afterwards chipped off with a hammer and moil, a kind of short chisel with a pencil point, held by means of a twisted stem of some tough shrub or tree-root. By this means a tunnel was slowly but surely driven in the living rock, which was gradually enlarged in the same tedious manner. Yet by such poor methods as these chambers have been hewn out of the solid rock big enough for those at the entrances to have houses built within them sheltering numerous families of workers.

It was only some thirty years ago that blasting was first seen and practised here, being introduced by a few miners who came from a neighbouring province, bringing with them drills and a weak form of ordinary black gunpowder similar to that used in making Chinese fire-crackers. For a small payment they drilled and blasted a hole for the native miners, who thus first learned this method of mining and were quick to adopt it. The drills they used were not wholly of steel, like ours, but were merely lengths of round iron with a short piece of steel welded onto each end. The powder being very weak according to our ideas, the holes they drilled were never

very deep, being almost invariably less than eighteen English inches, but the amount of rock broken in a day's work, though small enough, was vastly greater than before the innovation. Their hammers are clumsy, being long in the head and ill-balanced, from three to four pounds in weight, but it is astonishing what excellent hammermen most of these Chinese miners are. Those who have now become accustomed to use European striking hammers and drills could without doubt hold their own as single-handed hammermen with any European or American miners, while being able to do a shift under conditions of air and temperature which no European could stand. Their methods of following the ore take no account of mine-ventilation, and the conditions under which they are accustomed to work would strike a modern mine-inspector with horror, whole families living inside a mine with no more ideas of sanitation or cleanliness than the beasts of the field.

The proficiency of these men with the single-handed hammer is, however, far from making them first-class miners. As mere rock drillers they are hard to beat, mainly by reason of their great endurance and surprising strength; but they need a constant supervision for other reasons, chief among which is their extraordinary reluctance or inability to take ordinary precautions for their own safety, and their apparent lack of intelligence to enable them to detect what is or is not dangerous. They are fatalists pure and simple, putting down accidents not at all to their own carelessness or want of foresight, but invariably to "bad joss." If a piece of rock fall on and injure a man, or a blasting accident deprive him of life or eyesight, it is because the mine "joss" is angry with him. Every mine has its god to whom a little temple or altar is erected at the entrance, and to whom sacrifices are periodically made of pork, wine, vaper-money, etc., for which he is expected not only to guide the working miners to rich bodies of ore, but also to watch over and protect them from accident.

This fatalism makes the workers extraordinarily careless. The writer well

remembers the case of a miner who was blasted under the following circumstances. He was working on a night shift, had had a "missed hole," which, through the top of the hole getting filled up with small pieces of broken rock, the head-miner in charge had been unable to re-blast or to unload. The men on coming to work were shown the missed hole and told only to drill within a safe distance of it, but this man, who had worked for some years under European supervision, and knew the character of the explosive used, utterly disregarded the warning, and, in spite of being ex-

or not, should ever be drilled in again, there being always the risk of an unexploded portion of the charge remaining.

This carelessness is the worst of friend John's faults as a miner. As a rule he is patient and industrious, long-suffering and cheerful in good fortune or bad. The nature of all the working classes of China is child-like and so are their passions. They cannot be judged at all by our standards in matters of character and morality. To lie and cheat is no disgrace among them; if they can steal from you and cheat you, so much the better for them; if you can



Ore Sorters at Work.

pressly warned that it was still charged, proceeded calmly to drill in the old hole, the consequence being that he nearly lost both eyes, which were, however, saved for him by the skill and attention of one of the European staff, who, by the way, got no thanks from the miner for his trouble. But this is not all. Very soon after his recovery, on being engaged to work in one of the Company's mines, he was caught in the act of drilling in an old hole which had not broken properly, the rule of the mine being of course that no old hole, whether blasted

catch them and administer punishment, that is one for you; it is all in the game. Honesty is a rare virtue among them; in the old days, before the coming of the white man, the miner who struck a rich patch of ore, never left it, and even slept by it, or his chances of reaping the benefit of his strike were poor indeed; the old mines have seen many a murder and many a desperate fight. It is by no means all plain sailing for the Chinese miner in his own mines at home. His work is of the hardest, his diet of the plainest, his housing of the roughest

and his remuneration of the lowest. Indeed it is hardly of any use for him to be ambitious to improve his lot in a land of official corruption, the watchword of whose magistrates is "squeeze," for fear of attracting the attention of some needy petty official, who is never at a loss for an excuse to extort. There is no such thing as justice in China; should our friend be unlucky or unwary enough to fall into the clutches of the Yamen, his chance of escaping "punishment" whether deserved or not, is slight indeed. Punishment means bamboo at least, and his sentence may be anything from one hundred to one thousand blows, or even more, at the caprice of the official, who is judge and jury in one; and, after his official punishment is over, he has still the yamen-runners to reckon with, who will hardly let him go until they have squeezed the last copper-cash possible out of him,—a nefarious practice, well known to, but winked at, by the magistrates; their satellites have no pay but live on what they can squeeze from prisoners and litigants, of whom they take good care there is a continual supply.

It can thus be readily understood that thrift is at a discount among the working classes and the miner's surplus earnings are generally used for his one never-failing amusement—gambling.

For all this, the miner proper is the aristocrat of the mining camp; though his reward is small, that of the other workers is still smaller.

There are different systems of payment adopted by the Chinese mine owners. In Government-owned mines the miners pay a hammer-tax and make what they can. In some of the privately-owned mines the men are paid in cash and food, with an allowance of so much every ten days for the straw sandals worn by the lower classes all over China. The meals consist of rice, with a little vegetable as a side dish or relish, with pork and native wine on market days, that is, every five days, the pay in cash being equivalent on the average to about six or seven shillings a month, tools in this case being found by the mine owner. In other mines the miner finds his own tools and is allotted a working

place. After blasting, he has the first pick of the broken ore, and takes his load out in baskets, after which the coolies are allowed to take what they can get in return for cleaning out the working place. The ore must now be crushed by them and treated in the mine-owner's furnaces, a percentage of the mercury recovered being retained by him and the rest becoming the property of the miner or coolie.

Other arrangements are in force in other mines, but it is a lucky miner who can clear under any circumstances more than a few shillings a month after paying for his board.

There is no Sunday in China or eight-hour laws, but market-days are the miners' holidays, so that he gets plenty of rest; and at every Chinese New Year a movable feast according to our calendar, most of the mines are shut down for a whole month, the time being given up for the most part to public gambling, which is temporarily legalised.

In common with the rest of his countrymen the Chinese miner is extremely conservative, his usual attitude towards any new method he is asked to adopt being one of amused superiority. He is rather apt to think he "knows it all"; though, certainly, in the writer's experience at any rate, if he can be convinced that he can do better work by a new method, and, more important still—make more money by that method, he will be ready to acknowledge the improvement and continue to take advantage of it, but it usually takes a deal of time and patience to convince him and to teach him a new method of working.

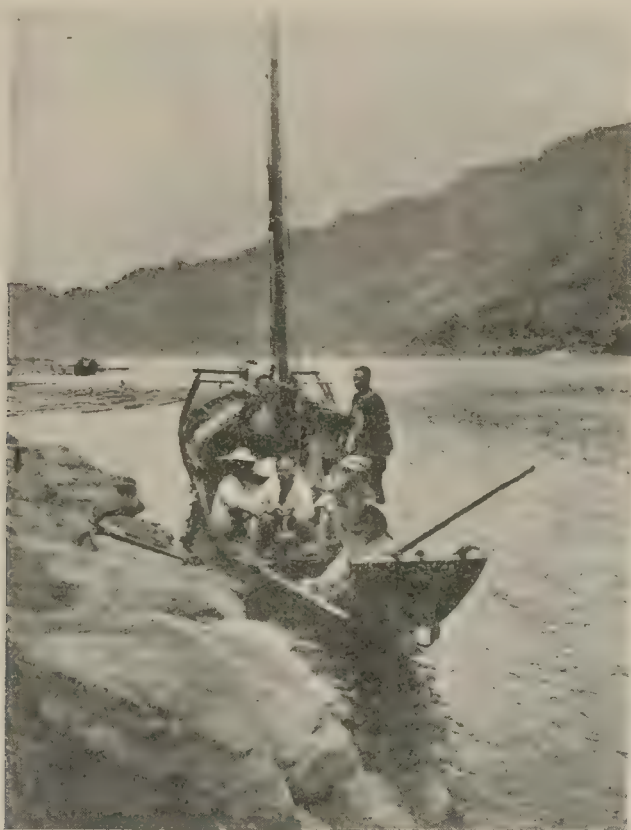
While the miner is engaged "inside," attacking the hidden treasures of Nature, there is plenty of employment about the mines for the other members of his family, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, and very possibly his grandmothers also. The ore he mines has to be crushed fine for treatment in the native furnaces; should the cinnabar in the particular mine he is working in be of a good, or red colour, the ore, after crushing, will be washed and panned for the free cinnabar in the same way as is done by miners all over the world for

gold. There is always a local market for the clean cinnabar, which is as good as money to the miner or coolie in this part of China, just as is gold-dust to the Klondiker. These Chinese are expert panners, and where they have water handy will recover all but the very finest cinnabar dust by means of sluices, bamboo rockers, and their pans, which, unlike the familiar gold-pan, are not made of metal but hollowed out of a solid slab of wood.

By law all the cinnabar obtained in the district must pass through the hands

mines where it is a good red colour, the darker or black cinnabar being of no value except for the mercury it carries—it is ready for treatment in the furnaces for the recovery of mercury.

The native furnaces are small affairs built of clay and interwoven bamboo sides, with the same sort of iron bowls as they use for cooking at top and bottom; the fire is built under the bottom one, and the top one has a large hole broken out of the middle large enough to admit a kind of bent shovel or scoop with which the furnace is fed. Over this



The Means of Travel to the Mines.

of one of the dealers, or “weighers” as they are called, licensed by the Chinese Government, whose number is limited, and who pay a joint tax for the privilege of dealing in the production of the mines. Duty has to be paid on cinnabar and mercury taken from one province to another, though, as the prices often vary considerably in different districts, a good deal of petty smuggling takes place. The European company’s commission of course exempts them from these conditions.

After the ore has been washed for free cinnabar,—that is the ore from those

hole is set an inverted earthenware vessel like a large pudding-basin, on to the sides of which the mercury is precipitated from the fumes rising from the roasted ore below. Each furnace holds only a few shovelful, and the charge is drawn every hour or so, the time varying with the richness of the ore. When the charge is drawn, the “pudding-basin” is lifted off and turned right side up; the sides are wiped round with a cloth, beginning round the upper edge and gradually working down to the bottom, causing the mercury to collect in globules which run to the bottom of the

vessel. The coolie in charge has then to scoop out the furnace charge and replenish it, and as in doing this, his head is necessarily straight over the furnace, from which mercurial fumes are rising, slight salivation is by no means unknown among them. To prevent this they usually wrap a cloth over mouth and nostrils or make a respirator of a piece of pommeloe-skin.

The recovery in these furnaces is by no means up to "assay returns!"

In the sides of each furnace, outside the rim of the pudding-basin" are arranged little holes in which a certain percentage of the mercury collects, which is the mine-owners' perquisite, and is recovered when the furnace is pulled down and rebuilt, which occurs every ten days or so. So conservative are the natives in their ideas, that, even when building one of these small furnaces for their own homes, to treat their gleanings or pickings from the dumps, they would never consider the furnace properly and efficiently built without these "percentage holes."

The waste rock thrown away by the mine coolie after he has had his pick is picked over and examined carefully, bit by bit, by men, women and children on the dumps; nothing is wasted. The ore thus obtained on the dumps is the property of the ore-pickers, who are free to come and go unmolested, and who take it home and treat it, gaining from it perhaps a few ounces of mercury a market-day,—a pitiful amount, yet enough for them to live on, for the two bowls of rice a day, which are all they need, cost on an average about two pence. Clothes worry them but little, a few shillings a year being ample to provide them with an all-sufficient wardrobe.

The conditions of the miners and coolies who have now come to work in the European-managed mines is of course rather different, but of them it is not our present purpose to speak, the special intention in this article being to

give some idea of their life under their own normal conditions.

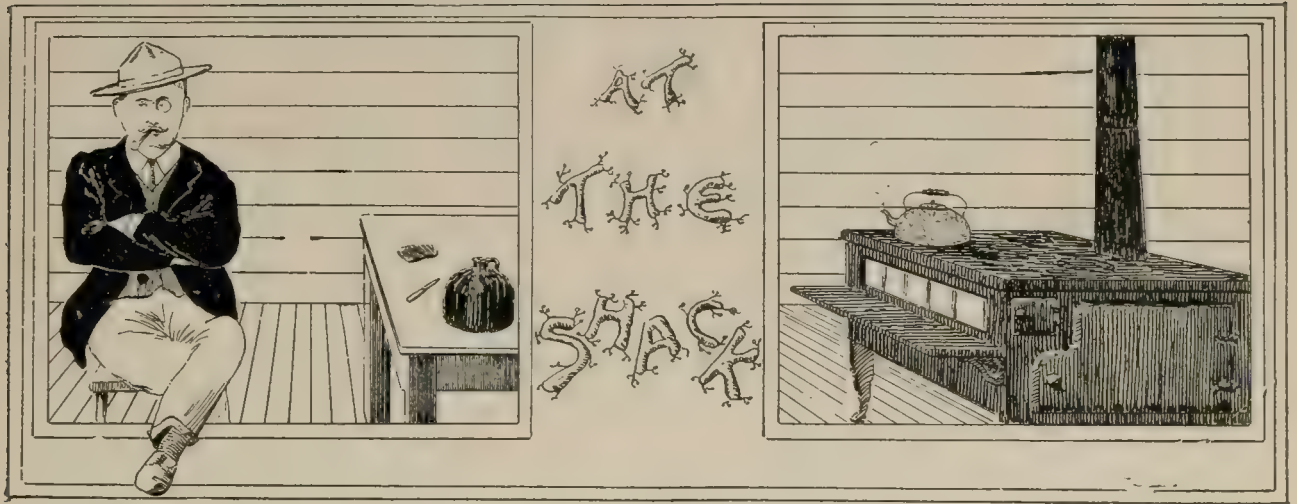
The Chinese miner at home is usually a domesticated animal. Though seldom, perhaps, devoted, and not always faithful, to his wife, who, being bought and paid for in hard cash, is regarded more or less as a chattel, he certainly is invariably so to his family, particularly to his sons.

As to his house, that is not a very grave consideration as a rule. A few poles, a few split bamboos, a little mud, some armfuls of grass for roof, and, with a primitive cooking range of clay and bricks and a large iron bowl, and a plank bed with an armful or two of rice-straw for mattress, we have complete a typical domicile for our interesting friend to share with his family, and perhaps a pig, a few fowls, and a mongrel or two. Cleanliness they know not; hygiene, there is none in China.

In sickness the miner has recourse to a doctor, whose degree is self-conferred, and who, when not professionally engaged, may be a mine-coolies as likely as not. A broken leg will be treated with a plaster of crushed leaves, no attempt being made to set the bone. When all the doctor's remedies fail and the patient is grievously afflicted, his family, if they can afford it, will call in the local priest with his attendants armed with cymbals, gongs, pipes and similar instruments of torture, who take up their positions at the sick man's bedside, and proceed to raise a continuous clashing of brass and screeching of pipes to accompany the priest's chauntings and dancing, with the object of chasing the devil out of the sick man.

Should they succeed and the sufferer recover, "joss" is rewarded by a sacrifice of food and the burning of sham paper-money; but should their exertions be in vain brother John has ended his life of toil in peace.

No Chinese of this part at any rate could die in peace without the consolation of this to us most unpeaceful and unholy din.



Percy Flage.

THERE are those aplenty, to whom books are no temptation—and the joy of reading is a sealed matter. The conning of print is to them a labourious duty or an unattractive necessity, like planting potatoes or podding peas.

Productive often of benefits otherwise unprocurable they recognise the virtue of literature with acquiescent humility, little imagining in their poverty of fancy, its power as a vice.

To cacoethis scribendi they are immune, and on them the book-worm may turn in vain.

By friendly pressure of one whose amiability and intelligence are none the less in that he fails to follow my law of "love me, love my library," I have been led on occasion to taste and observe various forms of recreative enjoyment unspringing from the printer's font of pure delight.

High among them and strong in renewing the vigour of minds possibly poisoned by the ptomaines of too many tones, stands the Ten Cent Theatre on Thespian Avenue—to which I tender as thank-offering for benefits received, this

brief descriptive sketch from my lingering memories of a few weeks gone.

On the threshold of that evening I was warned in three-fold sequence that my ideas of what constituted wit were not final.

I ventured, ere we went in, to whisper my friend a humorously apt quotation concerning an abandonment of hope on the part of those entering.

He laughed, but not heartily—more, I think, in politeness than from any natural impulse of cachinative emotion.

Again, in the ante chamber or lobby where programmes vociferous of stellar attractions were procured, I voiced the Dante misquotation—"So we went in and re-beheld the stars!"—only to be foiled with a small, cold smile.

Thirdly and rashly—for in classical learning, my friend has the advantage of me to the extent of many canings—when seated cosily in the pit and craning, or even owling from side to rear, less to study the hydra headed audience than to escape the beer and chewing gum blandishments of a modern drop-curtain—I tolled forth one of my twelve

Latin fragments—"Quis monumentum requiris—circumspice!"

The hereditary good manners of centuries agonised in my friend's countenance for a few seconds—but the smile came out—and politeness shrieked when Koscinsko told me to shut up!

There was a preamble of attunement among the orchestral instruments—things of mystery all—and then music; I know not how good, nor care I, for among the ameliorating corollaries to an exhaustive ignorance of all that pertains to St. Cecilia's art, is (I speak for myself at least) a blessedly indiscriminating appetite for anything better than a damaged jewsharp unskilfully tortured, or a runaway circus calliope.

A captious critic might discover flaws in the technique—might cavil at the director's capacity as interpreter of Strauss where I would only hear (and pride myself on recognizing) the Beautiful Blue Danube. But the curtain is up.

A tall youth of Jewish or New Yorkish appearance, neatly clad and twice neatly (oh unguent kine!) smooth as to the hair, stands close to the wings and, flanked by a screen on which are thrown rapidly changing illustrations of marvellous colouring, sings—

"It was in a shady dell,"

(Shady Dell foreground—Hills and church spire—Blue sky)

"Where the song birds love to dwell,"

(Closer view of boskage—Three green birds—Two yellow—one roan.)

"That I met my little May—one day—"

(Under oak trees—straw hatted youth—pink muslin maiden.)

"We had never met before"

(Lone youth on pier—background of Tourists—distant ships.)

"But beside her cottage door"

(Landscape—Queen Anne Cottage smoking in middle distance.)

"I had seen my little May—at play."

(Close view—Hand-painted cottage Maiden with kitten and string.)

"But my feet refused to pass"

(Pine woods—Tan shoes balking at pink muslin.)

"When, reclining on the grass,"

(Close view—muslin—parasol—one stocking not quite hid.)

"I surprised my little May—so gay!"

(Straw hat raised in apology—Maiden turning to fly—not.)

"And her cheeks they turned so red"

(Youth and Maiden under Maples—red cheeks—no parasol.)

"When I turned to her and said—"

(Gravel walk—couple strolling—parasol in evidence.)

"Will you be my little May? ah say!"

(Close view—hands in hands—Where is that parasol?)

Comes there any more of it? Much more—all excellent, let us pass on.

From the wings there floated pinionless a vision of flaming drapery, cramsie velvet or bordalisaunder at least, trimmed and tooled and illumined like a luxurious binding by Berthelet borne across the dusty stage on twinkling toes.

To the music of the measure that she trod sang this one, of a voice (I appeal to the guide book) semi mezzo contralto—and a timbre enthralling—

There's a cool and shady valley in a country that I love

Where the moonbeams softly wander o'er the snow

Where th' aurora Borealis throws her lime light up above

And the diamond frost jets glitter down below.

Far and far away—Far away—
Where the winds of winter wanton until May,

Where the cold December moon
Weaves her shadows at high noon
O'er my far off happy home in Hudson Bay.

From the gaiety and grandeur and the gardens of the south

I have turned to hear the summons of the frost

Midst the fragrance of the roses, from the wine glass at my mouth

I have gleamed a glimpse of glories that are lost.

Far and far away—Far away—
 Where the sea spume binds the berg in
 icy spray,
 Where the Pole star all alone
 Clasps the zenith in her zone
 O'er my far off happy home in Hudson
 Bay.

This is better! Oh, this is decidedly
 good! We applaud the sentiments; stir
 to the music and encore the singer, who
 re-enters easy of breath and marvellous
 of poise—

When the syren song of singers in the
 cities of delight
 Spread a snare of soft allurements o'er
 my heart
 I have heard the whispered silence of
 that glooming, looming night
 Till my soul was wrapped in mystery,
 apart.

Far and far away—Far away—
 Hark! the rustle of the restless milky
 way!
 Where a sky of powdered gold
 Pours a radiance pure and cold
 O'er my far off happy home in Hudson
 Bay.

The curtain descends—and lifts pre-
 sently to brisk music as of popular songs
 —with the closing strains, from right
 and left enter a flashy male and female
 of grotesque design. These approaching
 each to each salute and speak rapidly—
 facing audience:—

He—Hello Mag, is that you?

She—No! I'm starrin' at the Avenoo
 Theatre this season—No dime shows fer
 me—This is me cousin Kate.

He—Not at home. What, they payin'
 you, Mag?

She—Clearin' house certificates. What
 you been doin' lately?

He—Time.

She—You don't look like a feller
 'would call time.

He—I don't look like lots of things
 I am; and I don't like lots of things I
 look at—Push your face in!

She—Ain't my face all right?

He—Not much left to it—(see?) It's
 lobsided. Who painted it?

She—Some of the best! I'm an

artist's model when I ain't workin'. Say
 —will you listen to me sing?

He—It's part of me job. Give her a
 little gasoline, Professor!

Professor leads off with piano and
 Mag sings:—

I was an Artist's Model
 World wide known to fame
 Ever since I could toddle
 Modelling was my game.
 I'd a perfect pose
 And Sargeant owes
 To my lovely nose
 The pictures that made his name.

I was an Artist's Model
 Always draped, of course.
 Don't get it into your noddle
 That I could do anything worse
 Than Vestal or Nun
 Or just in fun
 For Archie Gunn
 A Bacchannal—never coarse.

I was an Artist's Model
 Shoulders and neck divine—
 Duchesses used to coddle
 Millais to borrow mine
 But Millais said
 No common head
 His art should wed
 To my throat's soft swerving line!

I was an Artist's Model
 Whistler worshipped my feet—
 Meissonnier used to yodel
 "Comme tue est chic, my sweet!"
 And Howard Pyle
 Said Trilby's style
 Was simply vile—
 I beat her by half a street!

Exit the pirrouetting songstress while
 the male buck and wing artist forges to
 the front—

"More voltage, Professor! Dat's
 right!"

As I was walking on the street I met a
 country Jay
 Who asked me what o'clock it was and
 I to him did say:
 "It's a quarter after fourteen minutes to
 which it was before

"You shook yer Uncle Hiram at the cast-off clothing store!"

I left him gaping after me and I sauntered down the street

And "I beg your pardon, Miss," says I to a girl I chanced to meet,

"I surely was interduced to you on the thirty-third of June

"At Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's Saturday afternoon!"

She shook her head with a giggle and shriek—her Pa came running out

He jumped at me with a monkey wrench and I just had time to shout:

"None of your brainstorm slaughtering here! Miscreant, would you dare

"Molest the only inventor of Teddy's Tootsey Wootsey Bear?"

It placed him so that I made a sneak—a regular Twenty-three—

But I side-slipped onto the beat of a cop who had it in for me.

"Come on to the Captain, now!" says he. "It's fourteen months fer you!"

"I'd rather be excused," said I. "Excoose one swift skidoo!"

I jolted him hard on the plexus place and jumped for a trolley car

But missed me grip and hit New York with one head, an awful jar.

The copper nailed me lying there—I raised my bleeding head

And groaned: "Unhand me—Sherlock Holmes! Knowest not that I am dead?"

He got the patrol with a hurry call and they took me to the cells

And the Doctor came when I filled the shop with assorted college yells.

He looked at my pulse and asked me "Hoo?" Says I, "I'm going hard;

"A hundred an' ten for thirteen holes—two strikes and spot stroke barred!"

They put me into a Hospital where the Flossy Nightingale Nurse

Was a whiskered longshore deck-hand buck—and the Matron he was worse!

They fed me soup from the Aqueduck and porridge without the oats

And only laughed when I said I was boss of forty Tammany votes—

They sweated me good for half a week, then passed me into the Toombs

Where I played at golf with a pile of rock and nothing charged for rooms

Till the panic came and Morgan phoned that he couldn't stand the strain

For the people's lack of confidence was getting on his brain.

So the Captain gets my ticket of leave an' says: "Outside the fence!"

"They're lookin' for you on Wall Street, lad, to resurrect confidence."

"Come to yer friends when you can't escape and we'll give you bed and board."

So here I am on the street again—with confidence restored!

Exit.

And so, after ten minutes of muscle bouncing by the old original Indian Rubber Family of Acrobats—and a snappy series of shiver pictures representing the Battle of Waterloo from actual photographs taken on the ground by special permission of Napoleon—we swung into the street, happy and convinced that the drama is not all to Ib-sen, nor the theatre to Henry Arthur Jones.



John Henry Shorthouse.

William Blakemore.

I KNOW no better example of a man who emerged from obscurity and became famous in a day by writing one book. It is certain that if John Henry Shorthouse had not written "John Inglesant" he would never have been heard of, because his subsequent work did not in any degree sustain the promise of his "magnum opus."

I first met this extraordinary man in a little eating house just off New Street, Birmingham, in the early seventies. It is an old-fashioned place with a number of small rooms wainscoted in oak and containing an antique fireplace with hobs. In the room where I met Shorthouse there was one small table, which would accommodate six people at a pinch. The table furnishings were unique, consisting of a rough holland tablecloth, an old fashioned plated cruet stand, half a dozen tumblers, and as many sets of black handled knives and forks. The menu consisted of broth, joint and pudding for which we were taxed the munificent sum of 6d each. There were a number of similar eating houses in Bir-

mingham in those days, but I had not previously found out this particular one. A literary friend offered to take me there in order that I might, to use his own words, "meet a little man whom nobody knew but who would some day be heard of." I went, and the little man turned out to be John Henry Shorthouse.

I see him still as I saw him that first time, and in the dimness of the little back room the first glimpse caused almost a shock, so striking was his resemblance to Charles Lamb. In fact the resemblance was in many respects remarkable. He was slight, below medium height, thin, with dark hair, a sallow skin and a typical Lamb nose. He was clean shaven, except for very small side whiskers. His figure was spare and bent, suggesting fragility, his expression somewhat inscrutable and abstracted, benign and diffident. He was a man who created an atmosphere and diffused a sensible influence. It was impossible to be in his presence without realizing something of his greatness. During the meal he did not exchange more than a dozen

words with my friend, although they were old cronies, and the shock which I experienced at my first glimpse was repeated when he spoke, with a stutter which unmistakably associated him with his prototype. His shyness was very marked, and my friend was careful not to lead in conversation. He left Shorthouse to say what he felt like saying, and merely nodded an affirmative.

Subsequently I met him in the same place almost weekly for three or four years, and after a few weeks he thawed out a little. When he found that we had kindred interests, and especially that I was an assiduous reader of the Mystics, he spoke somewhat freely, never of himself, always of books or men. He was an omnivorous reader and I never met a lay-man so well posted on philosophical and religious literature. He was a great student of history and could quote long passages from Gibbon, Allison and Hume, but he had no admiration for Macaulay or Froude. In poetry he most admired Chaucer, Spencer, Shelley and Keats. I thought it at the time singular, although later experience has removed the surprise, that whilst he could not speak three words conversationally without the most painful stutter, he delivered his quotations perfectly.

I found Shorthouse to be one of the kindest hearted men I ever met with a transparently simple, and even childish nature. He seemed incapable of an unkind or depreciatory thought. He saw the best in every man's character, imputed no motive, and on one memorable occasion when we were discussing the character of Mr. Chamberlain he bitterly resented the criticism levelled at his fellow townsman, and declared, with more heat than I ever knew him to evince, that the world has nothing to do with men's motives, for they are beyond our ken; all we have a right to judge is conduct.

In these conversations he never let drop the slightest hint that he had then almost completed a work upon which he had been engaged for more than twenty years, and which apparently his innate modesty prevented him from realizing would be epoch-making.

I shall never forget the day when the window of Cornish's book-shop on New Street, near the corner of Corporation Street, displayed a long row of books bound in blue cloth which bore in gilt lettering the inscription "John Ingle-sant," by John Henry Shorthouse. Whilst fully realizing the literary capacity of my chance acquaintance, I was surprised that he had kept his secret so well, and wondered what the book would be like. Needless to say I bought it, half read it the first night and finished it the next.

This is not the place to review that superb work. It has left its mark on contemporary literature, and for lofty conception, skilful construction, delicacy of expression and profundity of thought, still stands far ahead of any competitor. Indeed it is in a class by itself and is the real progenitor of the religious, philosophical, mystical novel, developed upon more popular, but far less artistic and poetical lines, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and other weaker imitators. It represents a man's life work, and to its production Shorthouse brought a brilliant intellect, and a profoundly spiritual and cultured nature. His bright fancy relieves the book from the possibility of monotony, and some of its narrative chapters rank with the best work of Dumas.

Fame came to Shorthouse in a day, for once the critics made no mistake, they recognized the merit of his production instantly and there was not one discordant note in the chorus of praise which was showered on him from every direction. But it made no difference to him, he walked the streets of his native city with the same air of abstraction, nodding to the few who knew him, and speaking rarely to anyone.

He usually wore a dark gray overcoat and a white cloth top hat which certainly added to the distinction of his appearance. No one else could have worn that hat without looking absurd. On Shorthouse it seemed all right and accorded with his general appearance, as of other worldliness.

I last saw him in the autumn of 1893, in the same garb, moving noiselessly

among the throng of merchants who crowded the floor of the Birmingham Exchange. He spoke to no one and apparently had no business, but one could see that his bright intelligent eye was missing nothing of the busy scene and that he was gathering material for his literary work.

A few years ago he died without having supplemented "John Inglesant" with anything worthy of his name, but he had

done enough. Whilst he has contributed nothing to popular literature, he has placed book-lovers of all succeeding generations under an obligation for one of purest, sweetest, most elevating and sincere works of fiction in the English language; a book which may fairly be classed for limpid style and literary merit with "Lorna Doone," and no higher praise can be given.

Westward Ho.

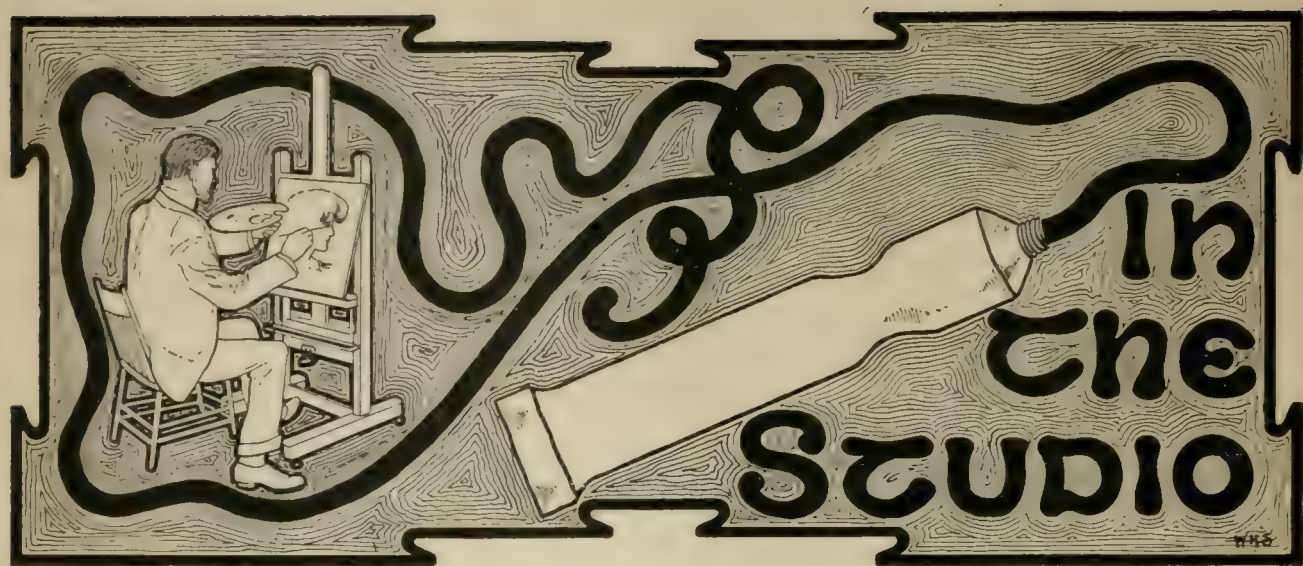
Blanche E. H. Murison.

Westward Ho! across the ocean,
Westward Ho! from England's strand,
Breathing out a heart's devotion,
To the dear old Motherland:
Singing with the winds that blow,
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Westward Ho! through busy city,
Through the forest, o'er the plain;
Hearing still the haunting ditty,
Echoing through heart and brain.
Westward Ho! away we go!
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Westward Ho! across the mountains,
By the canyons, grim and deep,
Where the rush of many fountains,
Through the rocky fissures creep.
And the music of their flow—
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Westward Ho! the journey ended,
Other shores and other seas,
By the mighty hills defended,
Waft a welcome on the breeze.
And our hearts with eager glow,
Hail the land of Westward Ho!
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!



Photographic Notes by A. V. Kenah.

UNDoubtedly the greatest event of the year that is just past, as far as the photographic world is concerned, was the introduction of the Autochrome plate by the brothers Lumiere. The advent of this clever invention has been anxiously awaited by a very large number of devotees of the "black art" and much speculation was indulged in as to whether they would really prove to do all that was claimed for them or whether, like so many of their predecessors, they would be found to be only a cherished delusion and a disappointment in actual practice.

However, it is most satisfactory to note that the experiments of Messrs. Lumiere have been crowned with complete success and the news that has come to hand so far is all of the most optimistic character and seems to predict not only a great future before Autochrome plates but even the dawn of a new era in photography.

Ever since mankind first began to make pictures through the agency of light the problem of being able to take photographs in the colors of nature has been one to which artists and men of

science have addressed themselves, and though before the introduction of Autochrome plates it has been possible to do this by means of more or less complicated and indirect methods, it was left to Messrs. Lumiere to place at the disposal of the everyday amateur photographer a process whereby this result could be achieved in a manner not only satisfactory as regards the rendering of the colors but also one which is comparatively simple to work.

A certain amount of disappointment was felt by the uninitiated when it was realised that it was only possible to produce transparencies by this method and there can be no gainsaying the fact that this is a serious limitation to the process. On the other hand the mechanical nature of the operations for the production of the finished picture are such that even the tyro should have no great difficulty in producing creditable results, and therefore the immense enthusiasm which these plates have aroused can be readily understood and it is to be hoped that before long they will be placed upon the British Columbian markets.

It is interesting to note that a wave of real enthusiasm for color photography

has been steadily sweeping over the workers in the Old Country and culminated in the formation of the "Society of Colour Photographers" just on fifteen months ago. The first annual report of this body has been issued which shows that it has a membership of seventy-three of whom fifty are active workers, who take advantage of the mutual improvement system, which is a feature of the society's work, specimens, questions, and information being circulated by post. The report also states: "We have to congratulate ourselves upon having the honour of introducing to the world the extremely interesting and successful Warner-Powrie process, which is probably destined to rapidly come into public favour as a thoroughly practical and commercial process of colour photography."

By the by, with reference to this last mentioned process, it may as well be once stated that the principle on which it, and also the Autochrome plate, is founded is by no means new, for, as a matter of fact, it is involved in the earlier researches of Du Hauron (about 1862), but it has been left to modern and perfected methods of manufacture to realise the dreams and aspirations of this and other pioneer workers.

SEPIA TONES AND BROMIDE PRINTS.

Many photographers have asked me for a good formula for toning ordinary bromide prints to a rich sepia colour. Personally I think Somerville's platinum-mercury method the best one, even though it has a slight tendency to stain the picture. The fixed and washed print

is simply immersed in the following bath till the desired tone is obtained:

Potas. chloroplatinite.....	2 gr.
Mercuric chloride	1 gr.
Citric acid	9 gr.
Water (distilled)	1 oz.

QUICK WORK WITH GASLIGHT PAPERS.

If, as sometimes happens, prints are required in a hurry, the following procedure will be found to be thoroughly efficacious. Use Rodial as the developer, 1 part to 40, is amply strong enough, and have a little ten per cent. bromide of potassium at hand in case of need. After developing is completed lay the print on a piece of glass under the tap and let the water run over the back, as well as the front by turning the print over. After a few minutes place the print in a basin of water with the water running into it by means of a piece of rubber tubing long enough to reach to the bottom of the receptacle. After a dozen or so prints have been made the first one in the basin can be taken out, rinsed, and placed in a dish of methylated spirit and allowed to remain there for 5 minutes. It may then be hung up to dry and the remainder can be treated in a similar manner.

Nepara Paper. We have received from the Eastman Kodak Company a sample packet of their new Nepara paper which, in our hands, has been found to give most excellent results both with regards to the color and contrasts. The product is furnished in two weights and three surfaces, and belongs to the developing class of papers. An excellent Sepia tone can be obtained by a simple process of redevelopment.

A Strange Assignment.

Arthur J. Smith.

ONE of the guides awoke me softly and, as I sat up, he warned me in an undertone to be silent.

On either side a wall of darkness hid everything, and not a sound came to my ears. For weeks we had been paddling up the great Yangtse river, expecting every day to be attacked by hostile Mongolians, who infest the interior of China.

Here I was away in the middle of China, on one of the strangest missions any newspaperman had ever had anything to do with. Three months before I was in New York in the Review office, quietly talking to the editor, when young Atherley came in with a story of the mobilization of a huge army in China, and a mysterious leader, said to be at its head. Atherley always did have some wild dream like that, but I was astonished at the time that the editor should take this one seriously.

"Charleson," he said, turning to me, "We need that story, and you are going to get it for us. Leave for China in the morning; order what you want, but be sure to get away." I had been war correspondent in the Boer war and all through the Japanese-Russian trouble, and this work coming immediately on top of the latter seemed hard. But there was nothing for it but to go, and, consequently, three months later, I found myself on the broad Yangtse on the night of which I speak.

Both guides were sitting up now, eagerly listening and trouble seemed brewing. We were not kept in suspense long. A single rifle shot rang out sharply and a bullet skipped along the water ahead of our boat. "Chance shot," I said to myself, but another, then another, cut the blackness and silence of the night, each bullet following directly in the path of the first. A fusilade of shots at regular intervals followed. As I looked at the guides one was crouching terrified in the boat, but the other was paddling

gently, seemingly not at all alarmed by the attack. I was rather excited and hardly realized what he was about, nevertheless we moved slowly along, while from the shore the sound of hoof beats told me that the riflemen on the bank were keeping pace with us, firing at regular intervals. It appeared that their intention was to follow us until daylight and then pot us from the bank. Unless they did so they had little chance of capturing us, as they had no boats. But I was soon to find out that the Oriental mind is capable of getting over a little difficulty like that.

The first warning I had that something was wrong was the sound of the boat grating on the beach, and the bow man leaping out with a loud yell. Then I knew what had happened. The river took a big sweep at this point and the rower had gradually worked the boat on to the shore. It was a cunning trick, and had been arranged probably at one of the stopping places down stream, although I had flattered myself that I had watched my men well. I sent a hurried shot after the deserter, but in the darkness it had no effect. As I scrambled to land a band of horsemen swept down to the beach, and in a moment I was a prisoner.

Everything seemed ready for our reception, and soon we were speeding inland. Dawn was just breaking as we rode along and the first faint light of day showed a band of horsemen, wild looking, but well mounted and well armed. Their modern rifles and soldierly bearing revealed military training such as few European regiments could have improved upon. Far inland a huge range of mountains loomed faintly in the dim light and towards this the soldiers made their way. The accurate shooting in the thick darkness had aroused my curiosity, and, as the light grew stronger, I looked more closely at my captors. On each man's rifle was a

curious contrivance something like a miniature telescope, which I afterwards learned was a secret Chinese invention, and enabled soldiers to use their rifles in the dark, almost as well as in the daylight.

In answer to a question regarding our destination one of the officers pointed silently to the mountains far ahead. There, then, I was to realize all my hopes. I was to see the man in quest of whom I had come to China. For I did not doubt by this time that the unknown leader had arranged the attack on the boat, the guide's treachery, my capture, and that we were now being taken to his stronghold. The ride for the mountain confirmed my belief, but, try as I would, I could not see how we were to climb the great rocky cliffs. I had once more underrated the shrewdness of the Oriental mind. No opportunity was given to learn how the obstacle was to be surmounted, for, as we drew close, one of the officers gave a sharp command, and a soldier placed a thick bandage over my eyes. This being done we made our way as through a great tunnel, rocky in some places, but generally well cared for. It was probably a natural tunnel through the mountain which the Chinese took advantage of. Possibly it led a short distance into the mountain and opened out into a great rift that slashed the inner side completely.

As we emerged from the mountain the bandage was taken from my eyes, and by the remaining light I saw that I was in a wonderful fortress, a great plain completely enclosed by the surrounding mountains, and occupied by the camp. It was impregnable, and impossible of attack. Judging by the size of the encampment the army must have been one of the greatest ever gathered together by any general. But little time was given me for observation. Although my quarters were comfortable enough it was far into the night before I could compose my mind for sleep, in spite of the fatiguing ride of the day. The events of the past twenty-four hours crowded themselves through my brain in rapid succession. The great camp in the mountains made it impossible for me to doubt

that I had been taken by a troop belonging to the army of the mysterious general. What was going to happen next? What did he intend doing with me? Would I ever get back to America? Even if I did see the man would I ever be able to give the story to the world? The public was interested in this man to a marvellous degree, and his must be a powerful personality to gather around him such an army.

It was almost noon before I awoke the next day and had barely finished breakfast when an officer and two soldiers entered, and I was briefly told that I was to go with them. I was conducted to a dwelling much larger than the rest in the centre of the host of tents. Outside the men stopped and one of them drew a heavy bandage over my eyes as before, while the officer went ahead, evidently to announce our coming. As we entered the dwelling it seemed to be full of men but when we passed the threshold all conversation ceased. I felt that I was at last in the presence of the man whom I had come in search of. What would I not have given to have lifted the bandage from my eyes, even for a minute! For one glimpse of the man! But I was not given much time to reflect. A sharp military voice, speaking English with an awkward foreign accent, that caused me to start when I heard it, broke the silence:

"Your paper will doubtless contain an accurate description of me," it said, in a half-amused, half cynical way.

"Under the present conditions that will be impossible," I answered.

"It always will be impossible, sir," was the reply.

"May I ask what your intentions are regarding me?" I asked.

"You will be conducted in safety from here, as you are a white man," was the answer.

"Is it because you are a white man yourself that you are considerate of the safety of a white man?" I asked quickly.

"Perhaps," was the unguarded answer, and this time the foreign accent had been forgotten. But instantly the general was on his guard, and his tone changed as he gave a rapid order. If I could have

only had one look at him, and have asked him a few questions I would have been more satisfied, but the chance had passed forever. I would probably never again be in his presence and yet I must always have the idea that I have known him. Only a surmise could be given to the world, of course, but I promised myself that the story I would write would cause great astonishment in some quarters.

Darkness had hardly fallen before a detachment of soldiers came to my quarters to conduct me away from the vast camp. As before they took the precaution to bandage my eyes, nor did they remove the cloth until we were through the tunnel and well out into the plain, headed for the river. Once I looked back, but the huge mountains were dim in the darkness and presented only the appearance of an impenetrable barrier. No sign of the opening through which we had passed could be seen, and I could never have believed that it was possible to pass through the great stone walls but for my experience. As I had surmised we were making for the river, and before the dawn had broken had reached its banks. As I was about to step into the boat the officer in command thrust a parcel into my hands, under cover of the darkness, and we were soon far down the stream. I was hardly surprised to notice that the two guides whom I had brought with me were allowed to return, for with the great undercurrent of sympathy for rebels all through China they would hardly dare to speak of what they had seen, and their story would probably be laughed at if they did. There was nothing out of the ordinary in the parcel which the officer had given me, just a square box tightly bound with thongs. A line written on the box requested that it should not be opened

until the coast was reached; and this command I determined to obey as I considered the wishes of the strange man sacred, and if he had asked me to wait until I got to New York I would have consented.

No hostile gun was fired as we made our way down the river to the sea. Once or twice strange bands of horsemen appeared on the banks but a few words from the guides left us unmolested, and it was probable that they owed allegiance to the great rebel leader. On reaching the coast I hardly left the boat when I opened the package. Inside the box, carefully wrapped up, was the photograph of an officer of the British army in full uniform. The picture was that of one of the best known generals of his day. I recognized him instantly, as I had seen him many times in the early part of the Boer war. His disgrace and dismissal, followed by the rumored suicide in one of the great cities of Europe are matters of history. It had been said that he was still alive, but this opinion had been ridiculed. Now I would be able to tell his strange story to the public for the first time.

How the story was featured by the Review, and the immense excitement it created, and the fame that came to the paper are matters well known all over America and Europe. A few may still doubt, but some day, when the great Mongolian hosts unite for their attempt to regain their lost prestige there will no longer be room for any doubt. Then they will be convinced firmly that no Oriental hand ever moulded into shape those mighty fighting hosts or prepared the great engines of war. Some day I may return to that vast army and meet its great leader. In the meantime I can but wait for the uprising of the army and for the threatened Yellow Peril.

Around the Camp Stove.

Dick Templeton.

WELL, fellows," said Long John, as he withdrew his gaze from the beauties of the stovepipe to let it rest on mere us; "Well, fellows, of all the horses I've ever seen this here outfit keeps the bummiest. What d' you think? Why, when I started as a teamster here I had to learn my horses that they'd sleep better of nights if they'd lie down. Then I had to prove to them that oats are for eating by munching a handful or two before them. I tell you, right now, that if the town didn't happen to be fifty miles away I'd never hang this job down."

Having thus delivered himself, he spat reflectively at the unoffending stove.

"Everybody knows what a darned old woman you are with horses, anyway," answered Red George. "The horses 'd be all right if they had proper skimmers after them. I never want to throw the lines across a better bunch than the eight I drive on the grader. Why, sir, they're that anxious to know what I want them to do that I'm prepared to bet they'd be willing to give up a couple of years of life to be able to read my thoughts. Talk of a mule's ears! Just you take a squint at the way my leaders throw theirs about and you'll be surprised."

"To get out of the neighbourhood of Ananias & Company," broke in Old Simon, "I'll tell you something about a horse I owned some five or six years back. I bought him as a three-year-old from a breed I met at Battleford. In colour he was a dark bay. At first sight you'd think him a fast 'un, because of his length of back, but, on looking closer you'd see that his running gear didn't combine, his knee and hock joints being too high and his houlders too straight. It was his head that took my fancy. His lips were thin, his eyes clear and intelligent, and his ears small and pointed. I

shan't enlarge on his appearance. I'll content myself with saying that he had the head of a thoroughbred and the body of a ranker.

"Well, I brought him to my homestead and put him to work. I soon found that he knew a darned sight more about some things than I did. I'll explain by giving you an example. One day, after I'd harnessed and hitched him up, I noticed he kept looking back. I didn't think much of this at first, but after I'd been driving him for a while I was forced to, as it interfered with his speed quite a bit. No matter how I punished him he'd keep up his little game. At last I pulled him up, and got out of the buggy to try to find out what the devil he meant. As I looked over the harness, I thought that perhaps the belly-band could do with a little tightening, and I therefore drew it in one hole. I then got into the buggy again, and resumed my journey, freely cursing the animal for a darned idiot. Would you believe me, but he never looked back once after that! He just wanted that harness put on perfectly, and he saw that I did it! That's as true as that I'm living. If any of you fellows have run across a cuter horse than that, well, I'll send for a keg of beer by the 'tote' teamster next time he goes to town."

For a minute or two there was silence in the tent. We were busy endeavouring to digest what we'd just been asked to swallow. 'Twas a pretty tough proposition, but we managed it fairly well. The calm was not to last, however, for, with a preliminary cough, Tom Drury butts in:

"Well now, boys, I guess you'd think it kind of mean of me if I didn't get that liquid refreshment along, seeing as how I can beat Old Simon there into a cocked hat in the line of true experience with horses. I'll admit that the

animal he mentioned was apparently fairly intelligent, but he lacked, to my mind, the thinking powers of a couple I once knew.

"The winter before last I made a pretty tidy stake cutting cordwood near Prince Albert. On getting to town in the spring almost the first man I ran into was Tim O'Gorman, an old pal of mine. After the usual drinks, we got to giving our histories from the time we had parted to date. He told me he had bought something like a couple of hundred acres of land, about fifty miles from Saskatoon, and that he was driving out to his property in a few days' time.

"The winter's hard work had told on my delicate constitution. I felt sure that if I consulted a medical man he'd order me to take a long rest as the only means of preventing a general break up of my health. Naturally, I didn't care to present a doctor with some of my hard-earned dollars just to be told what I knew already.

"When I got a favourable opportunity, therefore, I asked O'Gorman if he'd let me batch it with him during the summer. He said he'd be glad to do so, but he happened to be hard up just then. Finally, it was settled. I was to buy the chuck, and he'd provide the shelter.

"On the day following we took train to Saskatoon. We there bought our supplies and, of course, also endeavoured to satisfy a winter's thirst, and at the same time make up for a summer during which we'd have to exist, for the most part, on nothing better than water, tea and coffee. But this has nothing to do with my story.

"It took us two days to get to O'Gorman's place. For a couple of weeks we were busy putting up a shack for ourselves, and one for the team. I should have said that, besides the horses, O'Gorman brought with him a couple of dogs. What breed they belonged to I can't say. I'd call them mongrels, and ugly ones at that. My pal had bought them, with the team and wagon, from an old Indian.

"The summer went quietly by. I felt my health returning, but, all the same, I dreaded to think of the return

to work in the winter, fearing a relapse. Everything comes to an end, however, sooner or later, and about the middle of October I found myself starting on the return to Saskatoon, accompanied by O'Gorman and his dogs.

"We had driven about ten miles when at the same moment, we both looked back. All across the western horizon stretched a line of fire. The wind was high, and we were at least thirty miles from shelter. There was only one thing to do: burn a fire guard without delay. We hastily jumped from the wagon, and then my pal, after feeling in his pockets, asked me for some of my matches. Now, as you know, I don't smoke. It wasn't to be surprised at, therefore, that I hadn't any on me. Again O'Gorman ransacked his clothes, with a like result. We then looked at each other as men do who are about to face something not particularly delightful.

"Now looking at each other wasn't going to help any. We had to get busy and do something to protect ourselves from that prairie fire, and quick too, for, with the wind blowing good and steady from the west, the head flame would be along in less than no time.

"Well, fellows, we unhitched the horses in double quick time, after turning the wagon due north and south. We then piled blankets, oatsacks, etc., in the space left open beneath the box. This, we hoped, would protect us some, anyway.

"I had hurriedly tied the horses to one of the wagon wheels to keep them from saying 'good-bye' to us, though, to tell you the truth, they had not once shown the usual signs of terror at the approach of the fire. I must have made a pretty poor knot, for, on looking round, after the completion of our barricade, we found both horses loose. Our first surprise was capped by a second. Instead of starting off madly towards the east, they had gone to the west side of the wagon, and some ten yards from it. Their actions dumfounded us. They were munching the grass around as if they'd not had a bite to eat for at least three years and a half. We were both too astonished to even breathe. We stood

and gaped. As if to bowl us over entirely, the two dogs then joined the horses. With paws going at the rate of some thousands of strokes per minute, they were tearing up the ground. There could be no doubt about it. Those dumb animals were doing their best to save us. But would they be successful?

"'Here, Tom,' shouted O'Gorman, 'get busy!' We can give them a hand out. Use your jackknife and claws. I'll do ditto. It's better, anyway, than standing idle.'

"With that, we both set to work with a will. Well, fellows, there we were. Two horses, two dogs and two men doing the same work on the same job, and the men showing up pretty poorly in comparison. It takes quite a while to tell this, but the actual happening didn't cover such a lot of time as you'd think.

"To make a long story short. Those animals and we men scraped or eat a fire guard just a couple of inches short of thirty feet square! Did I stop to measure it? Yes, sir. The incident was such an uncommon one that we both went over the cleared patch with a tape line, and took a note of the measurement, before continuing our journey. But your interruption, Joe Mercer, made me jump in my story.

"To go back. We got behind the wagon, with the horses and dogs, and escaped without a hair being singed. Yes, sir, that fireguard broke the flame, and it passed harmlessly by us on either side.

"I think you'll all agree that, although Old Simon's horse wasn't exactly stupid, the two I've told you about beat him all to fits. I guess the beer's as good as here."

"That reminds me," began Bald Harry, but he got no further. A hand was gently, but firmly, placed over his mouth. On seeing the sad suffering look in our eyes, he signed that he'd shut up, and he was forthwith allowed to resume the use of his chewing apparatus. One by one we slunk off to our bunks. Not a word was spoken. The tent, so boisterously merry some hours previously, now seemed like a house of the dead. One and all felt they required rest, mentally more than physically. In something less than two minutes from the time the last speaker had quieted down every bunk held a couple of motionless occupants. The stove alone remained where it had been, and even it seemed to have a far-away, pained appearance I had never noticed before.

COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



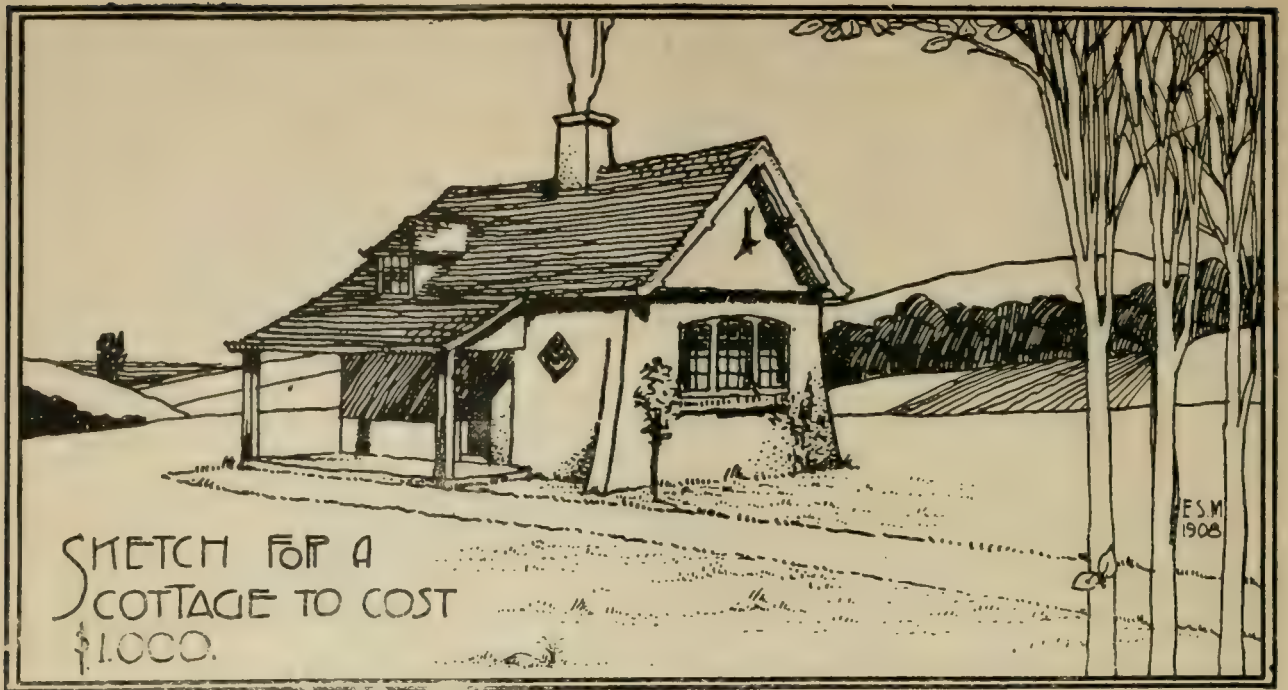
BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

THE articles I have undertaken to write from time to time in this magazine under the title of "Country and Suburban Homes," are intended to give practical

information to those readers who are interested in building and desirous of obtaining professional advice on the subject.

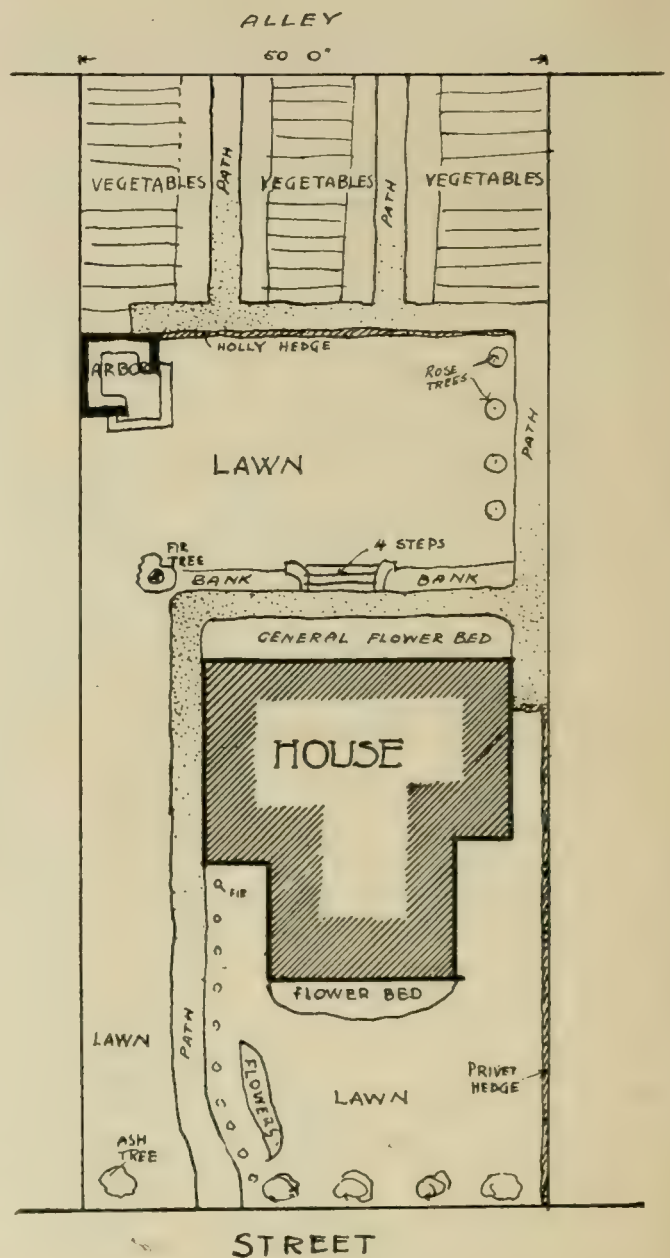
I shall be pleased to answer any ques-



tions asked by readers if they will write me, care of the Editor "Westward Ho," Vancouver, B.C., and same will be answered in the following issue and as I am anxious that this series will be of real value and assistance I make this offer: If you desire any particular style of residence or plan give me full particulars and I will prepare you a design with full detailed information concerning it at the earliest possible issue.

I consider the average builder desires a home as modern as possible, one that comprises comfort, convenience, attractiveness and is not too costly. It is not sufficient that a home shall be good in form, more than that is required; it should be pleasant in colour and fair to look upon. Family life in a dwelling naturally tends to focus itself round the living-room. That room, then, above all others, must be inviting, hospitable and comfortable.

In planning this room, which is naturally the largest room in the home. I have left sufficient wall space for the large pieces of furniture and have considered the wall surface as a background for movable decoration rather than as decoration in itself. I have provided ample room for passing round the dining table at least three feet at the sides, and more at the ends. All the fittings should be simple, convenient and easily cleaned, materials that radiate heat instead of absorbing it should be



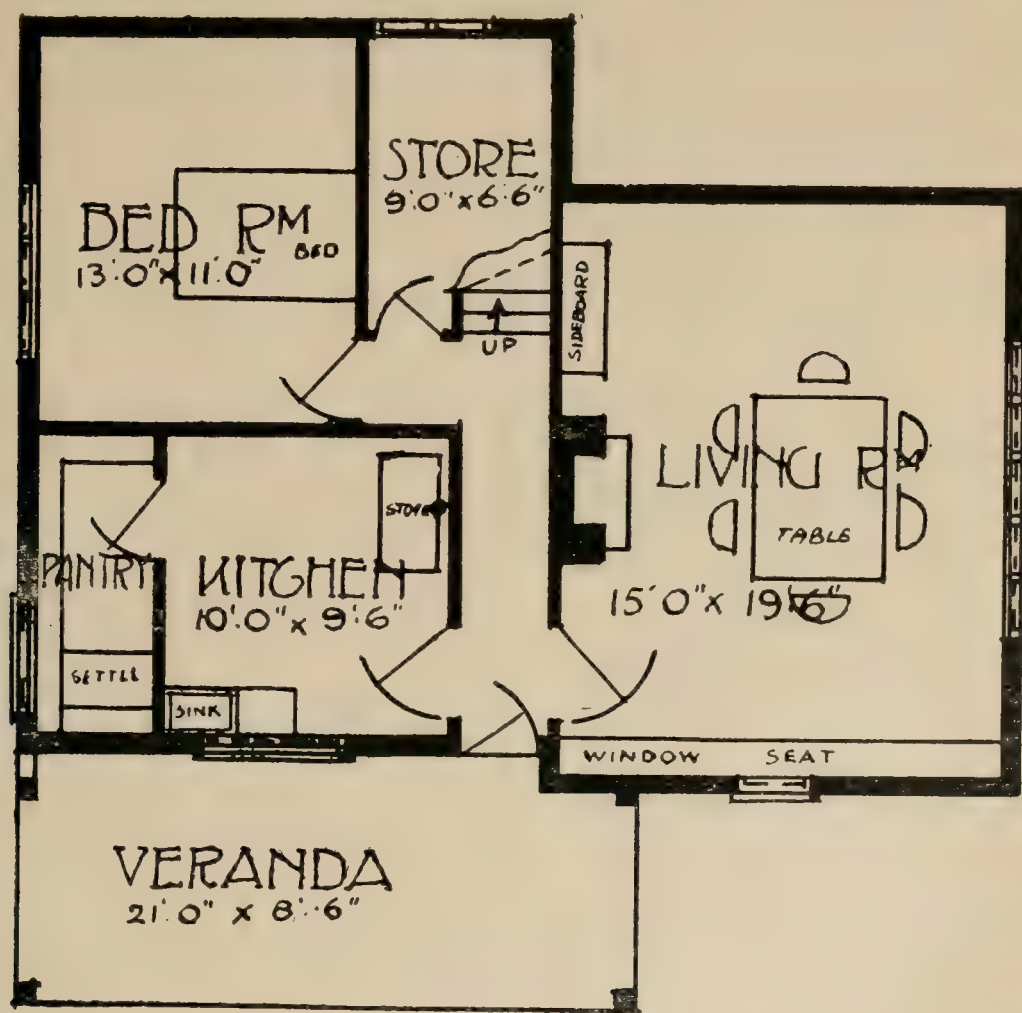
used as much as possible in the neighbourhood of the fireplace or stove—the fireplace itself is better built of simple brickwork with wrought copper fittings.

An inglenook adds greatly to the comfort and attractiveness of a room. I have not shown one on the design herewith, but this, as well as various other improvements and conveniences, could be added from time to time when the owner feels so disposed.

kitchen, three good-sized bedrooms, bath, etc., and one or two closets. This is ample for the average builder.

As concrete is displacing all other materials I thought that a design in this would be interesting and useful. This home could be erected in concrete blocks but I intended it to be carried out in the forms and finished rough-cast.

The one drawback that I have against the rock-faced concrete blocks is the



GROUND PLAN

I have given considerable attention in dealing with the homes that I propose to publish here, and have taken into consideration the serious question of cost, combining durability with economy. The dwelling that I deal with first is a very simple form of Cottage, one that meets the daily demand, and gives very good accommodation, viz.: Large living-room,

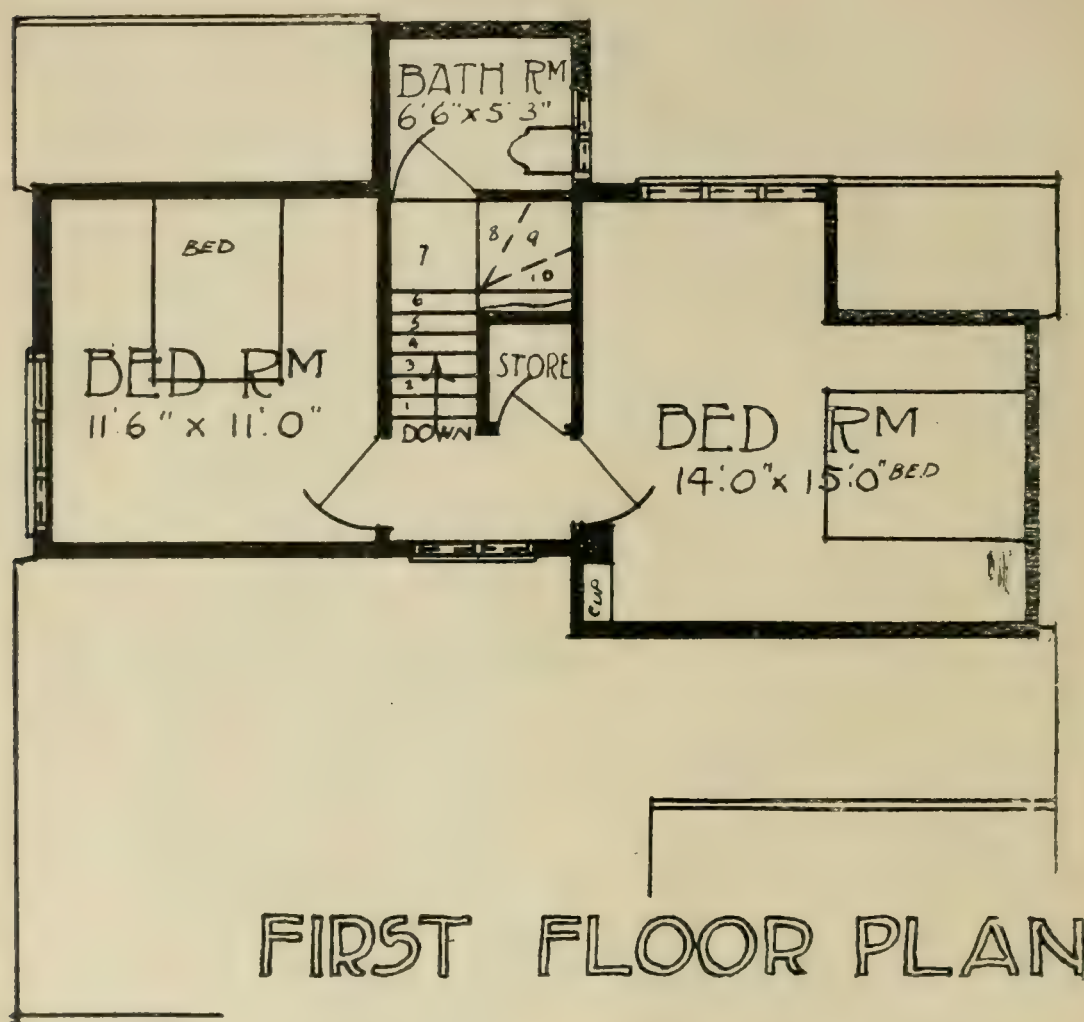
monotony produced by one single pattern and would suggest that if used at all, the plain faces are to be preferred to the rock.

The home illustrated could be erected for the cost of \$1,000 in concrete and \$800 in frame with concrete piers at the corners, but I strongly advise concrete as it is by far the better material to use

and would prove itself cheapest in the long run, by not requiring painting or any further outlay as regards up-keep.

If you have not yet decided on your site I would strongly advise you to select the crown of a hill or a place where the ground slopes so that pools of water cannot form under the dwelling, or near by. If possible build so as to overlook an attractive view as this will greatly add to the pleasure of your home.

Also pay a little attention to your garden. I have suggested a very simple idea in the plan reproduced herewith and one that would add considerable interest to the complete scheme. I would suggest planting the front with bright flowers as this is needed and if carried out properly would make, together with the colouring of the house, a very complete and successful effect.



Of Course

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	Par Value of Stock Per Share.	Present Value Per Share.	Rest Account or Undivided Profits.
The Bank of Montreal	\$100.00	\$260.00	\$11,000,000.00
The Bank of Toronto	100.00	235.00	4,500,000.00
The Bank of Ottawa	100.00	226.00	3,000,000.00
The Bank of Hamilton	100.00	217.00	2,500,000.00

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I have endeavored to make my business relationship, very profitable for every client of mine, by whose support I have concluded a most satisfactory year.

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IS
WORTH
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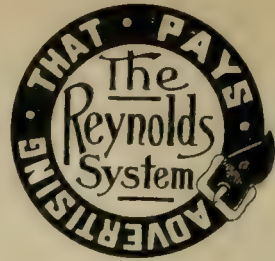
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The Dark Lantern.....ELIZABETH ROBINS
The Trampling of the Lillies.....RAFAEL SABATINI
The Meddler.....H. de VERE STACPOLE
Nicollete.....EVELYN SHARPE
Through Wintry Terrors.....DORA S. SHORTER
The Desert Venture.....FRANK SAVILL
Toward the Dawn.....HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE
Red o' the Feud.....HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE
Love Unlocks Doors.....ANNIE SWAN
In the Arena.....BOOTH TARKINGTON
Waifs of Circumstance.....LOUIS TRACY
The Procession of Life.....H. A. VACHELL
The Lost Clue.....O. F. WALTON
Blind Man's Marriage.....FLORENCE WARDEN
Laid up in Lavender.....STANLEY WEYMAN
The Fruit of the Tree.....EDITH WHARTON
Mr. Strudge.....PERCY WHITE
The Blazed Trail.....S. E. WHITE
Father Pink.....A. WILSON-BARRETT
Mafote.....DOLF WYLLARDE

The B. C. BOOK CO., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

List of Periodicals

Since the reduction in Postage for British Periodicals from Great Britain, and the increase in the United States Magazines, we have made a specialty of supplying British reading matter.

The following we keep on sale and will order any others for customers.

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Answers.
Bystander.
Black and White.
British Weekly.
Daily Mail Over Seas.
Chat.
Christian Herald.
Fanny Eden's Stories.
Forget-Me-Not.
Good Words.
Gem.
Golden Stories.
Graphic.
Home Notes.
Glasgow Citizen.
Glasgow W. Herald.
Glasgow Mail.
Glasgow W. News.
Glasgow Record.
Graphic.
Home Stories.
Horner's Stories.
Home Companion.
Handy Stories.
Horner's Weekly.
Horner's Pocket.
Illustrated London News.
Illustrated Weekly Mail.
John Bull.
Lloyd's.
London Opinion.
London Times.
Modern Society.
M.A.P.
New Penny Magazine.
News of the World
Oban Times.
Pearson's Weekly.
People.
People's Journal, Aberdeen.

People's Journal, Glasgow.
People's Journal, Edinburgh.
People's Journal, Dundee.
People's Journal, Iverness.
Public Opinion.
Pearson's.
Pictorial Magazine.
P.T.O.
Red Letter.
Sunday Chronicle.
Saturday Journal.
Sunday Stories.
Sunday Companion
Sphere.
Sunday Circle.
Spectator.
Smith's Weekly.
The Daffodil Library.
The Garden.
Tit-Bits.
Truth.
Tatler.
T.P.'s Weekly.
Weekly Budget.
Weekly Welcome.
Weekly Scotsman.
Weekly Dispatch.
Work.

LADIES'

Gentlewoman.
Girls' Friend.
Home Chat.
Home Circle.
Home Notes.
Lady.
Ladies' Field.
Ladies' Pictorial.
Madame
Queen.
Woman's World.
Woman's Life.

The B. C. BOOK CO., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

BOYS'

Boys' Friend.
Boys' Herald.
Boys' Life.
Boys' Realm.
Chums.
Pluck.
Marvel.
Scholar's Own.
Union Jack.

HUMOROUS

Ally Sloper.
Big Budget.
Butterfly.
Chips.
Comic Cuts.
Comic Life.
Cosy Corner.
Funny Cuts.
Illustrated Bits.
Jester.
Photo Fun.
Lot of Fun.
Photo Bits.
Photo News.
Pick-Me-Up.
Puck.
Punch.
Scraps.
Sketchy Bits.
Sketch.

SPORT

Athletic News.
Country Life.
Cycling.
Feathered World.
Field.
Illustrated Sporting Dramatic.
Kennel News.
Mirror of Life.
Our Dogs.
Referee.
Scottish Referee.
Sporting Times.
Winning Post.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES

Art Journal.
Boys' Own.
Captain.
Cassels.

Something-to-Read.

Connoisseur.
Cornhill.
English Illustrated.
Family Herald.
Family Journal.
Family Reader.
C. B. Frys'.
Girls' Own.
Girls' Realm
Good Words.
Grand.
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Idler.
Ladies' Realm.
Ladies' World
Little Folks.
London.
Marine Engineer.
Musical Times.
Musical Journal.
Novel.
Pall Mall.
Pearson's.
Quiver.
Rapid.
Review of Reviews.
Royal.
Strand.
Studio.
Story-Teller.
Sunday Strand.
Wide World.
Windsor.
World's Work.
World and His Wife.
Chamber's Journal.
Weldon's Ladies' Journal.
Weldon's Children's Bazaar.
Weldon's Home Dressmaker.
Weldon's Crochet and Knitter.
Woman at Home
National Review.
XIX Century.
Young Ladies' Journal.

Canadian

Toronto Globe
Toronto Mail and Empire
Winnipeg Free Press
Financial Post
Canadian
Canada West
Westward Ho!



The Strand is Considered by Connoisseurs the Finest Cafe
in Western Canada.

W. A. SHAW, Prop'r

622 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER.



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Timber and Land Notices
in
The North Coast

Printed and Published at Port Simpson, B. C.
P. F. GODENRATH & Co., Owners - Vancouver.

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& Co.
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SUITE 3 OLD SAFE Bldg:
VANCOUVER
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Quality and Honesty

Desirable Qualifications Prominent in My

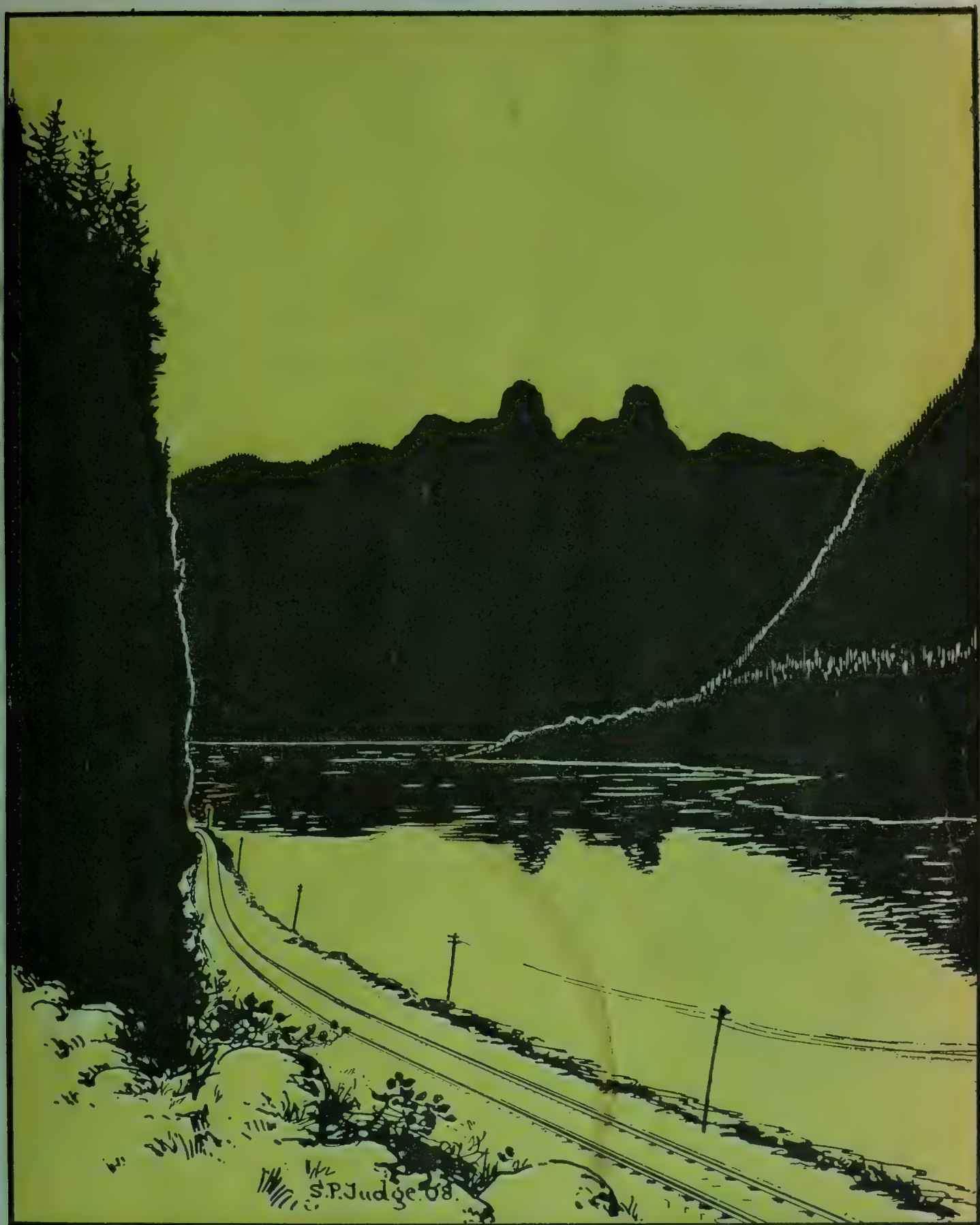
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My reputation is back of every article I produce, and you can order with a feeling of perfect confidence in me furnishing you goods that are right at honest prices. When you see my line you will admit that I have the goods you want.

WILL MARSDEN, Art Dealer

665 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C.

WESTWARD HO!



PUBLISHED AT 336 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.
PRICE TEN CENTS

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We are the most extensive buyers of Diamonds in Canada, importing our Diamonds DIRECT from the world's diamond markets, and selling direct to you. Therefore, you are only a step away from the diamond centres of the world when you are buying a Birks Diamond.

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Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

GEORGE E. TROREY, Managing Director.

Cor. Granville & Hastings St.

Vancouver, B. C.

Westward Ho! is to be a National Magazine. I want you to realize that.

Do you know that "Westward Ho!" occupies an absolutely unique position in Canadian Magazinedom?

Of the magazines published in Canada—and there are already a few—"Westward Ho!" is the only independent monthly of standard size, published to sell at the popular price of ten cents a copy. When I say "independent magazine," I mean one that is published entirely in the interests of its readers and publishers; that has no backing or connection with any railway or immigration society; that stands or falls upon its merit alone.

I realized long ago that there was a fertile field in this great western country of ours, for a magazine racy of the soil, reflecting in as large a manner as possible the life and ideals of the western people. On the other side of the line the "Pacific Monthly" has been notably successful, and from a small beginning has placed itself in the very forefront of American monthly journalism. And I am confident that the same bright future—the same unqualified success is now dawning for "Westward Ho!" as a Canadian National Magazine.

I have been backed up in this belief by letters of encouragement, and by tangible proof in the form of subscriptions that come pouring into these offices every day from all sections of the country. Of the first issue only about one thousand copies were printed. Yet our Christmas edition consisted of over five thousand copies, of which a large portion went to actual paid-up subscribers. The remainder were bought up within a few days of being placed on sale in the bookstores.

This is a mighty rapid growth, isn't it? It shows that "Westward Ho!" is a very lusty, healthy, flourishing infant.

I believe today that my magazine offers opportunities to advertisers unequalled in the western publishing field. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the real estate broker, yes! and the retailer, can get from it better returns, dollar for dollar, than from any other similar publication.

This is a pretty comprehensive statement and I would not make it if I did not have proof in the shape of letters from advertisers, who have profitably used its columns to back me up. A few of them are printed on the pages following. They will make interesting reading for the thoughtful advertiser who seeks cash returns from his publicity.

"Westward Ho!" circulates among a class of people who have money to spend for luxuries as well as necessities. It reaches them at a time when their minds are in a receptive condition; when they will read and remember your ad and act upon the suggestions it conveys. And being carefully printed, upon book paper, it gives opportunity for clean, attractive display and illustration, impossible in hurriedly printed periodicals.

I want your ad or your subscription for "Westward Ho!" The next number will be by far the best yet printed—more interesting, more informative, more representative of the West.

I want to hear from you, too! Want you to tell me what you think of the magazine—suggest ideas for its betterment. It's your magazine as well as mine.

Percy F. Godenrath.

Manager.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.

P. O. BOX 1223

TELEPHONE 463



COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE DISTRIBUTORS.

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THE OLDEST MUSIC HOUSE IN B. C.
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RECORDS AND SUPPLIES



IN GOOD
COMPANY

EDISON PHONOGRAPH JOBBERS

558 GRANVILLE STREET.

Vancouver, B.C. January 22nd '08.

P.F.Godenrath Esq,
Manager, "Westward Ho!"
City.

Dear Sir:-

In this age of keen competition the 'publicity department' of every live mercantile institution demands the closest attention of a manager who has the interests of his business at heart. All desire to know how and by what means the best results may be obtained for a given expenditure, and such knowledge is rarely gained, except by long and careful study.

After a business experience covering a period of thirty years we unhesitatingly place our opinion on record that the 'Press', whether daily, weekly or monthly is the best selling medium. We consider a live, popular magazine, such as "Westward Ho!" to be unequalled for our business - especially in drawing trade from out-of-town, and can trace direct to this source the sale of a piano through our Victoria branch, besides other local business. Wishing the magazine every success.

Yours Respectfully,

M.W.WAITT & CO LTD.

Per *J. W. Bowes*
Manager.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.

Robert Melvin
President

Geo. Wegenast
Manager

W. H. Riddell
Secretary

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

WILLIAM J. TWISS
MANAGER

FEE BLOCK, 530 GRANVILLE ST
NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL.

VANCOUVER, B. C. *Agency* Jan. 2nd, 1908.

P. F. Godenrath, Esq.,

Manager, "Westward Ho!".

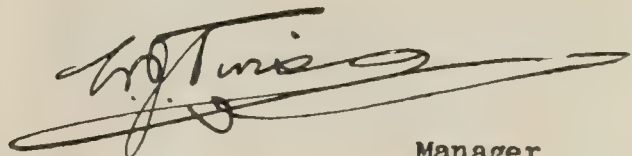
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sir:-

It may interest you to learn that, directly traceable to my advertisement in "Westward Ho!", we have received many enquiries for literature, and have been successful in selling a substantial Endowment policy to one of the applicants. The Mutual Life of Canada is a firm believer in "printers ink", is liberal in its advertising campaigns, and no doubt a large amount of the success of this Agency is due to our consistent methods. It is with pleasure I can record the actual "pulling" qualities of the magazine.

Wishing you abundant success,

Yours very truly,



Manager.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.

British Columbia Agents for
R. Atkinson's Royal Irish
Poplin Ties.

TELEPHONE 1167

Vancouver Agents for
Empire Linen Mesh
Underwear.

Edward Chapman

BRITISH IMPORTERS OF

Men's Furnishings, Hats and Hosiery

DAVIS CHAMBERS,

Vancouver, B. C.

January 24th, 1908

P. F. Godenrath,

Manager "Westward Ho," Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sir:--

The following letter received from Richard Atkinson & Co., manufacturers of Royal Irish Poplin neckwear, Dublin, Ireland, will show you what they think of my advertising in the magazine--an advertisement by the way that 'pulled' a goodly Xmas business in this popular neckwear:

"Many thanks for 'Westward Ho!' The card makes a very striking advertisement, and one which ought to have a good influence on your Christmas trade. It never occurred to us to use the idea, but we must certainly say the effect is novel. We have had a very busy season and a lively Christmas trade, and hope you have the same experience and a good prospect for 1908. With best regards.

Yours faithfully,

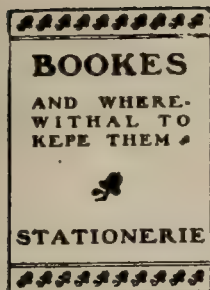
RICHARD ATKINSON & CO."

Wishing you all success for the New Year and that "Westward Ho" may become not only a Western Magazine but a National one.

Yours truly,

E. CHAPMAN.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.



Ye Britishe Columbia Booke Company, Ltd.

ATTE THEIR SHOPPE ON
GRANVILLE STRETE, 550

AGENTS { Sporting Times
Blickensderfer Typewriter

B. C. DEPOT S.P.C.K.
Telephone 535



VANCOUVER, ... Jan. 25th 1908

The Westward Ho! Publishing Co.

Vancouver, B.C.

Gentlemen:-

With regard to your enquiry as to the selling qualities of "Westward Ho!" we cannot answer you better than by showing what our order for the best selling magazines was for December last:-

WESTWARD HO!	100
The Strand	91
The Windsor	91
Pearsons	78
Canada West	10
The Canadian Magazine	10.

As to its value as an advertising medium the fact that we are taking 10 pages in the January and February issues surely speaks for itself. We may say also that we have already - that is since the January issue appeared - received enquiries for British periodicals and new novels through our advertisement in "Westward Ho!" the ONLY MEDIUM at present used by us for such purpose.

Yours Truly,

The B.C. Book Co Ltd,

Per

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. Westward Ho!". Below the signature is a smaller, cursive signature that looks like "W. H. H."

Westward Ho! wants bright young men and women for its subscription campaign.

Hundreds of young men and young women are satisfied to work as clerks for Five, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty dollars a week who could easily double or treble what they now make and live a beautiful life in the open. Almost any other business in which one may wish to engage requires capital; this does not, and the commission paid is large enough to assure a liberal salary to any earnest worker.

Handsome Diamond Ring Given Free.



In addition to the regular commission paid on every subscription secured; we shall present to the person sending in the largest number of subscriptions before May 31st, a superb diamond ring. This ring, purchased from Henry Birks and Son, Ltd., is a genuine diamond, being fine-colour and absolutely perfect mounted in a showy Tiffany setting. It is an article of jewelry that anyone would be glad to wear; and its quality is absolutely guaranteed.

Send your name and address today, and full particulars and everything necessary for beginning the work, will be forwarded you at once. The earlier you get started, the better your chances of securing the diamond ring. Write today.

Circulation Manager

Westward Ho! Magazine

536 HASTINGS STREET, - - VANCOUVER, B. C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; in Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 a Year; in United States \$1.50.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Business Manager

THERE IS NOTHING SO DAINTY OR FASHIONABLE AS
POPLIN NECKWEAR

By
Appointment

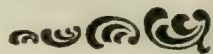


By
Appointment

ATKINSON'S



ROYAL IRISH



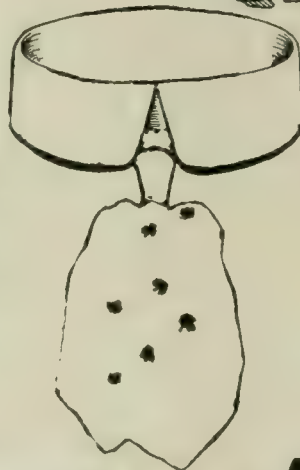
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NECKWEAR

In all Colors



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LATEST

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SCARFS & TIES

FIRST QUALITY ONLY

Prices From 75c. to \$1.25, Mailed Free.

E. CHAPMAN

Sole Agent in B. C. for Atkinson's Royal Irish Poplin Ties
and Scarfs.

613 HASTINGS STREET WEST, VANCOUVER, B. C.



THE BAPTISTRY — OLD CANTERBURY.

— By *Arthur Jackman*



No. 2

Vol. 2

Epoch Making.

Monday, January the 20th, was a red letter day in Victoria and the occasion had a significance extending far beyond the Capital City. On that day forty journalists assembled at the opening of the new Empress Hotel. They included representatives of all the leading coast papers both North and South of the line. Some of them had never visited Victoria before, but all had learned from various sources of its attractions and the bright promise of a future which has recently dawned upon it. When the inaugural ceremonies were over forty journalists went forth to spread throughout Western America the story of this last enterprise of the C.P.R. Viewed simply from the standpoint of a hotel it challenges comparison for completeness, luxury and artistic appointments with any on the Continent, but this is the least important aspect of an important occasion. The Empress Hotel, Victoria, is the seventeenth in a chain of hostelrys which have made the C.P.R. famous all over the world, and its true significance lies in the fact that it is the furthest West. Victoria has been sadly deficient in high class hotel accommoda-

tion, especially has this been the case during the tourist season. Wealthy travellers to whom a luxurious hotel is a "sine qua non" have held aloof from Victoria because of its deficiency in this respect. Hereafter they will find accommodation unsurpassed in the West, and there is little doubt that the Empress will become a great centre of attraction. Within three days of its opening nearly all the rooms were taken, and a glance at the register shows that there has been a constant stream of visitors ever since. Already there is talk of building an additional wing, for which provision was made in the original plan. Apart from the value of the hotel for tourist purposes the mere fact that the C.P.R. thought fit to spend upwards of one million dollars in building an hotel on Vancouver Island is the strongest possible guarantee that they have faith in its future. In fact all who are in a position to judge realize that the opening of the Empress Hotel sets the seal of certainty upon the completion of a programme which embraces railway building, land clearing, mining, and cultivation which will within a few years make Vancouver Island a centre of interest to the commercial world.

Provincial Legislatures.

There is no more conspicuous evidence of the enormous development of Western Canada than is furnished by the fact that West of the Great Lakes no less than four Provincial Legislatures are in Session debating the requirements of their respective districts and making history by their legislative Acts. The personnel of these legislatures, the vast range of topics discussed, the energy displayed, and the practical outcome of the sessions all impress the observer with the importance of the country, and the constitutional manner in which the various assemblies have settled down to their work. Responsibility is writ large on their programme. In spite of the bitterness of political antipathies and the charge of corruption so frequently heard, it is impossible to follow the debates as reported in the public press without realizing that in the main our Legislative Assemblies are imbued with a deep sense of responsibility and that when the chaff is blown away the net result of their deliberations is to add many valuable measures to the statute books of the Dominion. The work of a Legislative Assembly is widely different from that of a Dominion Parliament in that it deals mainly with what may fairly be called business matters of a local character as opposed to matters of general or national policy. For this reason many of the debates are interesting only to those persons who happen to have a financial interest in the business immediately under discussion. Much of the legislation is the result of consultation with large delegations representing these several interests. At one time it is the lumbermen, at another the mining men, at another the agriculturists who petition the Government, and when all interests have been weighed legislation results having for its aim the upbuilding of local industries and the safe-guarding of public interests.

Public Utilities.

One of the most important business

transactions of any legislative assembly has been the recent purchase of the Bell Telephone interests by the Manitoba Government. All through the prairie country the idea of public ownership has a strong hold. It has been proclaimed for years, but the first practical outcome is in the purchase of the telephone system. Some averred that the price paid—\$3,500,000—is excessive, but it should never be forgotten that in a progressive country the value of a good property increases every year, and the wise government once it has made up its mind on the matter of policy, purchases today on the best terms it can, well knowing that in any event the figure will be higher next year. Dilly-dallying with the purchase of public utilities which the people have decided to acquire is a poor policy, and this in many instances resulted in depriving communities of such common necessities as water, gas and light for many years.

The Drink Question.

One other question of importance seems to be attracting widespread interest at the moment; not only in England and the United States, but in Canada, the forces opposed to strong drink appear to be gaining strength. There is a more practical outcome. The era of talk seems to have been succeeded by that of action. Everywhere men are being elected to public bodies, pledged to restrict the drink traffic, and everywhere the number of saloons is being reduced and the license fee raised. The Alberta Legislature is considering a proposal for rendering illegal throughout the whole of its territory the sale of strong drink except at public dispensaries established under Government control and administered by Government commissioners. Alberta has always been noted for its determined attitude on the temperance question; it is by far the most temperate Province in Canada. The proposal under consideration may be a drastic one and its adoption may not come the first time of asking, but it is more than likely that inside of ten years some such measure will be adopted not only in Alberta but in other Provinces of Canada.

The Lumber Question. A recent debate in the Federal Parliament has directed attention to the method of dealing with timber lands in the Northwest. So far the Dominion Government has retained control and the method of disposing of it is by no means as satisfactory as it should be; indeed it contrasts very unfavourably with the system which works so well in British Columbia. The matter has not attained such prominence as it would have done until recently, but now that railway construction in the extreme West and Northwest of Alberta is on the tapis there will be a big rush for all unsold lands along the Eastern slope of the Rockies. Hitherto the method has been to sell such lands by auction or by tender, in Ottawa. As a consequence there has been practically no public competition and if there is any truth in the allegations made during the recent debate, they have found their way into well recognized channels. Either the Provincial Governments should be given control of their own lands or a system should be adopted more in conformity with the public interest.

Railway Construction. The news that the B. C. Government and the G.T.P. have settled their differences and that railway construction in the Province will commence forthwith will be received with gratification throughout the West. In view of this happy result, due to the diplomatic skill of Mr. William Wainwright and the wise policy of Premier McBride, it is not necessary to revert to the unfortunate attitude of the G.T.P. representative three years ago which has delayed construction until now. The important point is that Mr. Wainwright has declared the intention of his Company to build a railway from the Rockies to the Coast by the end of 1911, so as to comply

with the terms of the original charter. "The Week" was the first paper to give this information to the public. "Westward Ho!" is in a position to supplement its article by stating that the contract for the first hundred miles from Prince Rupert eastwards has been let to Stewart & Welsh, the well known Railway Contractors, and that they have already commenced to move men and materials Northwards. The most important difficulty which had to be removed before a working agreement between the railway company and the Government could be concluded, was the question of the Indian Lands. In connection with this there was a very pretty point of law involved which might have protracted the negotiations for a year, and it, in any event, would have involved further delay. The Dominion Government claimed title to the land on the extinction of the Indians or the other acquisition of the Indian rights. The Provincial Government claimed a reversionary interest under the former condition, and a definite interest if alienation of the lands occurred. The matter either had to go to the Privy Council or one party or the other had to yield its position. It is understood that the difficulty has been solved by the G.T.P. agreeing to recognize the Provincial rights and ceding one-fourth of the lands to the Government. If this turns out to be the actual settlement, it will indeed be an excellent one for B. C. The enormous expenditure which the G.T.P. will make in the neighbourhood of their Western terminus will greatly enhance the value of contiguous lands, and the reversionary interest of the Province will appreciate in value year by year. If Mr. Wainwright's programme is carried out and he has never yet failed to live up to his agreement, Northern B.C. will within a few months become the Mecca of thousands of labourers and settlers.

Old Canterbury

Mark Twenty

Author of "The Canterbury Pilgrim's Guide Book"

IMAGINE a summer's day and you and I standing without the City wall. Before us is the only remaining gate, but as this portal now stands open day and night, we enter without let or hindrance, after admiring the solid masonry, erected at the expense of Archbishop Simon of Sudbury in 1380 on the site of the Norman Gateway. Six other gates originally gave entrance to the city, but all have been demolished and this had a narrow escape about 1850 for Wombwell, with his menagerie came to the city, and finding the gateway too low and too narrow to admit his cages petitioned the Mayor of Commonalty to demolish it. The corporation discussed the proposition, half of them being in favour of acceding to the request and half against it. The Mayor gave his casting vote against the showman and so the gate still stands.

Passing up the narrow sunlit street, with its gabled houses overhanging the pavements on either side, we pass on the right hand side, the church of the Holy Cross, which was built about the same time as the Gateway, the original church having stood over the old Gateway. This was in the troublous days of the young King Richard II, when Sudbury as Chancellor of the Kingdom, had imposed a poll tax which led to the rebellion under Wat Tyler. Alas, poor Wat! He was slain by the Mayor of London, William Walworth, whose dagger appears on London's coat of arms unto this day. Holy Cross Church contains some excellent wood carvings and is celebrated for the production of the first Miracle plays in England.

A little further on is the School of Art established by the celebrated animal

painter, Sidney Cooper, and presented by him to his native city. Close by stands the ancient Church of St. Peter and a few steps further on bring us to the King's Bridge and the old house of the Canterbury weavers, of which a pen and ink sketch is here reproduced. The river shewn in the sketch bends round and rejoins the main stream which passes under the roadway outside the west gate so that the land between the gate and the bridge forms an island known as Binnewith, which, being interpreted, is "inside the bend."

On this island, approached by a narrow pathway from the High Street, stands the House of the Grey Friars or little brethren of St. Francis of Assisi, the first of whom, nine in number, landed in England in 1224. Here in the 17th century lived Richard Lovelace, the poet, who wrote—

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a heritage."

Opposite to the weavers' house stands the old hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr, founded by Archbishop Hubert Walter, between 1193 and 1205 for the reception of Pilgrims to St. Thomas' shrine. Behind the weavers' house stood the home of the Black Friars, the first of whom arrived in England in 1220 when Stephen Langton was Archbishop.

Passing on beyond the old Guildhall and some delightful houses of quaint designs and ornamental facings we arrive at the Chequer of the Hope, the famous hostelry for Pilgrims in the days of Chaucer, which is at the entrance to La Merserie, now known as Mercery Lane.

At the end of this lane, leading to the Cathedral close, stands the Gateway built by Prior Goldstone in 1517; in this building are stored the ecclesiastical registers of the Diocese. Beyond the Gateway stands the Cathedral and entering by the southwest door we find our-

reign of Queen Anne, captured Gibraltar. The central window is to the memory of the officers and men who fell in the Crimea and beneath the window partly inside and partly outside the church is the plain stone coffin of the distinguished prelate, Stephen Langton, who died in



Christ Church Gateway and Other Historical Scenes.

selves in the south aisle, at the east end of which is the Warriors' chapel containing the tomb of Margaret Holland, daughter of the Earl of Kent, her first husband, John Deanford, Earl of Somerset, and her second husband, Thomas Duke of Clarence, second son of Henry IV. Other monuments are Lieutenant Prude 1632; Sir Thomas Thornhurst Kt., 1527, and Sir George Rooke, who, in the

1230. He it was who divided the Bible into chapter and verses and also assisted the Barons in wresting Magna Charta from King John.

On the corresponding side of the nave is the Lady Chapel—built by Prior Goldstone, the first in 1460, on the site of the old Norman Chapel of St. Benedict. At the foot of the column on the right of this Chapel Becket in 1170 was murdered

and this part of the Cathedral is called the Martyrdom. In 1173 the Martyred Archbishop was canonized as a Saint and the following year Henry II did penance before this tomb in the crypt. Shortly afterwards the Cathedral was destroyed by fire and William Sens began to rebuild it. Eleven years afterwards the Cathedral was completed and in it were inserted the first pointed arches used in English architecture.

Between the Warriors' Chapel and the Lady Chapel is the Choir Screen, containing the effigies of Edward I, Edward II, Edward III, Ethelbert, Richard II and John. Entering the choir we find, on the north side, the tomb of Archbishop Chicheley, which he caused to be erected during his lifetime. He is represented lying in state in all the glory of his archiepiscopal robes and below, lying almost naked, wasted and withered in death. Beyond the tomb are those of Archbishops Howley and Bouchier.

Trinity Chapel lies behind the Altar Screen—there rests Henry IV, who died in 1413. His will was dated 21 January, 1408, in which was the following direction: "My body for to be beryed in the church of Canterbury aftyr the descrecion of my cousin the Archbyshcopp, and further that there be a chauntre perpetuall of his prieses for to sing and prey for my soul." In addition to the tombs of Archbishop Courtney, 1396, Cardinal Pole, 1558, and Dean Wotton, 1566, Trinity Chapel contains the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, where on is a beautifully executed gilded copper recumbent statue, the hands joined as in prayer and the figure completely armed. Above it hangs the trophy of the Prince's arms, consisting of the helmet and crest which he wore in battle; his surcoat of velvet, and the scabbard of his dagger, with his gauntlets and shield. He died of consumption at the age of forty-six in the year 1376. Nineteen years previously he had marched in triumph through the city, bringing his prisoner the King of France, after the battle of Poitiers.

In the midst of this chapel was formerly placed the gorgeous shrine and chantry raised to the memory of Saint

Thomas the Martyr and to this shrine came pilgrims and devotees of all nations to offer up prayers and present oblations. With the vast wealth thus accumulated the shrine and chapel were adorned with splendour and the Canterbury pilgrimages were innumerable. Rich and poor flocked to the city. In 1177 Henry the II here met the Earl of Flanders who came with a numerous retinue. Next came William of Rheims with a train of followers and in 1178 Louis the Seventh of France, dressed in pilgrim's garb, and he also was met by the king and a vast concourse of the nobility of France and England assembled. The French monarch presented a rich cup of gold, with the famous jewel "the Regal of France," which Henry the Eighth afterwards had set in a thumb ring.

The steps leading from the side aisles to the Trinity Chapel should be noticed—they give some idea of the number of pilgrims who visited the shrine, who, at the foot of the steps divested themselves of their shoes and walked barefoot, two by two, up to the shrine, and having offered their prayers and made their gifts, passed down the steps on the other side of the high altar walking backwards. All the visitors of after years have not obliterated the grooves worn by those bare feet.

A peep into the crypt discloses the solid masonry of the foundation of the Cathedral. The Chapel of our Lady in the under-crypt was at the time of the visit of Erasmus in 1524, the richest and most elaborate of all the chapels in the Cathedral. Another point of interest is the French church. The Protestants who came to England from Holland and Flanders in the sixteenth century were called "Walloon," those from France "Huguenots." Many settled in Canterbury, and Elizabeth in 1561 granted them this portion of the crypt for their services and these are still continued. In other portions of the under-crypt they, by permission of Archbishop Parker, set up their looms and carried on their business of silk weavers. In 1665 the Huguenots numbered 1,300. In 1694 they had 1,000 looms at work in the city and employed 2,700 people, but the citizens

treated them harshly and Archbishop Laud denounced their churches as "great nurseries of inconvincity." Charles I thereupon wrote: "Put me in mynd of this at some convenient time, when I am at counsell, and I shall redress it." After this many of the Huguenots left the country and settled in Holland; others went to Spitalfields. In 1719 there were only 58 "Master Weavers."

In 1582 the plague raged in Canterbury and in the register of the foreign Protestants has this pathetic entry:

"La feme Direlin,
Un autre enfant
Magdalene sa fille,
Un autre petit,
Et am autre le mesme jour—
La dernier fille."

At a little distance from the Cathedral and without the city wall stands the Monastery of St. Augustine, the building of which he commenced but it was not completed and consecrated till after his death. Here were buried Ethelbert and all the Christian kings of Kent, St. Augustine and the nine Archbishops who immediately succeeded him. The Danes in 1011 destroyed the Cathedral and a great part of the city, but the Monastery escaped. Some historians suggest that the Abbot paid a ransom, others that his safety was his reward for betraying the city. The lands of the Convent consisted of 11,862 acres in 1162, and in 1390 its income when taxed amounted to £1232 14s 4 1-2d. In 1464 circumstances had so altered, that one of the Monks, writing to a friend, informs him: "The holdyst brother in our place never herd nor saw our church in that mysere that is now," while another complained that they were "forced to procure drink in ale houses."

Henry VIII in 1538 suppressed the Monastery with many others and it gradually from that time fell into decay and certain citizens took away portions to build their houses. The same year saw the destruction of St. Thomas' shrine and the confiscation of its treasury. The site of the ruins of the Monastery were pur-

chased in 1844 and a missionary college erected.

Not far from the Monastery, stands the Church of Saint Martin on the road leading to Sandwich. Some portions of the building are believed to have been in their present positions when the Romans occupied the country and evidence of Roman work is noticeable in the external south wall. A church stood here when Augustine the Monk came from Rome with his followers in the early part of 597 and here, or in the River Stour close by he baptized the King of Kent on Whitsunday of the same year. The font of this church is remarkable. The irregularity of the circles and interlaced arches in the carving are worthy of notice. Some archæologists affirm the font to be Norman, others Saxon, others again that the font is Saxon, and the carving Norman. The Kent Archæological Society being of opinion that the lower part is Saxon and the upper Norman. The church contains the oldest brass in the city inscribed to the memory of Stephen Fulks and Alice his wife, dated 1406.

Passing over the meadows into the Dover Road we re-enter the city and find ourselves in the Dane John, a public garden, which has been the property of the citizens from time immemorial. Here they shot at the butts with arrows, and later on "practised at the target with culverins, blundering musquets and other firearms." In writings of the thirteenth century the place is called "Dungonen," "Dangun," and "Daungeon," in 1486 "Dungeon Hill," in 1663 "Dunge Hill," and in 1757 "Little Dung Hill." The Maypole was annually set up here but was discontinued in 1588. During the wars of the Roses one William Pennington having a lease of the Manor of Donjon, essayed to prevent the ingress of the citizens to their favourite recreation ground, but later on the local historian has recorded that "the said William Pennington was summarily beheaded nigh unto the same ground, because of the grudge which the city had against him."

A short walk brings us to the ruined castle, the third largest Norman keep in



In and Around Canterbury.

England, inscribed within the Domesday book as received by the Conqueror from the Archbishop and the Abbot of St. Augustine. The walls are more than eleven feet in thickness and have been deeply inscribed by the prisoners confined within them. About 1160 the castle was enlarged by Henry II and in 1216 it surrendered to the Dauphin of France. In later years the local gas company made it a store for coal and recently it

has been purchased and handed over to the citizens.

Standing on the mound with the encircling pathway we look away across the city wall and mote to the Martyr's Field where, in the year 1558 the last five, of the forty-one local victims, were burnt at the stake. Beyond it lie pleasant meadows and hop gardens, the winding river and the wooded hills, one of the fairest scenes of Kent.

Shakmut

Clive Phillipps Wooley

CHAPTER I.

THE Russian nightingale sings tonight."

"True he will sing and if you dost not hurry, thou wilt not relish his song. It will be the knout for thee as it was last night for that new peredovtchik."

The first speaker laughed uneasily and went on faster with his work.

"He will never give me the knout for refusing to drink good vodka. The new man must be mad."

"Aye! men are mad who refuse to obey the Governor here. He punishes as he pleases. Russia is far off, and no enemy of his ever got back even as far as Siberia for trial."

"Something happens. Relsky was drowned, and that last fellow they sent for trial committed suicide—Suicide!"

The man laughed grimly, they had grown used to grim jokes, in the service of the Russian Alaskan Company.

"Why wouldn't the new peredovtchik drink with little Sacha last night?"

"Now God knows. Some say he does not drink, but that cannot be true. He was a Russian and a soldier. I think that he is a cunning fox, and hopes to go back at the end of his seven years. As if the Governor could not run him up a bill with the Company whether he drinks or not. Drink, say I! You get something for your money then, and we must all die here."

"Whether we pay the Company or not. I wish the Company would let me run up a bill."

"To be paid in the copecks thou earnest? Thou art over easy to hold brother. That dodge is for men like this Stroganoff."

"He is to be blooded tonight is he not?"

"So they say at the Fort. I wonder if he kills better than he drinks?"

"He should do; he was at Eylau."

"At Eylau. Who might he be then?"

"One of Miloradovitch's fire-eaters."

"An officer under Miloradovitch? But they were all nobles. Why comes he here?"

"Nobles fall like other men, only further."

At that moment a bugle sounded, and the two cossacks, creoles of the type which served under Altasoff, with thin-lipped leathery faces and horny hands; men rough as the bears of Mt. St. Elias, snatched up their rifles and doubled down to the beach. As they went in the failing light, they blundered over the boulders with which Sitka's beach was strewn, and growled at every stumble.

At the water's edge there were thirty more like them, all armed, all grimly serviceable men, busy for the most part packing or launching the long canoes in which they travelled, and all quick in obedience to a little beetle browed man in sheepskins. Lawless they might be, but this man had taught them to obey. When the canoes were ready for the launching, the man in sheepskins called for one Yaksheen Anadirsky.

A cossack of pure Russian blood, with gigantic shoulders, and grey moustaches which stood out at right angles to his fierce face, stepped up and shouted:

"Thou knowest the way Yaksheen?"

"I know it Excellence."

"And understandest what thou hast to do?"

"Exactly Excellence."

"The Shaman Shakmut and the Kalushes of his tribe, have as thou knowest refused to find hunters for the Company. That is rebellion against Holy Mother Russia, who has cared for them so ten-

derly, and they have gone even beyond this, and have foully and treacherously slain the comrade, that good man Gortsky, whilst peacefully trading amongst them."

One of the Cossacks, a young man, coughed, and grew red in the face.

At once the little burning eyes of the speaker fixed him. They were two points of red hot steel, even in that molten face.

"Whilst peacefully trading amongst them as thou knowest Ivan Dubovitch," he repeated coldly, and the man who coughed, hastened to affirm that it was so, though he had reasons for knowing that Gortsky's peaceful trading included rape.

"And so thou Yaksheem wilt go to Shakmut's village tonight, and reason with these men. We would that we might report to Her Imperial Majesty that peace reigns in Alaska, and that these poor savages progress in civilization as they should do under Her rule."

"Certainly your Excellence," and the man saluted again, whilst the speaker took off his sheepskin cap and stood scratching his bald head.

It was an action strangely at variance with his grandiose manner and carefully chosen words, but the whole man was a mass of contradictions.

Undersized, bloated in the face, bald and of a ferocious ugliness, he spoke when only half drunk, with the unction of a latter day saint; he fought, drunk or sober, like a primitive devil.

A sot, to whom gallons of rum were as glasses of wine to another, he was never too drunk to transact business, and he was, drunk or sober, the best business man that ever set foot in Alaska.

Weathered by Siberian winds, tough as rawhide, brave as most of the promishleniki were, he yet revelled in coarse luxury, and saw to it that he had his share of the good things of civilization, though his nest was in the most inaccessible of the world's wilds.

Hail-fellow-well-met with his men, whose equal he was in birth, and their leader and comrade in the wildest or-

gies, this wonderful man was yet absolute autocrat amongst them, more absolute perhaps than the sovereign he served, between whom and himself, Siberia and a waste of wild waters and fog shrouded lands, set an impassable barrier.

That was Baranoff's luck.

But he owed much of his success to himself; to his courage, his business capacity, and the two facts that he allowed no one to return who would report of him save as he pleased, and that the dividends paid by his company always exceeded the shareholders' expectations.

Therefore he remained Governor of Alaska.

"And Yaksheem!"

"Your Excellence!"

"Thou comprehendest that thou art but second in command tonight. Our friend the Captain Maxim Stroganoff, who I think does not see us, leads under thy guidance. Thou wilt leave the Shaman to him."

As Baranoff spoke, he turned and bowed ceremoniously towards a figure which set cowering in a great military overcoat, under the lee of one of the canoes.

The man rose when his name was mentioned, and stood stiffly at attention, saluting formally, but he made no reply though the Governor seemed to wait for him to do so.

What light there was still left fell upon a strikingly handsome face, but pale to the lips, and so convulsed with passion as to suggest madness.

If hate ever withered, such hatred tortured Maxim Stroganoff, a noble knouted by a tradesman, an officer of Miloradovitch with whip weals on his back.

"Thou wilt help our new friend, Yaksheem," the Governor drawled, looking the Captain sneeringly up and down. "He is a little raw may be still, but he will take kindly to our discipline, even if our methods are not Miloradovitch's."

There was an emphasis on the "raw" which made the men titter, and Stroganoff straightening himself seemed for a

moment about to spring at the other's throat, but he thought better of it.

With an insolent chuckle, that other snapped his fingers, wished the men "luck, and a full net," and then, turning on his heel, went briskly back to where his fort gates opened beneath the red eye of that great lamp which was the terror of the tribes.

At once almost without words the men took their places in the canoes, and before the Governor had reached his den their black craft had glided from the beach into those dim channels which make the highways of the north.

Silence fell upon them, and with it blindness, or something so akin to blindness that only vague shapes, islands were they or sea monsters bristling with spines, stood out now and again indistinctly from the sea of gloom over which, and through which, the Cossacks paddled.

These men had passed out of a World of dry Earth into a waste that was all water.

Beneath them the sea muttered incessantly; above them the rain poured with a steady insistence, which spoke of no beginning and held no promise of an end. There were no land voices to reach them in the darkness, only now and again the silence was outraged by the heavy splash of some great sea monster, or was swallowed up in the roar of an angry tide rip.

To the man in the grey coat it seemed as if his very spine was melting, and his entity being washed away in this hell of waters, in which he knew nothing, understood nothing.

At last, towards morning, when the sky was just grey enough for men to mark the misery in it, and see the weird outlines of the rugged shore, the leading steersman pointed to a gap in the line of coast, and uttered the words.

"The Shaman's village."

At once there was a stir in the boats, a muffled giving of orders, and an ominous handling of weapons, amongst those "reasoners" sent by Baranoff, and then the leading canoe passed out of the current where the great kelp streamed

against the rowers, into a deep inlet of still water.

Looking back along the canoe's wake, from the murky darkness of the inlet, Stroganoff saw a round head with bristling whiskers rise. It made no sound as it rose, and after a long look, sank silently, leaving no trace.

If it was a scout of the amphibious people of this strange world, he cared nothing. They had warning enough if any watched, for as the canoes came in towards the beach, there arose a roar of wings, and the splashing of heavy bodies which could barely lift themselves clear of the waters.

The wild fowl were full fed and noisier than the seal.

The beach up which the canoes glided with a soft oily sound, was a mass of sea leavings, ocean mud littered with the relics of fish, and heavy with the strong smell of the rotting kelp. It was more like the hauling ground of sea beasts than the harbour of a human village, but at the top of it, just above high water mark, a long line of canoes was ranged, covered for the most part with cedar mats.

Behind these, standing cheek by jowl, were nine or ten huge buildings, each capable perhaps of containing a hundred men beneath its roof tree. Before the low doorway of each, stood a grotesquely carved figure, not of one sea monster but of many, growing as it were the one out of the other, until each ended in the winged image of a raven.

Colour there was none to contrast with the grey of the fog curtain, except that here and there the yellowish moss had patched the buildings and the totem poles with leprous blotches, the earmarks of rain and decay.

Everything suggested a war between land and water, in which the slow insistent waters won. Even the rigid ranks of pine which closed up in rear of the buildings were grey and bearded with sea mildew and the trailing mosses which it begot.

But whatever lived in the log houses still slept, taking no note of Nature's sentinels, so that the Cossacks, under Yaksheem's directions, passed through

the dripping pines, and silently surrounded Shakmut's village.

When this was done, the Cossack roared out an order, and the voice of him struck on the silence, so that the million dumb things which waited, shuddered, and at once those silent houses began to buzz with unseen life, and from the door of each a hideous face peered out into the morning.

In an instant the faces were gone again, and the clamour grew, until like a swarm of angered wasps, the Kalushes poured upon the beach.

Wild looking beasts they were, with painted mutilated faces, and black hair knotted above their heads like horses tails; men heavy and broad in the shoulders and (seal like) weak and feeble at the extremities as if they were meant only to sit in a canoe, and hardly at home on dry land, and the clamour of them was as the clamour of the little auks when a boat comes near their breeding cliffs.

To those who had never seen the Kalushes before, it would have seemed that these hundreds of shrieking creatures, armed though they were with nothing better than bludgeons or fish spears, must have smothered the thirty Cossacks in their first mad rush, and for the first time since he had tasted the knout, the head of Miloradovitch's soldier went up.

This was all he prayed for, this was something that he could understand. Fighting at long odds was a game he had played before, and the odds here were long enough even for him.

It irked him that there should be so much talking. Was the Cossack Yaksheem afraid? For himself he only burned to strike as he had been struck, to make any other suffer as he had suffered, and then, if the best happened, to feel one quick pang and have done with it.

Unconsciously he pushed himself into his right place at the front, as a Kalush of unusual stature, rushed towards the lieutenant shrieking what seemed to be words of menace or imprecation, in tones as inhuman as his appearance.

Stroganoff could not understand a word of what was spoken, but instinct

told him that such tones preluded a storm, and gripping a heavy fish club that he had picked up, he stood ready for the rush.

Suddenly at some word of Yaksheem's the great Kalush turned, and came mouthing towards Stroganoff.

"Save yourself," roared the Cossack, and a hoarse laugh went up from his mates, but none moved to help.

Stroganoff needed no help. As the creature came within reach, the Russian felled it with one clean blow, so that for a moment it rolled limp at the striker's feet, whilst such of the crowd as stood nearest dived under the images and disappeared into the houses, and all sent up a cry which Stroganoff recognized instinctively not as one of onset but of dismay.

But he had no time to reason. The maimed thing at his feet had come to life again, had crawled to him, and had him by the knees.

In a moment it would have him down, and the rush would sweep over him. Again he struck and heard the skull crunch beneath the blow, but the thing would not die.

It was struggling to its knees again, and a horror of this thing which he had maimed but could not kill, took Stroganoff by the heart, so that when he struck again, it was with eyes averted and clumsy cruel haste.

When at last it lay still, he saw certainly that it had never been armed. It might even have turned to him as a suppliant, not as a foe.

But it was too late to think.

The Cossacks were amongst the Kalushes; there was a rain of blows, the thud of musket butts, the cry of the strikers, and the groans of the stricken, but in the great writhing mob, with the blood creeping slowly from the trampling feet to the greasy ocean mud, only the whites struck, only the unresisting savages were stricken.

When it was over, there were thirty Cossacks of the Company unwounded, and a hundred and twenty Sitkan savages, lying still in front of their houses, as the brained seal herd lies, when in spite of streaming eyes, and almost hu-

man moans, the butchers gang at Pribyloff has done its work.

That peaceful Russian trader Gortsky had been avenged, and the winds of Alaska wailed by with one more moan in them, while the pale sun peered through the fog at the Agents of the Great Civilizer, as they rewarded themselves for their morning's work from the store of sea otters' skins which Shakmut's tribe had gathered. Well, there

was little more reason why the Sitkans should have slain the sea otters, than why the Cossack creoles should have slain the Sitkans.

Beasts who would save their hides should be strong enough to do so. At least Yaksheem Anaderski's ruse had been rewarded, and thanks to it the new-comer, Maxim Stroganoff, had been duly blooded.

(To be Continued)

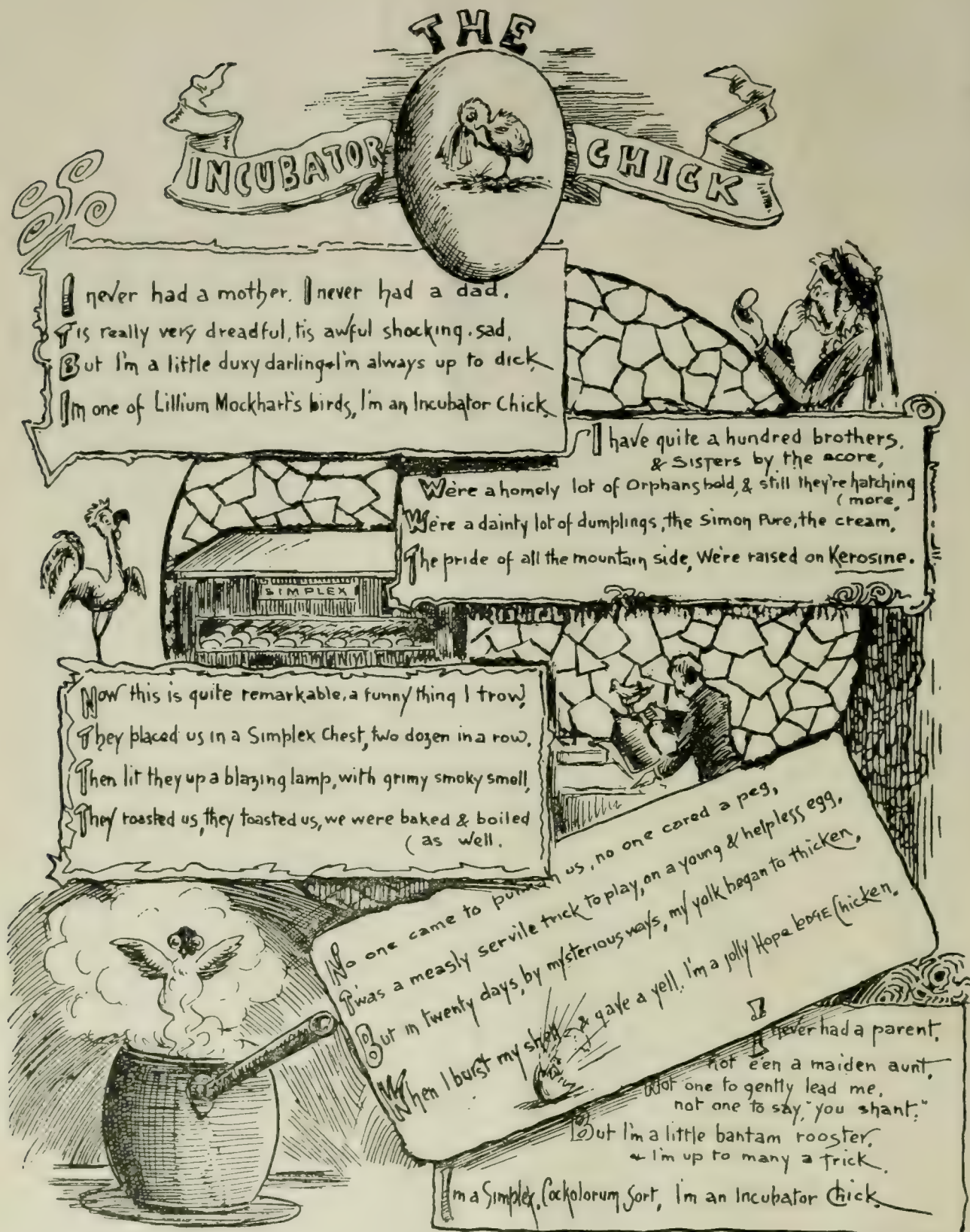
Lady Mine.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

Lo! I bring a votive flower,
 Lady mine!
 To adorn your trellised bower,
 Lady mine!
 And the fragrance it encloses,
 Is the perfume of the roses,
 And the breath of the eglantine.

Won't you take my votive flower?
 Lady mine!
 To your fair encloistered bower,
 Lady mine!
 'Twas in Arcady I sought it,
 'Twas from Arcady I brought it,
 And I lay it at your shrine,
 Lady mine!

I am waiting, I am waiting,
 Lady mine!
 For your sweet capitulating,
 Lady mine!
 Birds are wooing in their covers,
 All the world is full of lovers,
 Won't you be my Valentine?
 Lady mine!



—By J. W. Bowes.



A. C. Flumerfelt.

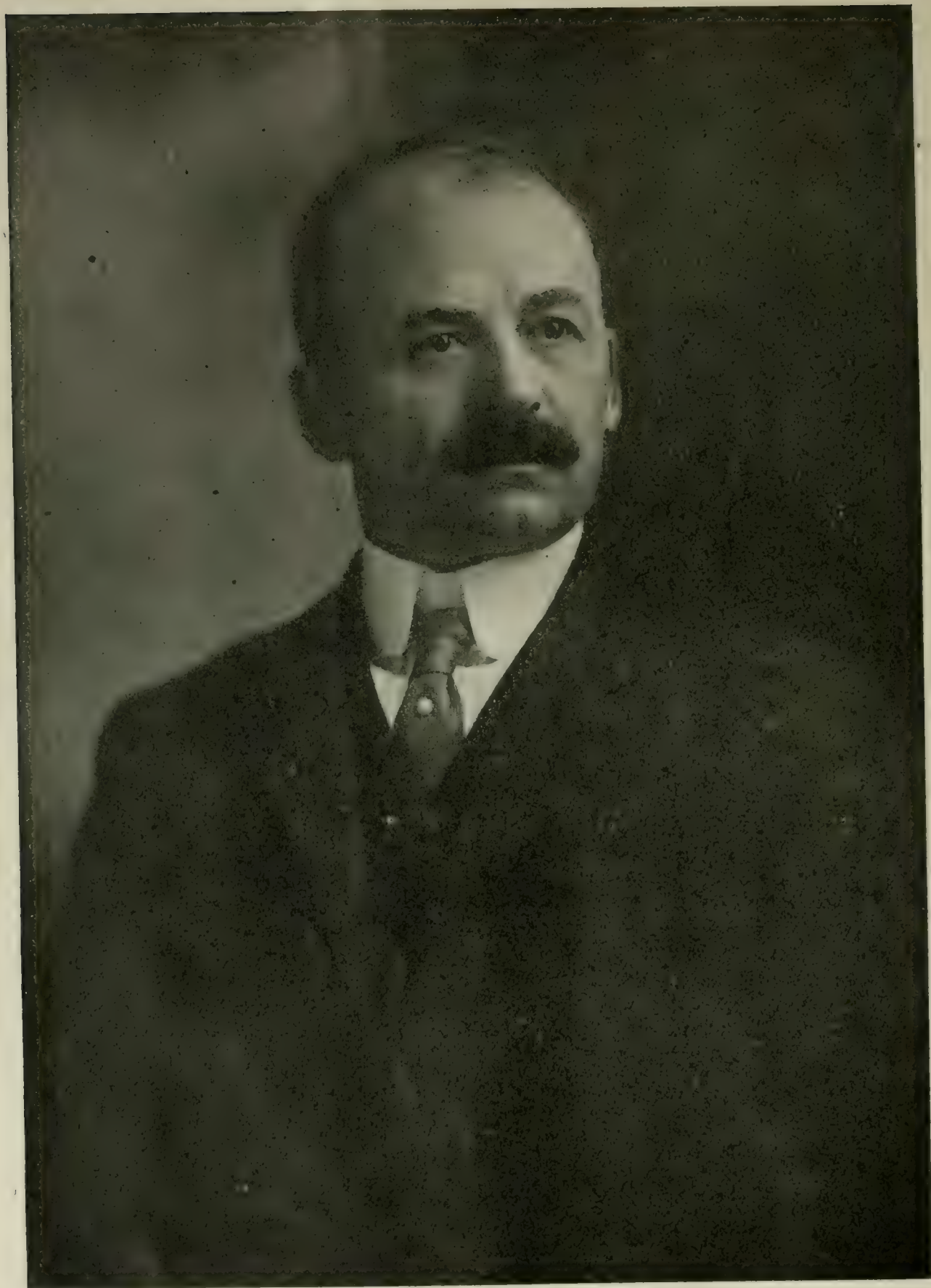
W. A. Harkin

TALK is cheap, only results count," was the epigrammatic way a Yankee philosopher expressed himself in commenting on the achievements of a fellow countryman. His wise observation has a universal application. Measured by this standard the career of Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, of Victoria, B.C., not yet attained to its fruition, has thus far been an eminently successful one. The name of Mr. Flumerfelt will be inseparably connected with the financial, industrial and educational progress of British Columbia during the past ten years, a period noteworthy for remarkable expansion and development. If ever a Western man was entitled to it Mr. Flumerfelt is deserving of the appellation "captain of industry." Space limitations will permit giving only in outline the salient points of a life whose manifold activities are at once an object lesson for other men and an inspiration to the rising generation.

The subject of this sketch was born in Western Ontario, being descended from German United Empire loyalists, who for principle quitted their homes and "treked" through trackless wilds to Canada at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Herein one sees the work-

ing of the laws of heredity. Two generations later the sturdy steadfastness of these pioneers reappears transformed as strong moral courage and indomitable pertinacity in the descendant. Possessing such characteristic traits his success in commercial affairs which he engaged in at the age of fourteen, was assured from the outset. But success was not achieved without hard work and without surmounting many obstacles, all of which proved the most valuable kind of experience in aiding him to accomplish greater tasks in middle life. The year 1879 saw Mr. Flumerfelt open the first wholesale boot and shoe house—now known as the Ames-Holden Co., Ltd.—in Winnipeg, then a town with less than 7,000 population. He established the same business in British Columbia, since which period he has continuously resided in British Columbia.

Mr. Flumerfelt as a shareholder and executive officer for several years was prominently connected with the Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Grand Forks, B.C. The company has already paid over \$1,400,000 in dividends. He was associated with its president, Mr. S. H. C. Miner, of Granby, Que., (the Grand Old Man of the Province of Quebec), and Mr. Jay P. Graves, of Spokane,



A. C. Flumerfelt.

Wash., the General Manager. As assistant to the president Mr. Flumerfelt rendered invaluable service in placing the great enterprise on a paying basis. His duties resulted in him making his home in Grand Forks, where he took a leading part in all affairs tending for the welfare of the community. During his stay in the Boundary Mr. Flumerfelt had the good fortune to be associated with able men in all departments, notably Mr. A. B. W. Hodges, M.E., the superintendent, Mr. H. N. Galer, assistant general manager, and Mr. Geo. W. Wooster, treasurer. Subsequently Mr. Flumerfelt and Mr. Miner withdrew from the active management after having disposed of a large portion of their holdings to New York and Boston capitalists.

Before that date he had organized the International Coal & Coke Co., whose colliery at Coleman, Alta., now maintains an output of about 2,000 tons of coal daily and which is now a dividend payer. More recently Mr. Flumerfelt launched two other large enterprises which promise to be no less successful, The Alberta Coal & Coke Co., of Lundbreck, Alta., and the Royal Collieries of Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Flumerfelt is president of all three companies which have an aggregate capitalization of \$8,500,000 and which give employment to over 1,500 men. Mr. Flumerfelt is also the owner of large coal areas on Vancouver Island which will be developed shortly on an extensive scale. He is likewise president of the Hastings Shingle Manufacturing Co., the largest plant of its kind in the world, the British American Trust Co., Ltd., and the British Canadian Fire Insurance Co. As a director of the Eastern Townships Bank he was instrumental in inducing that institution to establish branches in Vancouver and other places in the province.

Although essentially self made, Mr. Flumerfelt has found time in the midst of onerous business duties to pursue the study of culture. With a catholicity of taste, more likely to be found in a college professor than in the man of affairs, he is a student and omniverous reader. His tastes lean to literature of the idealistic school. Art finds in him one of its

strongest devotees. It is with difficulty that Mr. Flumerfelt can be induced to speak of himself. He is always more interested in learning about the welfare of his fellows. His unostentatious charities and benefactions are only known to a small circle of intimate friends.

Mr. Flumerfelt, like all other individuals, has his hobbies; with him they are an absorbing passion. He chiefly has at heart the cause of higher education in British Columbia, and the exploitation of the vast natural resources of his adopted province. It will be recalled that he offered two-year free scholarships at McGill University College in order to assist deserving students seeking to advance themselves. During their existence he took an active part in the incorporation of the Royal Institute for Learning designed to prepare British Columbia pupils at home for advanced work and which is now affiliated with McGill University. Mr. Flumerfelt is its treasurer. This institution is regarded as the forerunner of a Provincial University whose early establishment is foreshadowed in a measure now before the Provincial Legislature. The understanding is that the McGill extension work now carried on will later be merged with the proposed University. A site of twenty-one acres at Point Grey, near Vancouver, has already been secured on a long-term lease. Mr. Flumerfelt has not overlooked the question of endowment. From an eastern friend of McGill the offer of \$50,000 has been secured on condition that an equal amount for the same purpose is raised in British Columbia. That the endowment will soon be made effective is regarded as a certainty. Mr. Flumerfelt assisted in inducing Lieut.-Governor Dunsmuir to endow in the sum of \$50,000 a chair of mining in the proposed seat of learning.

Mr. Flumerfelt rendered signal public service last year by offering a prize for the best essay respecting the resources and possibilities of British Columbia. Thirty-eight contributions, many of them indicating deep thought and intelligent research, were received. Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, ex-governor of the Northwest Territories, a veteran

journalist, won first honours. His brilliant essay was reprinted in pamphlet form, thousands of copies being distributed throughout Canada and the British Isles. It proved a luminous exposition of the resources of the Province, containing likewise many suggestions as to the best means for securing the permanent well-being of the entire population.

Mr. Flumerfelt has also taken deep interest in hospital work since the day he first located in Winnipeg. His benefactions have been numerous. He was responsible for the establishment of the public hospital at Phoenix, B.C., a mining camp where facilities for treating surgical cases were greatly needed. He has also served on the boards of the Jubilee Hospital and the Protestant Or-

phan's Home of Victoria. He is a life-governor of the Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria Hospitals.

Mr. Flumerfelt is an ardent friend of organized labour. As a capitalist he has never failed to see questions from other standpoints than his own. On two occasions, at Calgary and Fernie, he served as an arbitrator in industrial disputes. His probity and honesty of purpose have been given testimony to by the leaders of the coal miners. In the instances mentioned amicable settlements were finally affected.

Still in his prime Mr. Flumerfelt will no doubt live to see many of his cherished ideals realized and survive to see British Columbia assume its destined position as the premier province of the Dominion.

The Sower.

J. Lambie.

Who, having watched the farmer sow his grain,—
Or, better still, himself hath been the sower,—
Hath seen throughout the sunshine and the shower,
The thin blades pierce the quicken'd earth again ;—
The green tints all to golden turn amain,
As if by some occult, alchemic power ;
Then, in the end, with subtle sweep the mower,
Lay all the gold upon the autumn plain ?
Who, thus beholding, hath not, wond'ring, thought
That cognate forces rule within our sphere ?
Some fate upon the dull earth doth us cast ;
Yet, if we are with goodly virtues fraught,
Soon though the deathly reaper may appear,—
Our growth shall yield some fruitage ere the last.



The Spinning Woman.

E. Archer

ONCE upon a time there stood an old palace in the midst of a garden. It was a king's palace, in fact it belonged to the king of the land, but he had quite given up coming to it. There were strange tales about the place.

Some people said they could always hear a sound of spinning—spinning—spinning. The king could not hear it himself, but then he was a little deaf. Moreover, he wore so many jewelled chains about him that they made a clinking sound wherever he went. Still for all that, it was very annoying.

Sometimes grand foreign princes and ambassadors would visit him, for he

was a very great king; and just when he thought he was distinguishing himself in brilliant conversation, one or other would perhaps say, "What is that? It sounds like a spinning-wheel."

Then the king had to make all sorts of excuses, for he did not like to contradict a foreign prince.

Besides, you never knew who might hear it. The girl in the scullery, who washed the greasy pots and pans, often said she heard it; whereas the grand court lady who set all the fashions could never hear a sound of it. Yes, it really was very annoying; but there was worse than all this.

The king had one son whom he loved

very dearly. The little prince was a sweet-natured, beautiful child, but even from a baby he always seemed to be listening to something, so that the grown-up people used to say: "What can the child hear?"

Then, when he was a little older, he would spend all day among the flowers in the garden, with the same look on his face. One day, when he was old enough to speak, the king said to him, "What do you hear?" and to his great horror and amazement the little prince answered, "Spinning—spinning—spinning."

This was very bad. The court physician was called in, but he could find nothing the matter with the royal child, so he ordered him to be taken away to another palace.

It nearly broke the child's heart to be torn from his beautiful garden, but he no longer heard the sound of spinning in the new palace, only now he always seemed to be waiting for something—waiting—waiting.

This is how the old palace came to be empty, but the garden was still full of beautiful flowers. Now the prince came of age and was allowed to choose his own home, and he chose to come back to the home of his childhood, because no flowers had ever seemed to him so beautiful as the flowers in the old garden, and above all things did he love the sound of a spinning-wheel. He had never really quite forgotten, you see.

He was rather a curious young prince, and although he was brave and genteel, and loved all beautiful things, people did not always like him. Somehow, he gave them the idea that he was not always with them, and they seemed to be half afraid of him.

Some of the fine court ladies had no patience with him. They thought he was so cold and almost sarcastic, but they did not understand him at all. He was really very gentle.

The sun was just setting when the prince and his train reached the old palace. As they had ridden all day, supper was served at once, but the prince hardly ate anything. He kept laying down his knife and fork and listening,

for all the time he fancied he heard the sound of spinning—spinning—spinning. So that his followers said, "How strange he is tonight."

At last he could bear it no longer. He left the supper-table and strolled out into the garden. It was a soft green twilight. The garden was deliciously cool and dewy after the hot banqueting-room and never had the scent of the flowers seemed so strangely sweet. And the spinning—was it spinning? It seemed to the prince to be more like music—yes—it was music. Could any one of the court minstrels— But no, no court music in all the world was ever like this music, so unearthly, so beautiful, so soft. It seemed to be a part of the twilight and the flowers.

Suddenly the spinning and the music all ceased, and there came a great stillness, so that the prince could hear his own heart beating, and scarcely dared to breathe, for in the stillness he thought he heard a voice, which said, "Are you there?"

It seemed quite near to him, so that he stretched out his arms, and said under his breath, "Yes, I am here."

But he could see nothing, though he searched the garden through and through.

All that night he wandered about the garden under the stars, and all that night there was spinning—spinning—spinning, and the music, but the voice did not come again, though he listened. Oh, how he listened! Now, the prince's whole life seemed to be in these sounds. He could scarcely sleep or eat, and he no longer heard what people said to him. He grew thin and pale, so that his attendants said that he was going to die.

But the prince knew that it was not death that called him, but life.

Still, he grew very weary of waiting and listening and searching, so at last he thought he would ask the advice of a great magician who lived in the midst of a gloomy pine forest. One night, then, he set out alone to visit this magician. He was obliged to go at night, because the magician could not bear the light. He always went to sleep all day, and kept awake all night. But he was

very wise. - Oh, so wise! He could read men through and through like books, and he knew quite well that the prince was coming to him through the forest, so he put on the most fearful robe he had—scarlet, dyed in human blood, and embroidered with live serpents, for

so absent-minded that he sat down on the top of a large boa-constrictor, and began at once to tell his tale quite simply. When he told of the spinning and the music the magician nodded his head and said, "Yes, yes. I have heard of these things before. We hear these



"The Prince fell backwards into a deep, deep sleep."

he was not altogether above creating a sensation, though he was a magician.

But the prince was thinking of something quite different. He was always listening for a voice, besides which all other voices seemed dull and meaningless, and so this horrible garment made no sort of impression on him. He was

things sometimes, some of us;" but when he spoke of the voice, the great man said, "Ho, ho. So you have heard a voice. That's different. Now I can help you, only swear to me that you will always protect me and never let me be burnt alive."

So the prince swore on his sword.

"That's settled, then," said the magician. "Now we can get to business," and taking a crystal rod, he touched the prince on the forehead, and the prince immediately fell backwards into a deep, deep sleep on the top of the boa-constrictor, who took no notice of him, for he was asleep too.

Then the magician opened the prince's eyelids, and looked down deep into his eyes, so that he could see his thoughts. And he bared the prince's breast and laid his head on his heart, so that he could hear his dreams. All the while he kept grimly nodding his head and saying to himself, "So, so! He has gone farther than most people, this fellow. I must continue his acquaintance. Yes. Yes. He is something more than a bag of sawdust with a crown and a sceptre. I begin quite to like him."

At last he took the crystal rod and touched him again on the forehead, and the prince sat up and rubbed his eyes, looking sleepily about him, but he had no idea he had been dreaming. The magician actually gave him some wine to drink, saying at the same time: "Come, wake up; it is time you were trudging. Back, as fast as your legs can carry you, to your garden again. You must be sure to be there before the sun rises; you will hear the voice saying, 'Are you there?' You must answer softly, 'Yes, I am here,' and as the sun rises you will see before you an apple tree, in full bloom and full of singing birds. Look at it steadfastly, and under its branches you will see a little glass house with a low iron door, and inside the glass house there will be a woman spinning. You must go up to the door and knock three times, and a voice will say, 'Come in,' but be sure you do not lift the latch until you have knocked three times."

"I will be sure of that," the prince answered eagerly.

"Good luck," shouted the magician.

But the prince never heard him. He was already out of sight. Oh, how his heart beat, as he ran through the wood. He was going to know the secret at last. The secret of his life.

It was already dawn when he reached

the garden. The birds began to sing, and the flowers to open. It seemed like another world after the magician's gloomy home, and while he waited for the sun to rise, again he heard the voice say, "Are you there?" Then he answered, "Yes, I am here," and immediately the sun rose and he saw before him an apple tree in full bloom and full of singing birds. And he saw, too, the little glass house under the branches, with the low iron door, and inside the little glass house sat a woman spinning stars.

Oh, she was beautiful!

Her eyes were like a summer night, and her mouth was sweet like music, and her long dark hair fell like a cloud over her blue mantle. As she spun she sang, and as she sang, the stars she was spinning moved round her in a circle; wider and wider, and farther and farther, as far as all the world.

The prince scarcely dared to breathe for the wonder and beauty of it. Suddenly she looked at him with large solemn eyes, and he fancied that she smiled. He thought his heart must break for joy. He sprang towards her with a loud cry and put his hand on the latch of the iron door, but he quite forgot to knock three times as the magician had told him.

As he opened the door the singing stopped; the spinning-wheel went round and round madly, with a harsh, whirring noise and stopped too; and the stars flew out in all directions, like sparks of fire, and blinded him, so that he had to close his eyes.

It was only for a minute, but when he opened them again everything was gone.

The beautiful woman, the wheel, the music, the stars—even the apple tree was gone. The prince stood alone in the garden.

It was raining.

* * * *

Now, many years had come and gone, and the prince was old, with long hair and dim, sad eyes. For a long time he had been king of the land. A good, gentle king, but he had never done any-

thing remarkable or brilliant, neither was he very popular.

He had been always waiting and listening for something that he never heard, and that makes one sad, you know.

Now, at last, he was going to die. It was winter, and freezing bitterly. The king lay propped up with pillows and covered with soft rugs, and his eyes were closed, as though he slept.

It was midnight, and a large wood fire burnt on the hearth, but he was cold—so cold.

The king's physician bent over him on one side, and the Lord High Chamberlain on the other, for he had no wife or child.

"He is going fast," they whispered.

Suddenly the king sat up, without any help, and seemed to listen intently.

"Do you hear anything?" they asked, and the king answered, "Spinning—spinning—spinning."

"Alas, he has grown childish," they said.

Then his eyes grew bright, as one who sees a beautiful vision, and his face had a wonderful light in it.

"It is the light from the fire," the physician said. But it was not the light from the fire. The king stretched out his long arms and said very softly, "Yes, I am here," and fell back dead into the physician's arms, a mere bag of bones.

He really had grown quite childish.

Donatelli's Revenge.

E. S. Lopatecki

WE were talking books. McDuff always liked to talk books, and so did Colonel Askwith, an acquaintance of a few hours, hadn't expressed partiality for anything in particular, and as for me I fell in with anything McDuff and the Colonel wanted to talk about.

"The latest book I read," said McDuff, "was one that kept me up all night. I kicked myself next morning. It was one of those Marie Corelli imitations where the author changed the hero's soul and mind by a piece of music. Good story, but ridiculous."

"Quite impossible," said the Colonel. "Music and art always have certain effects, I admit, but as for making a man something new altogether—pshaw."

"Yes," said McDuff, "music is great, and so is art, especially painting, and I have heard many a yarn about their strange effects, but I never yet had the privilege of looking into a genuine case.

They always seem to vanish before an investigating mind. What do you think, Asquith?"

After a pause, Asquith answered, "Have you ever been in Florence?"

We hadn't, and wondered what he was trying to reach. "Well, in the art gallery there, is a picture by one Donatelli. Have you heard of it?"

"No."

"The picture is a strange one," Asquith continued, "an allegorical subject, seven angels, a lion, and an eagle."

"Yes?" we answered, in expectation.

"It all depends which assistant you happen to ask what answer you will get. When I was visiting the gallery I happened to ask an old, gray headed Tuscan. He told me a strange story about the painter who really was no artist at all, and who once had a strange dream, the result of which was that he commenced a picture and, seemingly guided by the hand of Providence, after the

lapse of five years, even to the minute, the picture was finished. Donatelli thought it a modern miracle, but, strange to say, the public did not, and the picture hung in the gallery practically unnoticed."

"Go on, we want to hear it all," from McDuff.

"Can't you guess the result?"

"I should say Donatelli was rather put out," said the Colonel.

"Quite right, he was. He was more than put out. He imagined himself insulted, so he decided on the best cure for his feelings—revenge. I asked the old Tuscan what form his revenge was to take. He was not sure of the details of this part of the case, but the story ran that Donatelli painted one more picture, again guided by the hand of Providence, and made it such that the first five persons who looked at it, one for each year, you see, should be so fascinated with it that it would be impossible for anyone of the five to live without seeing it once every day, all of them to be viewing it at the same time."

"A strange story," said the Colonel, "and ridiculous, too, but I suppose those superstitious Italians believed it."

"Yes, a very queer story. However, it passed completely out of my head. It was perhaps a year after this that I was in Berlin. I had been going to the gallery pretty regularly, and at last one of the men about the place, Goldsmidt by name, a nice, young, friendly chap, invited me to come into his workshop, and look behind the scenes. This I only too gladly did, and as Goldsmidt was working on a larger frame than he could conveniently handle, I gave what little assistance I could. In some way or other I let it slip out that I was not working and that my resources were getting low, so Goldsmidt told me that if I wanted a temporary job working along with him, he could get it for me. I readily consented, and the result was that I turned up at the gallery next morning with overalls and woollen jacket and was set to work at once.

The first thing we did was to unpack a large box of pictures, donated by some baron or other far up the Rhine. There

were perhaps eight or nine in all. These we removed, placing them on various benches, and standing some up against the wall. They made quite an imposing array, and Goldsmidt seemed undecided which to start on first. However, a monstrous daub representing a shepherdess and flock seemed to strike his fancy, and, while removing the canvas from the frame, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which I hurried over to see what was the matter. It appeared that he had been using a sharp chisel, and, in some way or other his hand had slipped, and the instrument dug into the picture, flaking off a piece of paint about the size of a shilling.

"Instead of exposing the canvas it showed a hard, shiny surface under which, as far as I could see, was more painting. Goldsmidt removed the canvas from the frame, placed it on a table, and told me to help him. Then, beginning at the bottom, together we removed the outer coat of paint, which chipped off easily from the hard transparent substance underneath. The picture we uncovered was evidently a better one than the one above, and Goldsmidt was willing to risk removing the latter, to get the original.

"It was not until we had the picture almost uncovered that we had a good idea of our discovery. A stranger piece of work I have never seen—a man with arms folded across his breast, in one hand a wicked looking dagger. His feet were hidden in long grass, which grew almost to his knees, but it was his face and head that gave him his unique distinction. The mouth was shut tight, but a grim smile seemed to play around the corners of his lips, eyes black and piercing, looking straight at you, ears sharp and pointed at the top in an unnatural manner; his hair, the most peculiar part of him, brushed up into two points above his ears, standing some three or four inches above his head.

"Goldsmidt placed the picture in an upright position, and we backed off to view it from a distance. Then we got some further impressions of the picture we had on hand. The grass growing about his feet gave him a transparent ap-

pearance from his knees down, quite a spooky effect, while the two points of hair showed up like horns, which with the pointed ears this gave him a decidedly wierd, and even terrifying look. It was certainly a most remarkable picture.

"Goldsmidt was surprised too, but pleased, and told me to help him get the picture and frame in a presentable condition, so as to be able to get the novelty hung in the gallery at the earliest possible date. We worked hard at it all day, and, by evening, we had it ready for the gallery. We left it there, intending to hang it in the morning.

"That night I was troubled with the most horrible and nerve-racking dreams. The man in the picture seemed to leap out of his frame at me, and, seeing me crouch in fear, laughed diabolically at my discomfiture. All night long the man stayed with me, doing first one thing and then another, and when morning broke I rose red-eyed and unrested, but glad to get away from the hateful features. When I reached the gallery, I was surprised to find Goldsmidt rubbing his eyes, which were red and swollen like mine. 'Goldsmidt,' I said, 'what's the matter?' 'I didn't sleep well last night, but how about yourself?' 'No more did I, that picture got on my nerves, as I suspect it did on yours. Suppose we hang the thing and get it out of the way?' He assented, and, in a few minutes, the monstrosity was hung in a room off the main gallery.

"Goldsmidt and I returned to our work and, later in the day, I took it into my head to take a look at the picture again, and see what kind of a crowd it had caused to gather. There were, perhaps, a dozen people examining the curious work, but I noticed three in particular. A red-haired man about forty, tall and well built, and an old man and his wife, at least sixty. These three were standing in the front row, seemingly more engrossed in puzzling out the meaning of the picture than anyone else. I looked at my watch, twelve o'clock—time for lunch.

"As I started away, I passed Goldsmidt coming to view the picture, but I at-

tached no special significance to it at the time.

"The day passed as days generally do, and towards eleven o'clock I went to bed. The picture had been out of my mind for some hours, but I had no sooner got to sleep than the horrible dreams of the previous night, again began to torment me with the result that I got practically no rest.

"When I reached the gallery next morning, Goldsmidt had not turned up; I worked alone for some hours, and, twelve o'clock arriving, I went out to look for him. Instinctly, it seemed, I made for the picture, and there, sure enough, was Goldsmidt, gazing away, as if it were nothing unusual for him not to turn up for work. I also noticed that the red-haired man and the aged couple were there too, and the eyes of all four were swollen and red.

"Then, and not till then, the truth flashed upon me, and like a thunderbolt it came. Half crazed with fear I seized Goldsmidt by the collar, and pulling him into a corner, began in such a break-neck fashion that I utterly failed to make him understand what I was trying to say. At last I calmed down enough to speak coherently,

"'Goldsmidt,' said I, 'how long have you been in this business?'

"'For twelve years, at least.'

"'Have you ever been in Florence?'

"'No.'

"'Do you know anything of the pictures there?'

"'Yes, something, why?'

"'Do you know one by Donatelli?'

"'Yes, but what of it?'

"'Do you know the story of his revenge?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well,' I said, pointing to the picture from which I had just drawn him, 'there is the form his revenge happened to take.'

"Goldsmidt was no fool, and it didn't take him long to understand the situation. He sat down on a chair and buried his head in his hands.

"'I would never believe that story,' he wailed, 'but I've learnt my lesson now.' He paused. 'It's a nice thing to have to see that picture every day as long

as I live. A cheerful outlook, indeed.'

"McDuff had been showing signs of incredulity several times during the story and now broke out: 'Do you expect me to believe that?' Why, to my certain knowledge, you haven't seen any such picture in the last twenty-four hours. Say, Asquith, that's enough."

"All right, gentlemen," Asquith continued, "you are not forced to believe me. As a matter of fact, you have heard only half the story. I have yet to explain how we got rid of the curse."

"All right, Asquith, no offence meant," said the Colonel, "let's have the rest of it. I would like to hear how you got out of the fix."

Asquith resumed as follows: Goldsmidt and I did some close calculating, and we decided to let McColl, for that was the name of our red-haired friend, into the secret right away. We took him aside, and then, Goldsmidt and I went about it as delicately as possible, explaining piece by piece the exact situation. McColl was a cool, quiet sort of man, with a quaint sense of humour, and he seemed to treat the whole thing as a joke. He hadn't slept, for two nights, and was destined to leave Berlin at twelve o'clock that day, but he threw up his appointment, nevertheless. He admitted all that, and more too. Gradually Goldsmidt brought him round to the serious side of the business, and we three put our heads together, the result being that Goldsmidt and I agreed with McColl that there must be some way of atoning for Donatelli's diabolical joke, and once we had done this, the power of his revenge would be no more.

For the next few days we five investigated high and low, and finally traced the course of the picture back from the gallery to the baron, from the baron to an uncle of his, who had left it to him when he died; then to a picture dealer, then back to one of the descendants of the Donatelli, and, after much tracing and worrying to the very abode in which the abominable thing had been conceived and executed.

Telling this, it sounds easy, but no such thing. We all had to travel in the same conveyance at the same time, so

as not to be separated; the wretched cause of the trouble, in the same conveyance aforesaid; had all to be on hand at noon every day to view the thing, had to live in the same hotels and houses. I tell you, it was no joke.

It once happened that I forgot to wind my watch, and when twelve o'clock arrived, I was far from the picture, in fact, it was in a Turkish bath establishment. You have by this time been wondering why we all went to see the thing at twelve o'clock. This little incident of the Turkish bath will give an idea of what happened if we did not turn up on time.

I heard twelve o'clock strike, and suddenly I noticed the attendants change, growing longer and thinner, grinning at me and digging me with their eyes; right into my very soul it seemed. They grew more and more like the man in the picture, more and still more, until I was terrified beyond measure. Rushing from the room I seized someone's clothes, not my own, and jumping into a pair of trousers, and with a towel around my shoulders, I tore to our lodgings like mad.

All the way the man in the picture seemed to chase me. I reached the picture, feasted my eyes, and gradually came to my proper senses.

Anyway, to make a long tale short, we managed to get hold of the room in which the picture had been painted, and, thank God, it was the same one in which Donatelli's masterpiece had also been created.

The Dubois couple could do nothing, so upon the rest of us depended the cure of Donatelli's revenge. The room in question was a big panelled affair, with a fire place, and a big picture over it, and a few bits of old furniture, including a bookcase with several rows of ancient volumes. McColl examined the books, Goldsmidt felt the panelling for secret pockets, and I contemplated the fire place. Suddenly an idea struck me. Taking out my penknife I stuck it into the picture above me, and to my intense joy, a big piece of paint flaked off, displaying the same texture as Donatelli's

shepherdess had when the outer daub was removed.

I climbed up on the mantel piece, cut the cord, and down came the picture with a smash. Goldsmidt and McColl came in on the bounce, and, before I could fully explain, caught my meaning, and began on the picture like wild. It was not long before a considerable part of the paint was removed, and we were able to make out what was underneath. Writing of some kind, and in Italian too.

I am a poor Italian scholar, and I had a big job ahead of me. The writing seemed a sort of autobiography and it was only near the bottom that any mention was made of the picture that caused the trouble. It seemed that Donatelli had, in a sense, repented of his desire for revenge, and left this confession, adding that he would give the ignorant public, as he called them, a chance to redeem themselves. If, he said, one of the five injured ones could paint a better picture, the visitors to the gallery being the judges, he would release them from his power.

This was our chance. McColl, Goldsmidt, and I grabbed the Dubois and danced them with sheer delight, much to their surprise and discomfort. And then, remembering that they were still ignorant of the facts, we explained how the matter stood.

It didn't take long to get to work on

the picture. We made all haste for Florence, and there started the paintings. McColl was quite an artist, Goldsmidt was no novice, but the Dubois had to be excused. I was passable.

When the eventful day arrived the original and the three copies, and also the cause of the trouble, were hung up together, and a ballot taken. The news had gone abroad and the place was jammed. However, we five had had enough to know not to tinker with the ballot boxes, so to speak. Some professor or other was made returning officer of this strange election. When the ballots were at last counted and the result announced in favour of McColl's picture by a majority of seven, I felt something snap within me, while the crowd set a shout that made the windows rattle. It was a welcome moment; we fell into each other's arms, and then looked at the picture of the man with the horns.

The man was gone, only a blank canvas remaining! The professor, seeing the cause of our surprise, explained it to those of the audience who were still in the dark, and, at the close of his remarks, said: "Gentlemen, Donatelli's revenge has run out."

We departed amid thundering cheers.

"That, gentlemen, is the way a certain painting affected me. Don't judge the author of the book too severely."



Robert Burns

The Poet of Democracy

Robert Allison Hood, B.L.

NOW that Scotsmen over all the world have celebrated the birthday of their national bard, and toasted his "immortal memory," a consideration of the place of Burns in the world's thought and literature and of the message which he brought to humanity may be timely and not unprofitable. For Burns like Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe was a world poet. In spite of all our love and pride in him, we Scotsmen cannot claim the complete proprietorship in our national bard, for the scope of his message was so wide as to transcend entirely the bounds of nationality and race. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there Burns is known and read; he has been translated in part into nearly all the languages of Europe; and I believe that there is no poet who has through his writings so drawn men to love him. Shakespeare is rightly held to be supreme in the World's literature; he had a far greater imaginative power than Burns and a wider grasp of men and affairs than he; but we cannot get to know Shakespeare through his writings. He is almost wholly objective except perhaps in some of the sonnets; and with all the universality of his sympathies, his own personality eludes us. Other poets are more subjective, but their thoughts often sear too high for the generality of us. They are dreamy and impractical, and do not chime in with our sordid work-a-day experiences; or they hold up such a stainless standard of moral rectitude for our example that the mere contemplation of it makes us feel our own delinquencies with doubled shame.

"It's all right for a fellow like Wordsworth who never had to work for his living," we are apt to say, "to voice these beautiful sentiments, but if he only had my row to hoe for a while, he would know what it was."

But the great charm with Burns, is that we feel he is one of ourselves, one of the toiling, sweating multitude that we daily rub shoulders with in the strain and stress of the struggle for existence. His very faults endear him to us, they are so human and so like our own; and his hopes and fears are ours too. Who of us but thrills with a fellow-feeling when the poet turns from the pitiful plight of the homeless mousie to his own sad destiny:

"Still thou art blest compared wi me,
The present only toucheth thee;
But och—I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward tho I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

What a world of pathos and tragedy is contained in these six lines! But Burns' whole life was one long tragedy. Everyone is more or less acquainted with the circumstances of it; the poverty-stricken youth on the farm; the meagre schooling secured at such sacrifice yet used to such profit and advantage; the lack of childish companions and the play-life which forms such an important factor in the proper education of the young; the hard manual labor engaged in before the boy's frame had hardened and which was to show its effects on his constitution later on; and the home circle so admirably described in "The Cottar's Sat-

urday Night," with its delightful picture of filial love and paternal piety and domestic peace.

These early years despite their obscurity and toil were the happiest for the poet; but they were soon to be followed by disaster. He started at the age of twenty-three to learn the trade of flax-dressing in the town of Irvine and not long after the shop he was in caught fire and he was left to quote his own words "like a true poet not worth (six pence)." Then came the insolvency and death of his father, and the removal to the farm of Mossgiel where the poet worked manfully; but here again fate seemed against him, and the first year through bad seed, the second through a late harvest, he tells us, he lost half his crops. "This upset all my wisdom," he says, "and I returned like the dog to his vomit and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." These four years at Mossgiel were the most important of his life. Then the genius within him began to manifest itself both for good and evil. Then it was he began to realize his great poetic gifts, and his fame began to spread through the neighbourhood. Then, too, for the first time, the passions of his mighty spirit began to assert themselves with all their force. The consciousness of power awoke in him and the ambition to realize it, the love of goodfellowship and conviviality which brought about those excesses that helped to cause his early death; and the great master-passion of love which was to furnish the world with some of its finest love-songs, but which in its excess was to bring upon him such public approbrium and private remorse.

The affair with Jean Paton, the first of his illicit amours, which brought upon him the censure of the Kirk Session, induced him to make common cause with the atheists and free-thinkers of the neighbourhood against the polemical divinity and the Phariseism of his time; and he found it an excellent butt for the shafts of his powerful gifts of satire. It was his satirical poems such as "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Holy Fair," that first brought him into public notice.

His private affairs, however, went from bad to worse. His alliance with Jean Armour, her rejection of him at her father's command, and all the humiliation it entailed together with his harassing poverty, made his lot almost unendurable; and he was about to emigrate to Jamaica as a last resource, when the publication of the "First Edition" of his poems raised him all at once from the needy ne'er-do-well to the darling of the hour for all Scotland. Then comes that dazzling winter in Edinburgh when he was feasted and feted by the best in the land, and where his unabashed and independent bearing and the wit and power of his conversation were the wonder of the town. This was the climax of his career. The public acclamation was followed by coldness and neglect. With the proceeds of a second edition of his poems, he rented a farm at Ellisland in the South and married Jean Armour. The farm was not profitable, however, and he left it for a position in the excise which he held until his death in 1796 at the age of 37.

These last ten years of his life were much marred by his intemperance and embittered by the coldness of the public that had once courted him and their history is a sad one; but there is no time to enter into the details here. Burns' whole adult life was one long struggle against poverty and his besetting sins. The primordial passion was in him all the more powerful because of his unusually high-strung sensibilities and his extreme susceptibility; and while we must regret his frequent transgressions of the moral law, it is not our place to blame him.

But my problem is not simply to speak of Burns as a man, but rather to define his place and function as a poet of democracy. It is a well-known common-place of philosophy that the march of the human mind onward is not a steady one, but moves by fits and starts. That is, there are periods of apparent stagnation and rest in which preparation is being made for growth that is to follow; and by reason of such rest and preparation, the progress is all the greater and more striking when it comes. We see the

same principle most strikingly exemplified in nature when the torpor of the winter time seems to burst forth almost in a day's sunshine, buds swell out into fragrant blossoms, leaves cover up the bare branches of the trees, birds sing sweetly in the hedgerows, and

"Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life's murmur or see it glisten."

In just such a state of torpor was the thought of Eastern Europe towards the end of the 18th century. The stability of governments had permitted the extension of trade and the hitherto dominant aristocracy had found its pre-eminence disputed by a moneyed middle-class backed by a hard-handed crowd of artisans just beginning to be conscious of their power. The literature of the time, faultless in form, correct in diction and framed, as it was, on the classic model, looked to the past instead of to the future. It had served its purpose and its day of usefulness was gone. It had no note to give of help or inspiration to the half-stirring consciousness in men of higher destinies in store for them. Pope was epigrammatic and conventional, Johnson was orthodox and pedantic, Gray was philosophical and impractical, while Goldsmith with all his felicity of phrase might talk like an angel, but had not the virility and force to move men's minds.

It was at this psychological moment that Robert Burns, a simple, unlettered Scottish Peasant, came from the very stilts of the plough and by a handful of simple verses written out of the fire of a heart, conscious of power, but rebellious against a destiny that denied its exercise, worked a revolution. As M. Taine, the great French critic, has put it, speaking of Burns' influence on the world's thought at this time, "the human mind turned on its hinges and so did civil society." The great doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man had been proclaimed and the millenium had become a possibility.

Burns was a lyric poet par excellence. Nearly everything he writes comes hot from his own heart inspired by his own

feelings and emotions, his own joys or sorrows. The Scotland of his time was very different from the democratic Scotland of today, especially outside of the large towns. In the country the lairds of land-owners, and the clergy who were their appointees, too often exercised a two-fold tyranny over the peasantry beneath them and very early in life did Burns have occasion to feel their power. His father had a quarrel with his landlord over some question of money; the affair went to the courts, and the upshot was that the elder Burns lost his all and died soon after. The rights of the affair have never been clearly discovered; but the young poet then but twenty-four, was filled with indignation against the graspingness and cruelty of wealth and with rebellion against the conditions of society that placed the poor man so completely at the mercy of the rich. The consciousness of his own intellectual superiority and capacity for greatness rendered ineffective by his poverty, served to make this feeling all the more poignant as did also his extreme sensitiveness to slights or humiliations.

Perhaps the most sustained treatment of his subject that we have from him is found in the "The Twa Dogs" in which the rich man's dog and the cottar's collie compare notes on their respective masters, and the humour and naivete running all through the poem makes the satire of it all the more keen. The poverty, simplicity, and honest worth of the peasant is contrasted most forcibly with the pride, luxury and profligacy of the rich. An interesting feature of the poem is the description of the cruel factor which Burns drew, as he himself tells us, from the factor who had dispossessed his own father and treated him so contemptibly.

"I've noticed on our laird's court day
(An' monie a time my heart's been wae)
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash
How they maun 'thole a factor's snash
He'll stamp and threaten, curse an'
swear
He'll apprehend them poind their gear;
While they maun staun, wi' aspect
humble,
An' hear it a, an' fear an' tremble."

The same idea is very strongly set forth in that most lugubrious of all Burns' poems:

"Man was made to mourn:
And man whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'er laboured wight
So abject, mean and vile
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

If I'm designed yon lordings' slave
By nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn,
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn.

This rebellion against the unequal distribution of the good things in life is the dominating strain that runs through the larger part of his poetry.

It perhaps reaches its climax in "A Man's a Man for a' That," which in spite of the fact that it is but poor poetry sounds the very keynote of democracy. There is a fine note of independence sounded in the lines:

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head an' a' that
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that
Our toils obscure an' a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowdh for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)
That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that.
It's comin' yet, for a' that,

That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

But such utterances as these are by no means the greatest service that Burns did to democracy. Far greater still were his achievements in the drawing together of the rich and poor into the great bond of brotherhood which he prophesies; and in the inculcation of the great doctrine of Christian charity. For all Burns' honest indignation for the unworthy rich and great, he is ever ready to honour and look up to such of them as deserved it. Witness his beautiful lament for James, Earl of Glencairn, and many others of his poems. But while he taught respect for those in authority, a far more necessary service that he rendered humanity, was to teach the rich and the great to know the worth of the poor; and foremost among the poems that does this is that beautiful idyll of Scottish life, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which, despite some literary defects, is one of the grandest works ever written. Here the nobility and sterling worth of the Scottish peasant was described in terms that could not fail to inspire admiration and pride in the breasts of all patriotic Scotsmen, and to force the recognition of all men for the true place of the labouring man in the body politic of the world.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of
God.'"

By such words as these, glowing with honest feeling and patriotic fervor, the the palace was forced to take consideration of the cottage and the two were insensibly drawn together in closer bonds of mutual respect and affection.

Through the whole of Burns' poetry there is a deep sense of the poet's realization of the tragedy of human existence, and the necessity that men by their mutual forbearance and assistance should strive at least to alleviate the darkness

of the destiny that hems them in. The spirit of charity and kindness is ever at the surface with him ready to brim over. What a powerful sermon against self pride and Pharaseeism there is in his "Address to the Unco Guid!"

"Then gently scan your brother man
And gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

How tender, too, he is towards the lower creation. How sympathetic with the misfortune of the mousie his "poor earth-born companion an' fellow mortal." Mouse and man, he feels are alike subject to the same drear lot of disappointment though the mouse's sorrow ends in death.

"But Mousie, thou are no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley;
An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
For promised joy!"

After all then, the great message that Burns brought to the world was that of brotherly love and Christian charity.

"Man's inhumanity to man" was the great cause of all its suffering and misery. Equality of wealth or station is an impossibility while men are born endowed with different capabilities; but so long as all observe the golden rule the true democracy of equal rights for everyone must result. After all the poet was too wise a man not to see that true happiness comes from within.

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
An' centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich or great,
But never can be blest!

"Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy long;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrong."

Alas, if poor Burns could only have been as wise for himself as he was for humanity, the story of his life might have been a very different one.



Mexico.

G. Roberts

WITHIN the present year the eyes of many people in many countries have been turned to Mexico.

From time immemorial this little known country has been pregnant with interest for the antiquarian, and the archæologist. Its treasures of a bygone art, its traditions and legends of a bygone people, its half buried monuments of a bygone civilization still remain but imperfectly explored.

But it is to none of these that the world and especially the western world, is turning its thoughts. The productions of nature, and the wealth which lies, or is supposed to be in its undeveloped commerce has made it the subject of careful observation to speculating business men.

It is not the object of this article to expatiate on the natural beauties, or commercial advantages of Mexico, but in the hope of supplying a growing demand for clear and truthful information, the writer proposes to set down briefly the result of his observations made during his varied travels in many parts of the Republic.

Mexico in its conveniences for settlement and immigration differs in nowise from other countries lying within the same latitudes namely: 15 deg. S. and 40 deg. N. of the equator. Its climate is healthful all through the interior, and the east coast. Even in those few places on the western seaboard which lie below the sea, and are surrounded by swamps, nature has met the difficulty by leaving these spots open to the full sweep of the Pacific breezes, thus from Guaynas in the north to Guatemala in the south, there is no spot which can be called truly malarial.

Mosquitos there are both musical and

dumb in the low-lying lands even by the sea shore, and this to such an extent that many of the houses are entirely surrounded by wire gauze, which covers every cranny and crevice from roof to basement.

Without any doubt the inconveniences and dangers accruing from the noisome insects of which we hear so much, namely the scorpia, the tarantulae, and a host of others, real and imaginery have been greatly exaggerated; at all events as regards the western slope of the mountains. During the last five months the writer although engaged in a search for entymological specimens throughout the region lying between Salina Cruz, Guaymas, and the islands in the Gulf of California has seen but one tarantulae, and although it is an everyday occurrence to see the natives stung by the scorpion, it must be remembered that these men live and work far back among the timber and swamps.

The climate of Mexico varies with the different altitudes. Mexico City, which stands at a height of 7,300 feet, has probably the most beautiful climate in the world. Although far down in the tropics the heat is never oppressive; the air is bracing, and not unfrequently a few degrees of frost are experienced in the early morning during the months of December and January. But Mexico City in many respects is unique among cities in the Republic, and the limited space at our control forbids us to give a thorough description of it in this article.

The writer hopes to be able to dedicate an entire article to this city on a future occasion.

Throughout the length and breadth of the Republic there are two seasons, the wet and the dry. The former lasts about

five months, on the coast a little less. This wet season is by no means the least enjoyable part of the year, for the inconvenience of the dampness is far out-balanced by the cool temperature it brings with it; moreover there are those who think that the rains of the one season are infinitely preferable to the sand storms in certain places, of the dry.

In most of the low-lying districts the growth of fruit can vie with, if indeed it does not surpass that of any part of the world.

In the little town of Acapulco one morning in September, the writer has gathered mangoes, bananas, almonds, and other delicious fruits in the main street of the town, the same afternoon walking ankle deep in wild limes, by the road side, shaken down by the wind. These same limes are brought in by the natives in baskets and primeval wheelbarrows, to be shipped to San Francisco in enormous quantities.

Much discussion has taken place, and divers conclusions come to as regards the possibility of shipping fruit from this and other ports into Canada. The writer of this article has formed an opinion on this same question, but since it is only an opinion, he refrains from setting it down, merely contenting himself with the following remark. If the first principle of business is to buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest, then most emphatically buy fruit at Acapulco, and sell in B. C.

The lumber on the western slope of the mountains has up to the present been practically untouched for commercial purposes.

Lumber and development camps, saw and planing mills, and other enterprises of a similar description on the east coast, near the ports of Tampico, Vera Cruz, and Coatzacoalcos are being rapidly opened up, and are already showing signs of great prosperity. The chief woods of Western Mexico are mahogany, logwood, *lignum vitae*, eucalyptus, and many valuable medicinal barks. There is no soft wood of any value but so common are these precious trees that for scores of miles valuable mahogany is used for railway ties, and the roughest construction

work, whilst dye wood which is worth nine guineas a ton on the wharf at Hamburg is explicitly used as fire wood for cooking. This log wood is being daily exported from Vera Cruz and Coatzacoalcos, and now that the Tehuantepec Railway is an accomplished fact, large quantities have also been shipped to those ports from the open country about Salina Cruz.

Mining in Mexico requires no comment. While it is generally supposed that the mountains of lower California, and indeed of all the west coast are the richest part of the country, but little development, or even prospecting has been done in this region, owing to a scarcity of water and lack of means of transport. Silver mines are being worked in three or four places in the mountains behind Mazatlan, and copper south of Acapulco. Free milling gold in unpayable quantities has been found within a short distance of the coast. Occasionally one meets a solitary white man come down from the hills, from whom reliable and intelligent information can be obtained. These all agree in pronouncing the country richly mineralized. Of course in the little towns where sundry white men have settled, specimens of great value, and wonderful stories are meted out to the traveller.

In the ancient settlement of Acapulco for instance, plaza gold has been found in ruts in the streets, just as it has in well nigh every new born city in the early days of its struggle for prominence, not even excepting Vancouver. Bearing in mind the camps which in other parts have been developed, and noting that the geological formation of the west differs but little from those parts, there can be little doubt but that as the country is opened up by railways, and the practical impassibility done away with, mining will be the foremost industry along the west coast.

But apart from these standard sources of wealth, which are possessed by other countries to a greater or lesser degree, Mexico has many opportunities peculiar to herself. There are a hundred and one propositions into which a small capital judiciously invested could not fail to bring enormous returns. By way of ex-

ample I will mention one, each detail of which is known to me. Among a certain group of islands, and for many miles along the main land shore, the waters abound with sardines, such countless myriads of them that the whole colour of the sea is changed. Specimens have been pronounced of the highest quality, and it is a known fact that these shoals are there the whole year around. There is fresh water and every convenience for living on some of these islands. Their beaches are stored with coal, which when ground contains an excellent lime. Building stone abounds, and fuel is there for the cutting. The government's permission to take on this industry in one or many of the islands mentioned would cost less than one hundred dollars Mexican per annum. Many of the rocks in the vicinity are covered with guano which would be easy to ship, and on one of the islands there is an outcrop of pure phosphates, supposed to be more valuable as an enricher of the soil than any fertilizer whether manufactured or natural which we at present know of. Labour is within easy reach, and can be got for one dollar Mexican per day. Moreover, this region lies directly in the route of ships, contains deep anchorage and is but one day's journey from an important Mexican port. It's only drawback to human habitation is the quantity of mosquitoes which are found there, worse than anywhere else in or out of Mexico.

At the present time there exist four principal railways in Mexico. The Mexican Central from the United States, which enters Mexico via Eagle Pass, and Torreon perhaps deserves first mention. On this line there are two side trips which no visitor to Mexico should miss. Cuernavaca, seventy-five miles south of the most prominent tourist resorts in the Republic. It is semi-tropical, and the scenery en route is truly magnificent. Guadalupe, aptly termed the "Pearl of the Occident," as a show city, is second only to Mexico City itself. It is historic, clean, and has many interesting surroundings, chief of which is Lake Chapala, which contains over one thousand square miles of water, and accord-

ing to the famous Baron Humboldt is the most beautiful lake in the world.

The other railway connecting Mexico with the United States is the National, which enters the country via Laredo, and is equal in every way to the Central.

The oldest line in Mexico is the Mexican Railway, sometimes known as the Queen's Own. It runs from Mexico City to Vera Cruz. It was commenced in 1858, and finished in 1873. Without doubt this line is the most picturesque in the country.

The traveller descends 7,000 feet in twelve hours and the feats of engineering must be seen to be appreciated.

Lastly, there is the Tehauntepec Railway, which runs from Coatzacoalcas to Salina Cruz. It was built by Sir Weetman Pearson of harbour fame, and completed only last year. This line is known as "The heart of the tropics route," and is the connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Besides the lines already mentioned, there are several smaller lines on the west coast.

Much construction work is in progress. At Guaymas a line already runs to Goctines on the border of the United States, and there connects with American railways to all parts of the country. At Mazatlan there are three hundred white men, and more than a thousand Indians engaged in railway construction.

Much of the lumber of this, and the other points down to Salina Cruz is being shipped from Victoria and Vancouver by the new lines of steamers which have just been started.

From Manzanillo a local line runs back a distance of thirty miles to the ancient and interesting town of Colima, and from Acapulco plans are being rapidly matured for constructing a connecting line with the Mexican Central at Balsas.

At the present time most of the trade, both passengers and freight, is done by means of local steamships, which, however, are fast succumbing to the superior accommodation and greater speed of the ocean lines which call from point to point. The speed with which these lines are multiplying is truly colossal.

It is no uncommon sight at Salina Cruz

to see ships of eight or ten of the largest companies of the world moored side by side along the quays. The shipping records at Mazatlan show an increase in tonnage of two hundred per cent. in the last three months. The principal articles of import being coal, soft wood, and manufactured goods.

The space at our command will not allow of our entering minutely into a more detailed account of these steamship and railway companies. This, with a description of the towns, their commerce, and their peoples must be reserved for a future article.

The Sun Is Gone.

George Franks.

The sun is gone, and o'er the western hills
The cold dark shadows come—The sun is gone,
And with it went the warmth and light of day
When man is glad to live; now all is gray
And gloomy; Faintly weird there falls upon
All Nature twilight's pall, and subtly chills
The softly dying breeze with mournful thrills.

The sun is gone, alas—but why despond?
O'erhead the many merry million lights
Wink cheerily from out the darkening sky,
Peopling the vastness of that canopy
With wee fantastic ever-restless sprites;
As if a fairy queen in fancy fond
Had loosed her elves by one wave of her wand.

The sun is gone—but now the glorious moon
Rises in grandeur from her unseen home,
Shedding a wondrous light on all around,
And soothes the night to stillness. Not a sound
Disturbs all Nature 'neath her spangled dome,
Nor frights the little gnomes who surely soon
Will sport and gambol at the fairies' noon.

'Tis but a little while—a little while
Till the warm sparkling sun shines out again:
The night is wondrous fair in spite of all,
Save for the hour when Twilight's darkening pall
Brings to the sun-kissed earth contrasting pain
For one short span—'tis but a transient trial,
Forgotten in the morrow's dawning smile.

The Secret of Happiness.

E. M. Vance

OH DEAR! When will this drudgery end," exclaimed Beatrice, as she drew on her gloves.

"I am tired of it, and long for the time to come when I shall be rich and happy, and not have to work for other people."

"And when will that be?" quietly asked her mother, as she looked up at Beatrice, and smiled.

"I am sure I don't know, but I am tired of seeing you sitting there sewing and working hard for those children, while other people have nothing to do."

"Never mind, Beatrice, I do not mind the work. We will just have to do the best we can."

"Well, I wish I could feel like you do! Good-bye mother, I will be back in a day or two," and the girl opened the door, and went out.

Beatrice Halloway was a young girl, just past her eighteenth birthday. She was a pretty girl, with brown eyes, rosy cheeks and an abundance of rich auburn hair. Being one of a large family, she was obliged to work to support herself, and this she did not do willingly. She worked for a lady not far from her own home, so often came home to see her mother.

As she walked along the street, she suddenly exclaimed, "I wish something would happen!" but little did she think that anything would happen, so soon.

Next morning, her mistress came to her, and said:

"Beatrice, I wish you would see about the dinner, and have the table set carefully, for I am expecting my nephew here, from New York, this evening.

"Very well, ma'am," replied Beatrice, "I will do the best I can."

It was Beatrice's special duty to look after the table and to serve the meals.

She did not have to work hard, and she would have been happy if she had done her work in the right spirit. She thought if she was only rich, she would be happy.

"I wonder who this nephew is," thought Beatrice, to herself, "but I suppose it does not make any difference to me, so long as I see that he gets a good dinner."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Gray's nephew, Harry Baker, arrived.

He was a handsome young man, and as his parents were both dead, he had an immense fortune left to him. Being tired of New York, he had come to visit his aunt and cousins, John and Marie Gray.

When dinner was ready, Mrs. Gray came into the library, where Harry was talking to his cousins, and said:

"Come, Harry, I am sure you must be nearly starved, after such a long journey, but I think you will find something to satisfy your appetite, if you will come to the dining-room."

"I am not starving," replied Harry, laughing, "but I have no objection to eating something."

They sat down to dinner, and very soon the bell rang, and Beatrice had to go and see what was wanted.

As she opened the door, Harry's knife and fork dropped from his hands, and he seemed to have forgotten everything, except to gaze at Beatrice Halloway. It was a good thing for Beatrice, that she was busy, and did not notice him. Not until she opened the door and went out, did he take his eyes off her.

"Well Harry!" exclaimed John, "you seem to have fallen in love at first sight."

"Oh no, not quite that bad," replied Harry, laughing and blushing, "but who

is she, anyway? I do not think I have ever seen such a pretty girl!"

"Her name is Beatrice Halloway," said Mrs. Gray, "and she is a very nice girl, but I would not advise you to fall in love with her. She is only my dining-room girl."

But there was no use to warn Harry, not to do, what he had already done.

Every time Beatrice came into the room, his eye followed her, constantly.

During the weeks that followed, Harry was very busy, attending parties, and going sight-seeing, but he always had time to watch Beatrice, if she was near. He did not often have a chance to speak to her, but if he did speak to her it was always in a kind way.

One day, Beatrice was sitting in the dining-room, reading, when, she suddenly became aware that there was someone in the room. She looked up, and saw Harry standing in front of her.

"That seems to be an interesting book?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, it is, replied Beatrice, blushing, for she never felt very comfortable, when Harry was near her.

"I suppose it is a love story?" continued Harry.

"Oh yes, it is about some rich people."

"And how would you like to be rich, Beatrice?"

"I would like it very much, but I guess I never will be."

"How would you like to go to New York, and live with me?"

"Mr. Baker, you are jesting!"

"No, indeed, I am not!" exclaimed Harry, "I never was more in earnest in my life! Will you be my wife, dear Beatrice?"

"Oh! but you must, I cannot live without you. I have loved you from the first time that I saw you. Dear Beatrice! say that you love me!" and he caught her hands in his own.

"But you cannot love a poor girl like me," replied Beatrice, bursting into tears.

"I do! I do! Say that you will be my own!"

For reply, she raised her tearful eyes to his, and he clasped her in his arms, and knew that she was his own.

Soon after, Beatrice burst in at the door of her mother's home, and exclaimed:

"Oh! mother, you never could guess what has happened! Harry Baker has asked me to be his wife, and he is going to take me to New York, and I will be rich, and have everything I want!"

Mrs. Halloway was so much surprised, she could not say anything at first, but after a few minutes she said:

"Beatrice, you would not be happy if you married Mr. Baker. You have never been accustomed to the life you would have to lead if you were the wife of a man of position, and you would soon get tired of it, and anyway, I do not think you love him. Beatrice said little, but looked very sober the rest of the evening.

When Harry told his aunt and cousins of his intention, they were as much surprised as Mrs. Halloway had been.

"You will surely never marry that girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

"That is just what I intend to do," quietly replied Harry.

"But she is so much beneath you! She has never been used to your style of life, and will soon tire of it, and you will soon tire of her."

It seemed to be of no use to try to persuade either of them, for nothing could move them from their resolution.

They were married, and went to New York. For a time Beatrice enjoyed her new life very much, but, as her mother had told her, she soon began to grow tired of it. Part of a letter which she afterwards wrote, will explain how she felt.

"Dear Mother! I sometimes long for a chance to go back and see you. Harry is very kind to me, but he has so many business affairs to look after, that he is away a great deal of his time. There are so many servants to look after, and balls to attend, and company to receive, that really I am sick of it! I do not believe that wealth is the secret of happiness after all."

"Poor girl," sighed her mother as she read these words, "if she would only be contented, she would have the greatest secret of all, for happiness."

When Greek Meets Greek

Ruby M. Ayres

SHE was a flirt.

He was a flirt too, and they sat out a dance together.

She had been bored the whole evening.

It was her twenty-fifth birthday, and she was beginning to think that, perhaps, after all life might be lived more advantageously than merely exchanging frivolities with men who cared no more for her than she did for them.

He had been bored too.

A girl in whom he had been interested had got engaged, and he was annoyed.

He hadn't wanted to marry her exactly, but her waltz step suited his, and she was always perfectly gowned; he liked to walk by the side of a well-dressed girl, so he regretted her engagement.

He sat by his partner with a frown on his face, wondering if her thoughts wandered in the same direction as his own, for the well-dressed girl with the perfect waltz-step was engaged to a man whom he hardly remembered to have seen away from the company of the fair-haired beauty who sat by his side, absently pulling to pieces one of the pink roses she wore in her dress.

He had never talked with this girl before, and it seemed an unutterable bore to go over the old ground again with her. He had asked for a dance, and had suggested sitting it out. They had not spoken since her languid hand had fallen from his languid arm.

They had never even faintly wished to become better acquainted, and now that they sat side by side, it seemed too much trouble to talk and discover whether either were like all the others that had gone before, or something refreshingly different. Once or twice, across a ball-room, he had admired her daintily-poised head, but now that the

smooth fair waves of her hair were but an inch or two from his shoulder, he scarcely turned his eyes in their direction. The news of the other girl's engagement filled both their minds unpleasantly.

She was wondering, in weariness, tinged with faint amusement, in what way she had failed with the other man whom the girl, with no beauty to speak of, had captured. She had decided, weeks ago, that if he asked her, she would accept him, for he was rich, and had a title in perspective. But he had not asked her and the fact had left a sense of mortification, if no deeper feeling.

She wished she had been able to say last night, in answer to the careless announcement of his engagement, that he might also congratulate her, but even if she had foreseen his engagement, there was no man she would have cared to put in his place. Men wearied her.

This man knew that he had not been in love with the girl whose dainty note had, that evening, apprised him of her engagement. It was wounded vanity he suffered from.

He took a rapid review of their—what for want of a better word he called "friendship."

In no instance could he recall having bored her. Halifax moved restlessly in his vexation. It would be a triumph to turn the tables on her, but, alas, there was no girl that appealed to him sufficiently to warrant even a pretence at devotion.

It was all very irritating, and in the meantime, he was neglecting his partner shamefully. He turned his head—she was looking at him.

Their eyes met, and Halifax became aware of a bewitching dimple.

Lucile realised that his eyes were grey,

and keenly alert, in spite of their slightly bored expression.

A faint feeling of surprise stirred her, that the girl had preferred the other man.

She laughed softly, and the weariness vanished from her. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to protest, but he leaned back in his chair and laughed softly, too.

"I am not always so uninteresting," he said.

"I have not found you uninteresting," she replied. "As a matter of fact, I had forgotten you were there."

A sudden gleam leaped into the man's eyes, but it died down quickly. "So good of you to say that," he retorted evenly. "It relieves me of unnecessary politeness. I also had forgotten you were there."

The girl shut her fan with a click.

From beneath her long lashes she cast a swift glance at him.

She remembered she had been told that he was the greatest flirt in London. At the same moment he recalled a similar statement regarding her.

The last trace of boredom vanished from their faces.

"The old plan of campaign would not avail him in this case," he was thinking.

"How to meet the attack when he led it," she was wondering.

He decided to reconnoitre.

"I have been to thirty-nine dances this season," he said, "but I have realised to-night, for the first time, that they bore me."

The girl's lip curled in amusement.

"I have been to forty, and I realised it at the second dance," she said.

He looked down the long corridor where they were sitting with a fine assumption of carelessness, but in reality he was immensely entertained by her retort.

He had found a girl who would fight him with his own weapons, instead of standing by, as so many of the others had done, to be hit or missed at his pleasure.

He turned to her suddenly.

"It was your partners, of course?" he said.

Lucile looked down at the toe of her

pink slipper which peeped from the hem of her skirt like a rosebud.

"I suppose it was—mostly," she admitted.

Halifax decided that her designs on the other man had been purely mercenary. He also decided upon something else; and it brought a dangerous sparkle to his eyes, that would have boded ill for the girl by his side had she been anybody else; but Lucile caught the sparkle and smiled to herself.

"You were not interested in them?" he asked, still attacking the same point.

"Perhaps not," she returned coolly.

She reopened her fan with an impatient movement.

"There's nothing more wearisome than having to feign interest before you can induce a man to talk even platitudes!" she said with sudden energy. "A man should compel interest, and draw you out before you are aware of the fact. The dinners I have struggled through with men who never would have made a remark had I not exerted myself to make them!" she laughed.

"There are exceptions," said Halifax.

"Of course," she agreed, "but they are always allotted to the inane woman—they never fall to my share."

"Yet, some day, I suppose you will condescend to take the name of one of these society pests?" said Halifax. "And even grow to tolerate him."

"Possibly," said Lucile. "One must marry," she added nonchalantly.

"Must?" echoed Halifax. "Then you do believe in the old-fashioned idea of love and marriage being inseparable," he pursued.

Lucile glanced at him. He returned the look innocently.

"I believe in it so implicitly," she said slowly, "that I do not agree that it is old-fashioned. The loveless marriages one sees nowadays are the fault of the men. They are too much occupied with other things to trouble to learn to love a woman. When the time comes for them to marry, they look round and casually choose the one that catches their fancy, but as to loving her——"

"Do you mean that the men are incapable of love or that the women are

incapable of inspiring it?" asked Halifax interestedly.

The girl hesitated. "I think," she said presently, "they each waste so much of themselves in meaningless flirtations, that when they would love, there is no capacity for it left."

"And you are quite resigned to a modern marriage?" questioned Halifax.

"Failing anything better," she said frivolously.

She sighed lightly and unconsciously as she spoke, for she found herself thinking that it must be rather an enviable state to be engaged to a man who did not bore one.

Halifax made a mental note of the sigh, though he could not be quite sure if it were genuine.

The girl turned her face to his with a slight pucker between her brows.

She decided that he was better than a merely handsome man, for the oftener one looked at his face, the oftener one desired to look, and she wondered again in what way the other man had proved more attractive.

"Do I bore you?" Halifax asked suddenly.

"I have never talked with you before," she said, smiling. "When we have been sent in to dinner together two or three times, I shall be able to tell you."

"Shall I be assigned to you as one in whom you must feign interest?" he inquired gravely, "or shall I be asked to take you in because you are one of the inane women who need amusing partners?"

"That also, I will tell you when I know you better," she laughed.

"Perhaps we shall be the exception which proves the rule," he suggested.

"You agree then, that it is a rule?"

"I think it might be," he admitted. "But I can remember some dinners that I have enjoyed, and it was entirely due to my partner."

"In that respect, then," said Lucile quickly, "I score, for no dinner stands out in my mind as enjoyed because of an amusing partner, though there are many I remember because of stifling more yawns than at others."

"You did not wait for me to add,"

said Halifax gravely, "that on these occasions my partner was a deaf old lady who told me, with the soup, that I need not talk to her, as she couldn't hear, and who ended, with the dessert, by thanking me for obeying her wishes." He laughed. "On all other occasions, where stupidity has not bored me, the fact that I pretended I was entertained, bored me still more."

He rose, offering his arm, as the music from the distant ballroom came down the corridor.

Lucile felt glad that the other man had found the other girl more attractive than herself; there was much more interest with a man such as Halifax, and if one must marry, as one must, the choice might as well fall on a man of whom one could be proud.

Halifax had not gone so far in his thoughts as his companion, but he had caught sight of an auburn head across the room, and a dainty figure that had walked by his side rather often during the past weeks, and he bent towards his companion with careful attention.

"Next time we meet," he said, in a more tender tone than the words seemed to warrant, "you will tell me if you found me like—all the others?"

"Yes," said Lucile.

When he left her, she watched him cross the room. At the door he looked back, and saw that she was watching him.

A slight smile swept over his face, and a sort of unspoken challenge was flung down and taken up between them.

* * * * *

"The hour is come," said Halifax tragically, one evening a week later.

He paused to avoid treading on a silken skirt trailing in front of him. He looked down at Lucile on his arm.

She raised very blue and innocent eyes to his.

"The hour for dinner?" she queried.

A shade of annoyance crossed his face.

He had been at such pains to remember their past conversation; had even asked to be allowed to take her in to dinner, and now she pretended forgetfulness of his meaning. He took refuge

in mock disconsolation, which held a tinge of sincerity.

"Tell me that you have forgotten my name, and I will forgive you, but do not say you have forgotten that my taking you into dinner will decide my future in your eyes."

Lucile laughed.

"You surely cannot expect me to remember all the nonsense we talked. Let me think—two nights ago, was it?"

Halifax considered for a moment. "Yes, two nights ago," he echoed, with deliberate untruthfulness, looking at his companion's charming profile.

She had scored once; in future she should find him more wary.

They were seated at the long table, and she had spread her serviette over her white satin lap before Halifax spoke again.

"I think we might start afresh," he said.

"Would you like me to begin by saying that the week since I saw you has been the loneliest in my life?" she inquired, with mock seriousness.

"I should indeed," Halifax smilingly returned.

"Because I can always tell these little fibs in the interest of society," she added.

"I cannot see," said Halifax, "how society would benefit by your admitting that you were pleased to see me."

"It would gratify your vanity and make you pleasant for the rest of the evening, and thus I should be conferring an obligation on society."

"You take it for granted that it would gratify my vanity?" said Halifax.

"Of course," said Lucile disdainfully. "A man is always gratified to know a girl is thinking of him."

"It has its responsibilities too," he murmured.

"I did not know a man ever realised the responsibilities of a heartache," the girl said loftily.

"Oh, you didn't say your heart ached," retorted Halifax wickedly.

"I did not know you expected me to," she answered, "but if it will give you any pleasure, I can easily say it."

She looked up at him, and Halifax looked down at her, and both laughed

lightly. "You are so obliging," he said, "that I am tempted to ask, in fear and trembling, if you are not exerting yourself to make me talk. If so, I beg you will give me a chance, say, till the entree, of proving that I can 'compel your interest, and draw you out'—I believe those were your words."

"I don't think you can do that," she said. "I have really got into such a way of expecting to be bored that I hardly realise now when I am not."

"Then I shall have to tell you," said Halifax promptly. "And as a beginning, I will say that you are not in the least bored now."

"Politeness forbids me to contradict you," said the girl, with a swift upward glance and smile.

"And truthfulness also," supplemented Halifax. "I am going to begin your education at once, and teach you how to enjoy life."

"Don't, I beg of you," said Lucile quickly. "I have chosen my path, and—it doesn't lie that way."

"Which way?" he demanded.

"The way you would lead me," she answered.

"But I never said that I should lead you," Halifax retorted.

"No," she admitted. "But I am sure you would."

She stole a mischievous glance at him from beneath her long lashes, and Halifax frowned.

He had never before met a girl so well versed in the art of which he was a past-master as this girl, and he was not sure that he liked the experience.

He sat silently crumbling his bread.

"We are at the entree," said a soft voice.

"Then," said Halifax, smiling, "I have interested you sufficiently for you to remember what I said."

"I have a good memory for detail," she submitted.

"Then," said Halifax quickly, "tell me what you meant by saying you had chosen your path, and that it lay in a different direction to mine. I had hoped," he continued, with a mock sigh, "that I was to have the pleasure of boring you through many more dinners."

"It was in the agreement that you were not to bore," she said evasively.

"Keep to the point," said Halifax severely, "and explain your speech; or was it only one of those 'meaningless nothings' of which you tell me you keep an endless store for the benefit of mankind?"

"Indeed, no." Lucile twisted her wineglass with uneasy fingers. "It is a hard fact that has to be looked squarely in the face." She paused.

"In another month London will know me no more."

"Nor me either," he answered. "Are you going abroad, or to the country?"

"I don't know—it matters so little, as I am not returning."

"Why?" The question came sincerely, and realising it, Halifax hastened to add lightly, "Does London bore you also?"

"No, but London is tired of me." She looked up at him. "And now, of course," she added, "you are wondering how many seasons I have been out, and how old I am."

"I assure you I am not," he declared, and his voice rang sincere again. "But if you would like to tell me—"

"I shouldn't like to at all," she said hastily, "because you wouldn't believe me."

"But if I promise that I will."

"A man's promises count for so little," she said wearily, and the man frowned again.

"And sometimes a woman's counts for nothing at all," he said.

"And sometimes for—everything," Lucile interrupted. "Yes, I'll have some grapes."

Halifax cut some for her. She noticed that his hands were strong, capable hands, in spite of their whiteness.

"If you are not coming back to London," he said abruptly, "how are you going to marry one of the inane men?"

"Oh, there are inane men in the country," said Lucile.

"You still mean to marry?"

Lucile flushed.

"Will you pick up my gloves, please," she said.

Halifax dived under the table.

"Please don't say the dinner has seemed interminable," he pleaded, as he rose and handed them to her.

"I told you I was seldom truthful if I could benefit society by being otherwise," she retorted," as she passed him.

Later she moved her skirts to make room for him beside her, but Halifax shook his head. "One cannot breathe in this room," he said, looking round discontentedly at the laughing groups, and at the stream of black coats coming in at the doorway.

"There is a conservatory," he said. "Will you come?"

"I feel a deserter," said Lucile, as she passed under the portiere which he held aside for her.

"Soothe your conscience; you will be entertaining me," said Halifax. "Is not this better than the drawing-room? What a scent of roses; it makes one long for an old-fashioned country garden."

Lucile sank into a basket-chair in a shadowy corner, and Halifax moved about with his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to admire some delicate exotic.

"If one might smoke," he said with a sigh.

"If you are waiting for my permission," said Lucile, "you may, but I will not answer for the effect it may have on the flowers."

"I have smoked here before," said Halifax, and he struck a match and gravely lit a cigar.

He drew a few puffs, then halted by Lucile's chair, gravely contemplating her from his superior height.

"Is marriage the goal of every woman's ambition?" he asked abruptly.

Lucile's fingers stopped their idle drumming on the arm of the chair, and she looked up inquiringly.

"Women such as I?" she demanded.

Halifax studied the glowing end of his cigar with minute care.

"Yes," he said.

The girl's fingers resumed their nervous movement.

"It depends," she said slowly. "If a woman has money, she waits, and speculates, and has a good time. If she has

no money——.” She broke off with a slight shrug.

“She marries an inane man and gets money?” Halifax supplemented, then he strolled away to the end of the conservatory.

“Why an inane man?” he queried, when his idle stroll brought him opposite her once more.

Lucile laughed. “You seem interested in the problem,” she said.

Halifax flicked the ash from the end of his cigar. He knew she was watching him curiously. After a moment she rose, and her long skirts trailed over the matted floor.

“Do you think I might have one of these beauties?” she asked.

She lifted her white arms, and drew down a cluster of fragrant roses to her face.

Halifax looked on speculatively.

“Do you think I may?” she repeated, turning her face towards him.

Halifax threw away his half-smoked cigar, and took a determined step forward.

“Take me in place of the inane man,” he said.

For an instant she neither moved nor spoke, then slowly she let the branch of roses swing back to its place.

“Do you mean—marry you?” she asked, in a calm, even voice.

Her cheeks had lost a little of their delicate colouring, and beneath the soft laces on her breast her heart was beating tumultuously, but Halifax saw only the steadiness of her eyes; heard only the calm tones of her voice.

He was a little piqued. His words must have surprised her, he argued, seeing how vastly they had surprised himself.

When he threw his cigar into the fern-bed, he had not had the least intention of saying what he had said.

And his words had surprised her, though she was too clever to let him see it. In a flash she thought of what marriage to him might mean. Wealth, position, London—everything she most desired were hers for the accepting. The knowledge was almost overwhelming.

While she stood in amazement, Halifax was answering her question.

“Why not?” he asked lightly. “You might do worse. I am sure we should get on together excellently. I have six thousand a year, and you could buy quite a lot of frocks during the year.”

He looked down, smiling indulgently at her.

Lucile regarded him thoughtfully. “It would be interesting to know why you have asked me,” she said.

“Your own argument. One must marry,” he continued, “and I would prefer a clever wife to a stupid one. Will not the compliment tempt you?”

She wondered if he had been so impersonal in his other flirtations, or if any had seen in his eyes something more than mere interest.

It suddenly occurred to her that she would have liked to love him. She felt sorry that by being so precipitate he had put an end to such a possibility.

“You are honest, at any rate,” she said. “You do not pretend an overwhelming love for me.”

“I have pretended so often before,” said Halifax, with sudden candour. “It is more of a novelty to be honest.” Then, as if realising how ungallant were his words, he hastened to add, “But that sort of thing will come when we are married.”

“I don’t think that ‘sort of thing,’ as you call it, ever comes after marriage,” said Lucile, dully. She felt very lonely and uncared for.

It was strange that with her beauty and charm of manner no man had loved her. The comparative obscurity of life in the country suddenly seemed less terrible than the thought of living with this man, who would always be attentive, polite, amusing, but who would never love her. He laid his hand on hers, and its touch made her feel weak and dependent.

Here was a man whose mission in life should have been to care for some woman, but who had frittered away his right, and now offered her the husk of that love which she had dreamed would some day be hers. He would marry her, yes, but it would all be emptiness, be-

cause their hearts would always be divided.

He was speaking again, and there was a touch of feeling in his usually smooth tones. Had he guessed something of her thoughts? "Perhaps we shall prove the great exception to the rule," he was saying. "Shall we, Lucile?" She drew her hand from his with sudden passion, of which she had not thought herself capable.

"No," she said. "No—no—I can't marry you."

She stood looking at him breathlessly, her eyes wide, her hands clasping one another strenuously.

She read the surprise in his eyes, and she forced a laugh. "It wouldn't do," she said. She went back to the basket-chair in the shadow, and leaned her head against the cushions.

She felt shaken, and could not quite command her voice.

"It wouldn't do," she repeated.

Halifax came to her side, and, leaning down, looked into her eyes.

"Why?" he demanded masterfully.

She closed her eyes against the insistence in his.

"Why?" she echoed. "Oh, there are so many reasons. You hardly know me, and you are not an inane man. I could marry an inane man, not loving him—but not you." She laughed again. "It would end disastrously for one of us," she added.

Halifax straightened himself. "Perhaps you are right," he said, in his old nonchalant tone. "When Greek meets Greek. It would be continual combat, and, as you say, there would be no love to level things."

Lucile made no answer.

Halifax took a cigarette from his pocket and lit it carefully. "If we had met five years ago," he said, "we should probably have fallen in love; there would have been no question then, of unsuitability."

"So it is just as well that we did not meet. People will miss us," she said.

"And then people will talk," he added with a mock sigh. He offered his arm, and she laid the tips of her fingers in it.

As they passed between the roses, a

thorny spray caught in her dress. She stooped to free herself, and drew back with a little exclamation of pain.

"If you had not been so impatient," said Halifax.

He released the spray, and possessed himself of her hand.

"It was only a thorn," she explained hastily.

"There is actually a pin-spot of blood," said Halifax gravely.

He gently brushed it away with his handkerchief, and looked down at her with eyes that he did not know were tender, still holding her hand.

"Now, if only you had said 'Yes' to my excellent proposal," he said gravely, though his lips smiled, "it would have been my privilege to 'kiss the place and make it well,' as we used to in our nursery days. Will you not reconsider it?"

Lucile drew her hand away with a little shiver.

"If I had said 'Yes,'" she replied lightly, "you would already have been well on the way to weary of me, but as it is——"

"As it is?" questioned Halifax.

"As it is, it is time we went back to the drawing-room," said Lucile.

He held aside the portiere.

* * * * *

Halifax leaned over the low wall, and flung a handful of confetti after the departing carriage.

He looked down at the girl by his side.

"Are you envious!" she asked.

"Frightfully!" said Halifax energetically. "He has settled the momentous question of his life, while I have still to find somebody who will accept the responsibility of mine, and all that appertains thereto."

"Which should not be a difficult task," said Lucile. "A bachelor is invariably a bachelor from choice, but a spinster—never, I think."

"Yet there are girls who refuse men every day," said Halifax. "In a moment of foolishness, you even refused me."

"For our mutual good," said Lucile.

"You do not like me any better after three months' acquaintance?"

"I have refused to marry other men whom I liked immensely."

"That reminds me," said Halifax, with the air of one suddenly remembering a detail of small importance. "I was congratulated at the club the other night on my engagement." He paused—"to you," he added, with deliberation.

Lucile twirled her sunshade so that its pink chiffon frills screened her face. "Really!" she said. "That is interesting, as a few days ago I overheard a discussion between two dear friends as to whether I should—'pull it off' was the expression used, I believe."

"What did you say?" he inquired.

"Say?" Lucile laughed. "For a moment I was strongly tempted to say crushingly, 'My dear people, allow me to tell you that I have declined the honour of becoming Mrs. Halifax,' but I refrained."

"What a golden opportunity! Why didn't you do it?"

"Chiefly, I suppose, because they wouldn't have believed me."

"They didn't believe me either," said Halifax ruefully.

"Who didn't believe, and what was it they didn't believe?" Lucile asked, with some show of interest.

"Why, then men at the club, although I assured them in my most convincing manner that there was no truth in the report of our engagement. There isn't, is there?" Halifax concluded, looking quizzically at his companion.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lucile quickly.

"Only this," said Halifax possessing himself of the sunshade and deliberately closing it. "I object to having my line of vision shut out by—chiffon. I found it most embarrassing, I assure you," he continued. "I told them you would not have me, and they smiled; I also asserted that I had never thought seriously of you for a moment, and they were rude enough to laugh so loudly that some one crossed the room to hear the good joke. I left them still laughing."

"Well, it is at least something to have created a little amusement," said the girl calmly, and she composedly re-ar-

ranged a spray of white heather in the front of her bodice.

Halifax had secured it for her when the bride's bouquet was distributed.

"Do you believe that white heather brings luck?" he asked, lazily watching.

"I don't believe anything till I have proved it for myself," said Lucile.

"Does that statement, sweeping as it is, apply to love also?" he inquired.

"Apply it to anything you like."

"Well, I won't apply it to love," said Halifax thoughtfully. "There is too much uncertainty—too much April weather about it."

"That is merely your experience," she reminded him. "Some people find love the most desirable and beautiful thing in the world."

"And is that your experience?" he asked quickly.

"No," she said lingeringly, "I was speaking from what I have heard. I have no experience."

"I am thirsting for an argument," said Halifax. "Let us get away from these frivolous surroundings, and take refuge in the music-room."

"How do you know there is a music room?" she asked.

"Because I have wasted so many hours there," said Halifax promptly. "Because the other man has taken a place that I hoped——" He hesitated and looked at his companion.

"You need not expect me to believe that," said Lucile. They turned and walked slowly up the red-carpeted path and steps into the house. "I am quite sure you have always had what you wished for."

"You are right," said Halifax promptly. "She danced divinely—but—that is all."

"Men have loved women for less," said Lucile. "Is this the shrine?" she added.

She crossed the room, the door of which Halifax held open, and looked down from the window on the gay company in the garden below.

Halifax followed with curious resentment in his eyes. Was she never off her guard, he wondered, that nothing he could say ever revealed her real feel-

ings to him? Only once during their acquaintance, for five minutes, he fancied he had sounded real feeling, and that was when she had refused to marry him. He liked to recall the breathless way she had answered, "No—no—I can't marry you."

In the three months that had passed since then he had never seen her eyes fall before his own—no speech of his had ever deepened the flush in her cheeks or robbed her of it.

She was leaving London next week, and he was going abroad. Thinking of these things, he said, "In a week the stormy billows will roll between us!"

"Only a week!" she echoed. She sighed, and Halifax made a sudden movement, and checked himself.

"Dear London," she said half wistfully. She turned to her, companion with a smile, "Isn't it strange one never appreciates a thing till it has gone?"

"In the present circumstances I call it rather fortunate," he said. "Perhaps next week you will think of me, if not tenderly, let me hope kindly."

Lucile sat on the window-seat and regarded him, her pretty head slightly on one side.

"If I had a photograph of you," she said tragically, "I should probably look on it with tear-dimmed eyes, and——"

"Oh, I shall be delighted to give you one," he interrupted. "Will you have it full-length or head and shoulders?"

"Neither, thanks. I shall remember you sufficiently well without——"

"My image in fact will go with you to your grave—is that it?"

They both laughed—then silence fell upon them.

Lucile looked with thoughtful eyes into the garden.

Why did they always talk nonsense, she thought impatiently.

The hours were passing so rapidly and there seemed so much they might say, and yet, and yet—she could never see deeper into this man's heart than on the night they had both been so dreadfully bored. She could not recall being bored since.

He was wondering if, somewhere in the world, there was a man who had

ever seen her eyes brighten and flash, and the colour deepen in her face, at his coming. If such a man existed he would like to meet him, not to congratulate him on his success, but to wrest the secret from him. It was unendurable that in another week their ways would lie apart.

"It seems a pity you did not accept me when I asked you," he remarked irrelevantly.

She turned her head sharply, and looked down again on the gaily-dressed throng in the garden.

"It would have saved us saying good-bye," he continued. "'Good-bye,' should be struck out of the English language."

"It would merely mean another would have to be invented. I think it is a beautiful word."

"Between relations-in-law, perhaps."

"You are so frivolous," said Lucile, with a touch of impatience. "Some day you will regret the nonsense you have talked, and wish the time could come again."

"There isn't a doubt of it," he agreed, suddenly sober.

"And," brightening, "probably even you may one day be so indiscreet as to regret—your refusal to be my wife."

Halifax would have been shocked had he realised the tender tone of his voice as he lingered over the two last words, but he was watching the girl's face too intently to pay heed to himself.

The faintest colour swept over her cheeks, but she turned her head resolutely to meet his gaze.

"One can never tell to what pass one may come," she said calmly.

Halifax moved restlessly away to the other end of the room, and sat down at the piano.

It was perhaps a natural result of the day's ceremony that his fingers should pick out the first chords of the Wedding March.

Lucile regarded him rather wistfully from across the room.

"I have altered all my plans since I last saw you," said Lucile suddenly.

"Since yesterday afternoon?" asked Halifax sharply.

"Yes. Won't you come nearer; I can't talk to you such a long way off."

Halifax shook his head. "I can bear blows better from a distance," he excused himself.

He had a horrible presentiment that she was going to tell him something to meet which he would require all his fortitude, and with the length of the room between them it would be easier.

"I am going abroad—instead of to the country," said Lucile slowly.

Halifax took up a piece of music, and examined it critically. "Abroad is rather vague," he said. "To what part, exactly?"

Lucile cast a swift glance at him.

"I am going to—Marseilles, first," she said; but Halifax did not catch the last word.

He stood up and squared his shoulders, as if a load had fallen from them.

"That is not so far away," he said, cheerfully. "But why Marseilles?"

"Why anywhere?" queried Lucile.

"I will come to the docks and wave my handkerchief at you," he said. "You will not be away long, I suppose?" he asked, with a slight show of interest.

"No, I shall not be at Marseilles long."

Halifax looked down into the garden, where the gay company was fast diminishing. He turned to her again, and asked abruptly—

"You would despise a man who admitted he was beaten?"

"I should hardly admire him," she answered, raising calm, deliberate eyes to his face.

"For once we are agreed," he said, and his mouth hardened.

Down in the garden the band suddenly started a gay tune.

They stood together silently listening.

"I must go now," she said, with decision. "I have several other engagements."

"What shall I do all by myself?" he said, disconsolately.

Lucile laughed. "What will you do next week, when the 'stormy billows,' to which you alluded, divide us?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Halifax. He opened the door for her to pass out.

* * * * *

"I have brought the handkerchief," said Halifax, sitting near the railings of the great liner, rocking gently at her moorings. He looked critically at Lucile.

There was a fresh breeze blowing, but it brought no tinge of colour to the girl's pale cheeks.

"Have you?" she asked, without animation. "You must go ashore in ten minutes."

"Half an hour," corrected Halifax, looking at his watch.

"Is it going to be rough?" said Lucile. "Lady Danvers has already gone to her cabin. She is such a shocking sailor, I wonder she did not go overland as far as Marseilles."

"As far as Marseilles?" he echoed.

"Yes. I told you we were going there."

"Why are you travelling with Lady Danvers?" he asked, presently.

The girl flushed. "She offered to take me, and I am to—look after her."

"Look after her?" he echoed, stupidly.

Lucile flashed a glance at him.

"You forget that I haven't married the inane man," she said.

The porters and seamen were running up and down the gangways with baggage and other trappings left till the last moment.

The bustle and excitement of departure was all round them.

"Let us go further down the deck," Halifax suggested. "We shall be out of the wind."

Halifax seated himself on the sheltered side of the deck at Lucile's side.

Her face looked wan from the deep collar of her rough Inverness coat.

Halifax glanced at her, and looked hastily out to sea, where a few white sails flecked the wide expanse of blue like sea birds.

"I suppose," he said, lightly, "that you haven't reached that height—or, should I say depth—of indiscretion in which you would reconsider your refusal to marry me?"

Lucile shook her head.

"Still relentless?" he inquired, with a sigh that was not for effect. "You will admit, at least, that we have been con-

genail friends; that I have not bored you?"

"You have never bored me," she admitted.

"What did Lady Danvers say when I appeared?"

Lucile withdrew her eyes from the sea, and they rested on the man. "She said that you were a *savant* in the art of saying good-bye."

"I wonder she didn't think it necessary to stay and chaperone you," he said.

Lucile made no answer. She was wondering how it would seem when the strip of green water beneath the gangways had widened into an inseparable gulf between herself and the man by her side, when every throb of the screw bore her farther and farther away from all that made life desirable.

The syren on board the tender which had brought the passengers out from Plymouth suddenly rent the air with a shrill scream.

"You must go ashore," said Lucile, without moving.

"There are still ten minutes," he said. He possessed himself of one of her hands, lying palm upwards in her lap.

Lucile shivered away from him, as if he had hurt her. "Don't," she said. "Don't—oh, don't."

She covered her words with a shaky little laugh.

"It isn't necessary for us to pretend we are broken-hearted, though I know the surroundings incline that way."

Halifax rose to his feet, and stood looking seawards in silence.

"When are you coming back?" he asked, abruptly.

He had not asked before, because until they had stood on the deck together, he had not really believed she would go.

But now, with the bustle of departure all about, and the strong salt breeze blowing in his face, it suddenly came home to him that she was really going.

Only ten minutes remained in which to say all that he had refrained from saying during the past weeks, because he had thought, foolishly, that she would give in—that she would show her mind, and not leave all the capitulation to him.

"When are you coming back?" he repeated, looking intently at her.

Something in the bend of her head; something in the unconscious pathos of the eyes she slowly raised to his, struck a sharp fear to his heart.

"Lucile—when are you coming back?" he asked, his voice tense with emotion.

"I am not coming back," she said, slowly. "I did not tell you before, because you said you hated saying good-bye, and it is good-bye."

Halifax stood like a man turned to stone, then, as the full significance of her words dawned upon him, he seized her hands and drew her roughly to her feet beside him.

"What are you saying?" he asked, hoarsely. "Good-bye between you and me!—never coming back!—Lucile!—what are you saying?"

His face was white, and his eyes, as they looked into hers, held something in them that turned her faint, but she forced herself to calmness—she would concede him nothing.

"I am going to Australia with Lady Danvers," she said, clearly.

Their faces were but a few inches apart, but she threw back her head, and met his gaze squarely.

"It was the only thing," she said, her voice struggling with a laugh. "You see, I have not married the inane man with the money. Lady Danvers pays me to go with her." Her voice broke, but she kept on bravely. "I could not go back to London—and—oh, let me go."

"And you would never have come back to me?" said Halifax. His voice was unsteady, she could feel how the strong hands were trembling.

"I should never have come back," she said, quietly.

The emotionless tones of her voice seemed to rouse him to frenzy. "You would have left me without a word? I, who love you? Lucile, I love you, and I have only lived to meet you from day to day, and for the time to come when you would soften towards me. But you gave me no chance—and now, you would have gone away, and I should never have let you know—never have held you in

my arms—never have said, I love you, I love you!"

Never had Halifax suffered as now, when his love seemed to beat itself helplessly against this woman's coldness.

It was his punishment, he thought despairingly, his punishment for the years he had frittered away, for the times he had played at being in love.

"I cannot understand," he broke out again. "If it was merely money you wanted, why would you not marry me?"

The faintest colour tinged Lucile's white face. "It was not what I wanted—from you," she said. "If it had been any other—but not you—not you——"

The ship's bell clanged, and from the gangways came the loud cry, "All ashore! All ashore!"

The clamour seemed to bring Lucile back to time and place.

Her glance roamed as if seeking

escape, but came back helplessly to Halifax.

It seemed to both that they stood alone in the world, that nothing mattered but each other. Pride and misunderstanding were swept away, and she realised that she loved this man, and in another moment she was to be separated from him, perhaps for ever. "I can't go," she said, chokingly. "Don't let me go!"

"My darling!—my darling!" said Halifax, and he folded his arms round her as if he could never let her go.

A sailor crossing the deck stared sympathetically as he passed along. Drake's Island and Plymouth Hoe were mere specks on the horizon before Lucile realised that the great liner was steaming down channel, and that Halifax was still with her. "But—but," she stammered.

"I wired for my passage last night," said Halifax, explaining.

The Millionaire.

John Barrow.

A mountaineer; I climb the dangerous ways,
Too high for pity, Calm Content can see.
Upon his daily rounds no track of me,
I tread the golden sun's alluring rays,
Through sleepless nights and long, long anxious days,
With promises of rest beneath some tree.
To view the world and from its cares be free,
But ever the goal, like mirage mocks my gaze.

Thus do we climb from steep to steep, away,
Staining the lonely mountains with our blood,
All those who only climb from day to day,
Feel not the stormy nights—the panic flood,
Or know, when we at last retrace our way,
Old friends have gone—old loves—and every good.

HOME ARTS & CRAFTS

By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Stencilling.

No. 1

J. KYLE

I HAVE had frequent enquiries from readers of this magazine about the method of making stencils. The many stencilled art fabrics on the market have taken the fancy of those who are always on the look out for something new in order to beautify the home. The process is easy but requires good taste and judgment, and at present stencilled work is so fashionable that manufacturers are imitating by machinery, these hand-stencilled hangings, cushion covers, curtains and other articles of house furnishings.

As a rule the decoration feels right, it has an appearance of flatness, and the process introduces a certain amount of conventionalism which appeals to all lovers of the decorative.

A stencil plate is either made from stout paper, thin cardboard, or thin sheet metal, a great deal depending on the amount of work that one intends to do with it. From this paper or card, the design must be cut, and a glance at the perforated sheet will soon shew the necessity of leaving small pieces uncut between the forms, so that the pattern may hold together. These small pieces are

called ties, and the placing of them must be carefully studied. As far as possible make them part of the design, but do not try to hide, or do without them. Accept the conditions and limitations honestly and make the design with the knowledge that the tie must form part of it, in the same way as the leads in a stained glass window are used to outline the forms. Indeed it is just those ties which give distinctiveness and character to a stencil design. In drawing it out then, decide where the ties have to be put. A good plan would be to ask some painter and decorator to shew a stencil plate, then the necessity for all this carefulness would at once be apparent.

To begin with let us undertake some simple article such as a d'oylie, table centre, or such like. The first will perhaps be the easier, and it will be found most satisfactory if we compose the pattern to read from any point of view as seen in sketches I, II, III. In all cases cut out a paper pattern first; divide it into quarters and that will give the exact size of the space on which to make the drawing.

Suppose the design to be suggested by the iris, draw an agreeable arrangement

to fill the corner. Do not attempt to draw a natural flower but let the natural forms and growth suggest those of the proposed design. After this is done go over it all, putting in the ties, rubbing out these parts, and drawing the remainder a little firmer and stronger. It is a good plan for a beginner to paint over the pattern with some dark color as in Illustration No. 5, then one can see more distinctly whether or not there be enough ties, and if they are correctly placed. When all this is definitely fixed give both sides of the paper a coat of knotting, which is just a cheap quality of varnish. This will toughen the stencil and make

and in order to apply this to the material stretch the cloth on a board with thumb tacks, then pin the design securely on top ready for work.

The colour scheme should now be chosen, and the consistency of colour should be rather stiff, otherwise it will work under the stencil plate and blur the pattern. Pure colour should be used; the mixing is done by daubing one tint over another, which gives a rich, transparent and sparkling effect.

For fine fabrics and textiles, dyes are often used. Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe & Co., Regent Street, London, England, sell a permanent dye known as tapestry



it less liable to break. The pattern of course will shine through the coat, and when dry, should be cut out cleanly and evenly with a sharp knife on a piece of glass.

Thus the perforated sheet or stencil is made and a dexterous hand can cut one both quickly and accurately. If breaks are made, they can be patched with gum paper, and if carefully mended will not show on the finished work. Illustration A, B, C, D, will show how much margin ought to be left round the stencil plate,

colour. Oil colour, with most of the oil removed by placing it on blotting paper, and then thinning it down with turpentine, works very well, and one very soon discovers how much colour or dye is necessary to be used in the brush. The colours may be shaded from light to dark and there is no limit to the range of tints. With very little work a most splendid variety of shades are obtainable.

The stencil brush has short, stout hair as in Sketch 4, and the various sizes

are generally stocked by artists, colour dealers or hardware men.

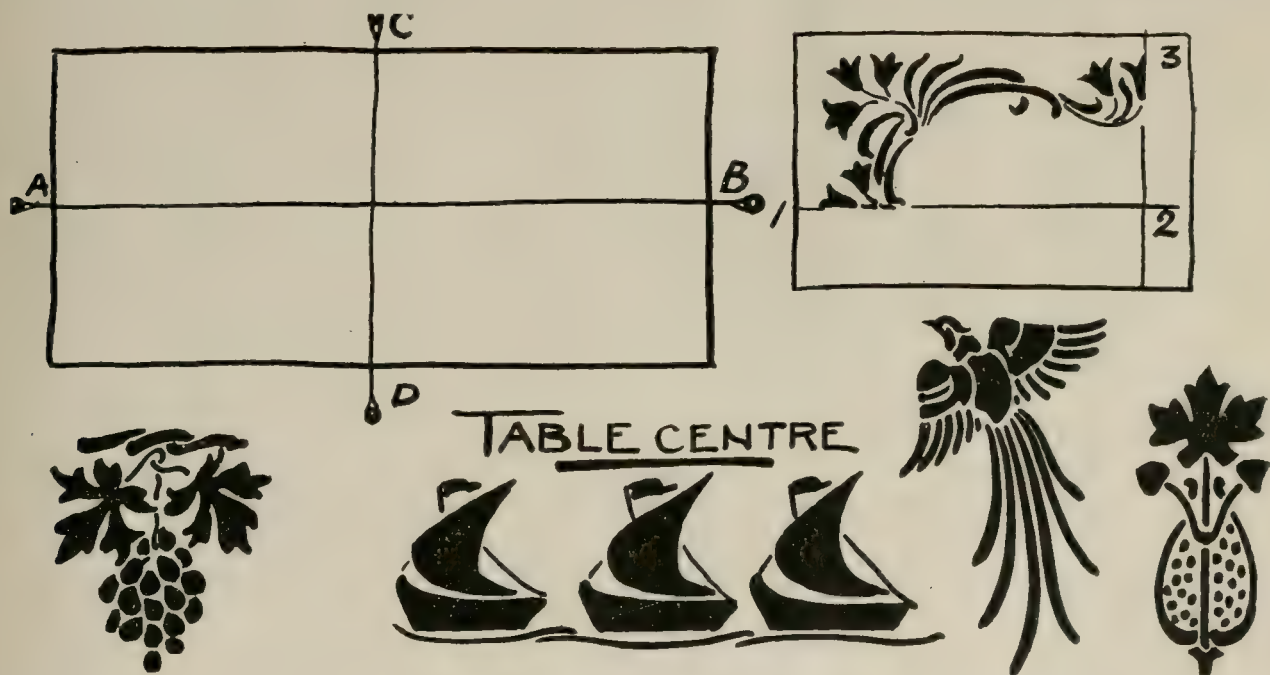
Following on the d'oyley a table centre would form a splendid exercise. When executed on silk or muslin in soft tones of colour, the effect is very pleasing. The simplest way of treating it would be to design one corner and then repeat it four times. Draw out the design first, and while doing so be deciding where the ties will have to go. Try to get the ties to be part of the ornament. When all the drawing is finished give the paper two coats of knotting and prepare to cut out the pattern. In this case one stencil is just required but sometimes there are two, three and four stencils used, each for a separate colour. However, we need

shaded from pale to dark; the leaves green with a touch of blue in the high lights, the same blue as used in the flowers, to ensure harmony.

The daubing with the brush must be fairly brisk, for the colour should be rather stiff so as not to work underneath the stencil plate. A little practice, however, overcomes all these difficulties.

Instead of repeating the unit of design only four times as in the case of the d'oyley and the table centre, a unit might be repeated many times so as to cover a large space as in putting a friese round a room or decorating a curtain portiere or hanging.

The treatment of a curtain design requires to be carefully considered, if as



only trouble ourselves about one at present.

When the stencil plate is prepared, stretch the material for the table centre on a board, and fix two threads across to act as guides for the stencil; these are shewn in sketch as A, B, C, D.

Pin down the stencil plate on top of the material so that the lines on the stencil plate 1, 2, 3, coincide with the threads; a good junction between the adjoining sides will thus be ensured.

If the colouring has to be done with oil paints, then put the colour on blotting paper as advised at the beginning of the article. But whether oil or water colours or dye be used the colour scheme should be decided on. Let the flowers be blue,

good effect is desired when it is hanging in folds. The pattern is most successful when it is arranged in bands, so that when hanging in position, the design will have some apparent order. Thus a strip full of ornament might be followed by one fairly open, and the colour should also go in bands.

A portiere, of course, is often designed to hang flat, just as one would treat a panel, and indeed panels of wood are often very tastefully decorated by the aid of the stencil.

In next issue I shall describe fully the planning out of a pattern for a hanging and the various ways of treating the material.

Those who are anxious to do this work

should pay attention to the Japanese stencils. These people shew great patience in the cutting out of the most

minute designs, some stencil plates being so delicate that they require to be strengthened with hair.



The Wendigo.

Clive Philipps Wolley

(Concluded from last month.)

"See," he said, "his friends come to feast with him."

"They will feast well tonight," hissed the other, and he quickened his steps over the trail along which Philip and the waif and those two wolves had passed.

They were mild, good-natured savages, Niko and Takush, as a rule; thieves, of course, and greedy as vultures around a carcass, and yet not bad fellows of their class under ordinary circumstances, but just then they looked like devils, their harsh black hair stiff on their heads, their eyes bright, their mouths working, their shoulders bent

instinctively as they almost ran into the cover of the timber.

A stick snapped under the leader's feet.

"Sh, sh!" hissed Niko.

"No matter," replied the other, "he won't hear. He has not wolf's hearing yet. Besides he is gorged."

The next moment I saw what he meant.

Beyond the timber (a mere strip of a dozen stunted pines) lay a lake hard frozen and snow covered. Far out on it a tiny fire smouldered, and over that, crouched like a dog that sits and sleeps, sat the figure of a man, the man who

had slouched behind Philip and myself from rifled cache to cache. On the snow by the fire was a splash of something dark, and what looked at the distance like gralloched game. Behind the man and not far off, sat the two grey wolves whose tracks we had seen. They saw us though he did not, and one of them rose, loped a few paces back and then sat again on its haunches—watching. It was too hungry to fear man much.

Even then I did not understand, but wondered why our Yellow Knives crept so cautiously over the snow. What did they want with grey wolves when we had half a caribou in camp? But I followed them instinctively and stopped when they stopped. For a moment they squatted Indian fashion and glanced along their Winchesters and then the two shots rang out as one. The wolves leaped to their feet and galloped a hundred yards before stopping to look back over their shoulders. Neither of them were touched, but the figure before the

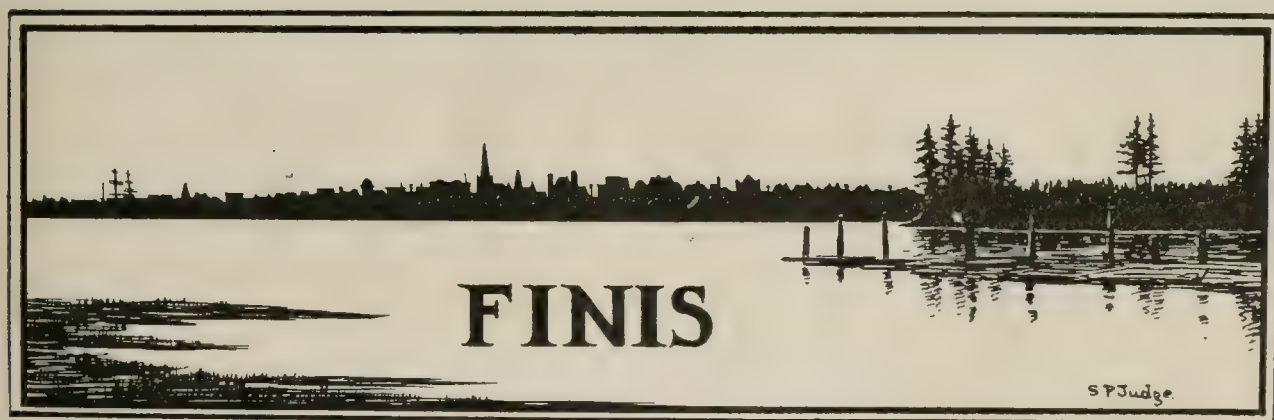
fire collapsed, lurched heavily into the ashes and lay still.

* * * * *

When I turned my back upon that cursed spot I knew what blood that was which stained the snow. I had seen all that was left of poor Philip; I knew why Niko had shot the man (if it was a man) instead of the wolf, and I understood the meaning of the word Wendigo.

We carried away what we could for decent burial, though no man touched that Thing in the ashes. When we last looked back the dim sun was going down and darkness was creeping over the infinite fields of snow broken only by the figure of the two grey wolves rending and quarreling over a viler thing than themselves.

It was only long months afterwards that I learned that a white man hunting with some Yellow Knives, had, in a fit of frenzy killed his companion and eaten him, and that since then he had been living a prescribed Thing in the pitiless barren. The name of that white man was Frank Wilmore.



Madge and Paddy.

Wm. Restelle.

ON any bright summer afternoon there may be seen emerging from a small and much dilapidated dwelling, situated in the poorest portion of a certain large city, two odd little figures, who, to judge from the precision of their movements, must be on business bent. Both are bootless, stockingless, and otherwise scantily clad. One, a boy of eight or nine, wears a Scotch cap, a blue blouse and an old pair of overalls upheld by a chord strung round his waist. The other, a girl between nine and ten years of age, is clad in a faded red print dress which looks as though it had been subjected to the tender mercies of a thorn bush. The clothing of both children is much tattered, but the rags which hang about them seem rather to be artfully arranged than the result of negligence. And they are clean. The children themselves are clean. Though their legs and hands and faces are browned almost to a cinnamon colour, they are not dirty. Perhaps this is why you stop on the street and look back at them. One does not expect to meet rag-a-muffins unbesmirched by filth. But something else about the children commands the attention of the passer-by. Their faces betray an intelligence and knowledge of the world superior to their years. The boy has penetrating dark brown eyes and lacks that innocence in his countenance which is so becoming in a child. The girl, over whose shoulders falls a profusion of curly black hair, possesses features, which, were it not for a shrewdness, even boldness, in them, would be deemed beautiful.

As the children walk quickly along the street they are greeted familiarly as Madge and Paddy, and, well known to the neighbours, they are on their way to the Zoological Gardens. They pass with-

out lingering out of the Ward, on through a fairly well-to-do portion of the city, and into a very wealthy district known as Oak Vale. The route chosen is not the shortest, but the children purposely deviated from the direct road that they might pass through the avenues of the rich on their way to the park.

Of the contrast between their own poverty and the wealth with which they are surrounded Madge and Paddy are only partly conscious. They see children playing, well fed and well clothed, in private grounds, and feel like joining in their games, yet know they are barred from doing so. They ponder in a vague sort of way over the inequality, and at times feel like going up to some of the snug little dudes and saying: "Ain't we as good as you are, eh? You ain't the whole show, even if yer pa is a mililonaire." Looking through an iron fence at a lot of little boys and girls playing croquet, Paddy remarks to Madge: "Them kids is stuck up, but I can lick the whole bunch o' them." It is not often, however, that such envious thoughts afflict their minds. They are usually entirely absorbed, except when "business" can be done, in admiring the big houses and the lawns and the flower beds, in listening to the birds chirping in the trees and chasing butterflies as they flutter by. How delightful it is to wander in this lovely place. How different the cleanliness and quiet of the avenues of Oak Vale to the reeking, roaring, thirsting streets of the Ward, where men curse and women scold and children quarrel and dogs bark and everybody seems wretched and dirty. In their imagination heaven is very much like Oak Vale, but excels it in that it is paved with gold and silver. To live in such a place as this is the ambition of both children, and this am-

bition forms the chief subject of their conversation in daytime and of their dreams at night. Says Paddy to Madge:

"Does yer know what I want ter be? I want ter be a man wi' lots o' dough. Gib me lots o' dough, an' bet cher life yo' an' me will live in a big house. An' I know how to get it. Dusky Red showed me how."

Madge knew of the fame of Dusky Red in the Ward as a pickpocket, and said:

"Dat ain't no Sunday school way of earnin' boodle. S'pose you get pinched for robbin'?"

"Red ain't ever got caught. Guess I'm as—"

The dialogue was interrupted by Madge nudging Paddy's arm and whispering "Graft." A lady had just come out of a house some distance up the street and turned in their direction. In a trice the two children were sitting on the curbstone by a telegraph pole and crying most pitifully.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked the lady, softly stroking the curly head of Madge. "What are you crying for?"

Madge only sobbed harder. As Paddy seemed less deeply lost in grief, the lady addressed him:

"Will you tell me what's the matter, little boy?"

"Nawtin'" answered Paddy.

Madge bumped her knee against his, as much as to say "keep quiet."

The children allowed themselves to be caressed into somewhat of a calm, and then Madge explained between sobs.

"Please, mum, Paddy's broke a window, an' the man is goin' to give him to a cop if he don't pay for it. Oh, Paddy will be put in jail, for we ain't got no money."

"But has not your papa any money?"

"Please, mum, he's dead."

"And your mother?"

"Granny's awful poor."

"How much is the window?" queried the sympathetic woman.

"I don't know. It ain't a very big one," Madge replied.

"Oh, well, Paddy won't go to jail. Just you give the man this, and then he will not tell the policeman."

The lady unclasped her purse and put a fifty-cent piece into Madge's hand and told her and Paddy to be good children. Before the park was reached the same trick was played three times, but a different story graced each occasion. The second time baby had died, father was in the hospital and mother had hardly enough money to buy a large loaf of bread. The third time Granny was said to be very sick and the duty of earning enough to give her medicine and pay the rent fell upon "them two."

In the Gardens Madge and Paddy strolled about and judged at a glance those with whom they were likely to do business. Seated under a maple tree in an out-of-the-way corner of the park were a pair of young people, happy in the companionship of each other, out of whom Madge thought some "boodle" could be made. Affecting hesitation and bashfulness, the two children slowly approached the lovers. Paddy acted as spokesman.

"Please, sir," he began, timidly, addressing the young gentleman, "is this yer lady-love?"

"She is my friend," answered the youth.

"A very dear friend?" queried Paddy.

"A very nice friend," answered the young dude, for such he was, and the girl beside him turned red and giggled.

"Well, sir, I knows a feller wi' a very nice friend jus' like yours, but he ain't goin' ter marry her for a long time yet. He ain't got 'nough money. But he's savin' up, an' when he's rich he an' she is goin' trav'ling."

"Won't that be nice?" said the girl.

"Bet cher life. An' p'raps he'll get her a automobilly."

"Oh, won't that be jolly? Where are they going to travel?"

"Oh, lots of places. Me an' Madge is lookin' for adventure, so I guess we'll go where there's lots of Indians an' elephants an' tigers. I'd like to kill a lion an' Madge wants me ter catch her a monkey."

"Ho! ho! So you're the fellow who is saving up to go travelling, are you? And how much money have you saved already, little man?"—It was the girl

beside the dude who did the questioning.

"Now I'll tell you if you promise to give a little to help swell our pile. We don't want ter wait too long, yer know, 'fore we go trav'ing."

Paddy was tossed a ten-cent piece, and continued:

"'Cludin' this, we've one dime saved. Me an' Madge only come ter be 'gaged when we sees you an' yer gal lookin' so happy. Good-bye."

In like manner the two children introduced themselves to other people in the Gardens. As occasion required, they amused folks by singing and dancing, or told pitiful stories of the poverty of themselves and guardians, or solicited contributions to their savings bank. Whenever they came across those under the spell of Cupid they humoured them in the way described, but to the average person they were usually saving up for new clothes. As the rags which hung about them made donations for such a purpose appear worthy, money was freely given to them. Once they told a young clergyman that they were "savin' up" for an illustrated Bible. He gave them five cents to put in their bank for that purpose.

"Ain't it funny," said Paddy, after he pocketed the piece of silver, "that God loves everybody? There ain't no man I know who loves everybody."

"God is very good," explained the minister.

"Is He rich?" asked Paddy. "Does He live in a big house, an' has He lots of horses?"

"Does He like little girls like me?" queried Madge.

"Sure He does," broke in Paddy. "But, mister, is He rich?"

The clergyman said He was, that all the world belonged to God. Satisfied with this answer, Madge and Paddy betook themselves off and visited the menagerie. They had visited it a hundred times before, but their interest in the bears and lions and tigers and elephants and monkeys never flagged. Especially did they like to watch the monkeys chase each other and swing on the bar. Feeding them—throwing them nuts and biscuits—was a rare delight, but it was

against the rules. Once a policeman caught Paddy in the act of tossing peanuts into the monkeys' cage, and seized him by the arm.

"What are you doing here, you young rogue?" the officer of the law cried gruffly to him.

"Oh, Mister, I won't do it again."

"What were you feeding the animals for, eh?"

"'Cuz—oh, I won't do it again—'Cuz—quit pinchin' my arm, will you'."

"Please, sir," said Madge, timidly, "Paddy seen other people do it."

"Now get away home, and quick, too, or I'll put you in jail," ordered the policeman.

Madge and Paddy sulked away, but instead of obeying the policeman's order, resumed their begging in the park. Though fairly successful, they had not as yet had an opportunity to perform what they themselves called "the little circus." The opportunity presented itself to them after they left the menagerie. About five o'clock, just when they were on the point of directing their little feet homeward, they chanced upon a large party of picknickers who apparently had exhausted their interest in games and were lounging idly about. Some were lying lazily on the grass, some had sauntered off in pairs and were talking quietly to each other, others were promenading, and the remainder were grouped together, eating fruit and laughing.

"Here's clover," said Madge, and the two children began to pasture therein. To attract an audience, Paddy doubled himself into the queerest of shapes and stood on his head for a considerable length of time. Soon a number of people were encircled around them, and wondering what manner of children they were.

An audience gathered, Paddy introduced the first feature of "the little circus" by pointing to Madge and saying: "You jus' ought to hear her sing." It was agreed on all sides that Madge should sing. She did so with uproarious success. The applause and number of encores she received would have made envious a star actress. In a full, rich

voice, a voice which one would have deemed impossible of being emitted from a bundle of rags, she sang the cheerful songs of childhood, such as, "Come back, my Kitty, to me." These were interspersed by two or three of a melancholy strain. One, which might almost have been called a dirge, brought tears to the eyes of many who listened, so feelingly did Madge give it utterance. It told of a young deserted mother, who, penniless and friendless, had strangled her only child to save it from the pangs of starvation. Another told of the sorrows of a little orphan girl who was driven onto the streets to beg drink-money for a heartless old man. Such tales, awful in themselves, were trebly so coming from the lips of infants. Men wondered if such things were really so and whether the little rag-a-muffins who were entertaining them were already unsophisticated as to the stern realities of life.

Between songs, Paddy gave acrobatic performances, or he and Madge danced. Paddy had learned several gymnastic feats from a circus performer he once knew and by constant practise had become very proficient in them. He could turn somersaults, windmills and hand-springs, walk on his hands and stand on his head. He could also bend himself backward till his hands touched the ground, and then walk on all fours, with Madge seated on his stomach.

Besides songs and acrobatic tricks, Paddy and Madge recited bits of verse they had picked up from various sources. One of Paddy's attempts at elocution was in jargon unintelligible to all except those familiar with the lingo of the Under-world:

I ain't no moocher on the pike;
I don't go batterin' for a mite;
I'm on the level, 'boes' all right—
Bet cher life.

I ain't no shover of the queer;
I don't smoke snipes, nor slop up beer;
I ain't askeered to pound my ear—
Bet cher life.

I ain't no stiff, nor dip, nor gun;
I ain't no vag or worthless bum;
I'm on the level, mother's son—
Bet cher life.

A large crowd had now gathered, and the chief feature of "the little circus" was yet to be witnessed, namely, a wrestling match between Madge and Paddy. A circle large enough for them to tussle in was made by the spectators, and the two children, after shaking hands, grappled with each other. Seizing each other around the waist or by the legs, each strained every muscle to down the other. First Paddy seemed to have the advantage, then no choice could have been made. Men and boys cheered, ladies clapped their hands, the lion in the menagerie began to roar, but one and all were unanimous in "rooting" for Madge. A youngster stepped into the ring and undertook to umpire. Ah! Madge has been thrown. A cry of disappointment escapes onlookers. But look! By a clever turn she has freed herself and both are on their feet again. Madge's curly hair is all tousled. The umpire gets in the way, and is jerked to the side of the ring by a long arm. Men make bets. There! Madge has tripped her opponent up and is on top of him. They squirm on the grass. Laughter and exclamations of encouragement fill the air. Paddy is laid square on his shoulders, and Madge is victor on her merits. The crowd is wild with excitement, and wait for another round. But another round was too much to expect after such fatiguing exertions. Madge and Paddy rise from the ground, shake hands, kiss prettily, and bow to their appreciative audience. Pleasure was evinced in the faces of everybody, and the time seemed truly auspicious for a collection. Madge whispered to Paddy to pass around the hat, but before he did so she bawled out:

"Ladies an' Gen'l'men, Granny's awful poor, an' dis is Paddy's birthday. Now be gen'rous an' let de boodle fly."

And the "boodle" did fly. Pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters clinked in Paddy's Scotch cap, and as men and women turned away they exclaimed to each other, "Great kids."

Madge and Paddy set off home with money jingling in their pockets and praise ringing in their ears. As they were anxious to reach home before dark, they took a street car and paid their

fares like men and women. It soon became evident to them that they were the object of much interest to all the other passengers. One passenger remarked quite audibly to a fellow passenger that "them kids knows a lot, an' if they ain't put straight they'll become great swindlers." Another said: "I'll wager my own tongue that they'll become star actors. They are certainly pretty good at the business now." A third commented: "It is a pity such clever youngsters have not the advantages of a good home and the best schooling." Though Paddy and Madge heard many such comments as these, they did not fully understand their import.

Though they had only a few blocks to go after leaving the car, Paddy and Madge did not reach home without an adventure. Turning down a narrow and ill-lighted street, they were stopped by three rowdies, lads not more than seventeen years old, yet whose hardened features told of an early acquaintance with crime.

"Hey, kids, cough up, d'ye hear?" savagely demanded the eldest.

"Cough up what?" asked Madge, timidly.

"You knows what, an' none of yer bluffin'."

"We ain't got nothin'," Madge ventured to reply.

"None of yer bluffin', I say. Cough up, an' quick, too."

"You're bughouse. We ain't got nawtin'," Paddy snapped, with an oath, and proceeded to walk off. A bony hand

seized him by the collar and pinched his neck.

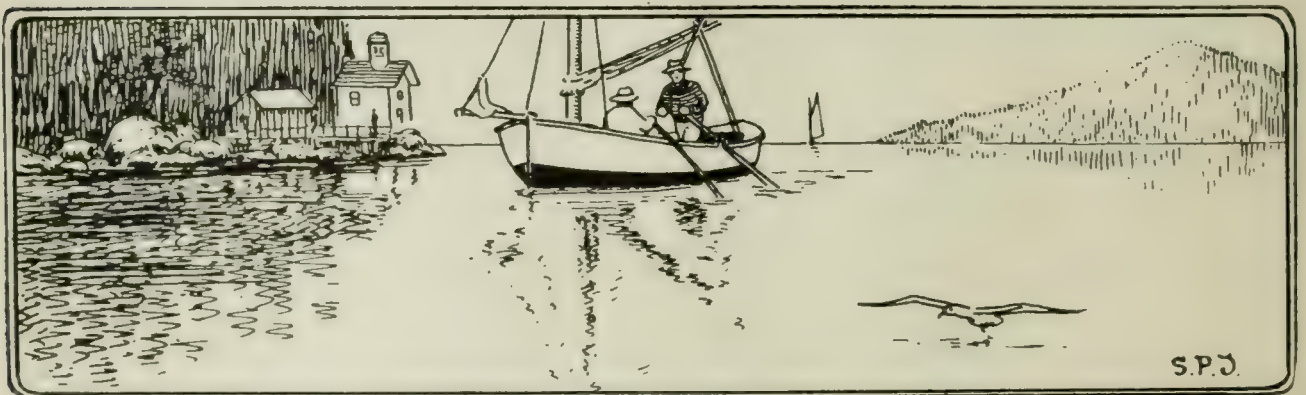
"If you don't want yer throat cut, fish out that boodle."

The bony hand gripped firmer about his neck, but Paddy gasped, "What boodle?"

"You jus' let him go," shrieked Madge as she sprang ferociously at the one holding Paddy and bit his hand. "You ain't got no right to the boodle."

At this moment a stout man with a walking cane appeared around the corner, and the three robbers took to their heels. The children related the incident to the person who had come on the scene at such an opportune time, and begged him to accompany them the rest of the way home.

Sitting on the doorsteps of the lowly and much dilapidated dwelling from which Madge and Paddy emerged early in the afternoon, was an old woman, whose features were scarcely discernible in the fading twilight. Hollow eyes, sunken cheeks and protruding cheekbones, furrowed brows and long hook-like nose, a grey plaid shawl over head and shoulders, black wraps about a skeleton frame—this was the woman for whom Madge and Paddy begged, the granny who was patiently awaiting their return. As she saw them come down the street, one on either side the stout gentleman, she nodded her head slowly up and down, and into her withered face crept a smile of expectation. The gentleman delivered his proteges to the old woman, and continued on his way.





Sir Henry Fowler

William Blakemore

IN 1866 Queen Victoria unveiled the first equestrian statue which was erected to the memory of Prince Albert in the old City of Wolverhampton. The statue was placed in what up to that time had been called High Green, a large open space in the centre of the town. On that memorable day its name was changed to Queen's Square, and one of the many streets running into it, previously known as Cock Street, became Victoria Street. On the northeast corner, within a stone's throw of the square, stood the venerable Collegiate Church, dating from Saxon times.

This church was dedicated to Lady Wulfruna, a patron of the ancient burg, the name of which, through a series of corruptions, has finally become Wolverhampton.

It was a memorable day. Wolverhampton is the capital of the "black country"; coal arches were erected in the leading thoroughfares, other monuments, representing the local industries, at the street corners. These latter were hung with every kind of artifice in iron, and with the Queen's weather, on that memorable day no less than 200,000 people thronged the streets, to catch a glimpse of their beloved Majesty.

In all available open spaces on the route of travel, huge stands were erected. Many of them were filled with school children, who sang as the royal procession passed. With the Queen were Princess Helena and Prince Arthur. In another carriage was plain John Morris, the Mayor, who before the ceremonies of the day were closed became Sir John, and with him a pale, impressive man, about thirty-five years of age, with bushy black hair and heavy black eyebrows. His face was clean-shaven, and his air was one of distinction and reserve, as if he looked on the whole proceedings rather with an air of tolerance than of interest. This young man was Henry Hartley Fowler, now the aged and respected statesman, Sir Henry Fowler.

The son of a Methodist minister, with a common school education and little of this world's goods, he had come to Wolverhampton and read law in the office of one of the leading legal firms, that of Mr. Corser. Passing his examinations, he shortly joined another old legal firm, of which Mr. Henry Underhill was senior partner, only, however, to return in a short time to Mr. Corser, who took him into partnership, and thus established the firm which was known for many

years throughout the Midlands as Corser & Fowler. Not many years before this, George Thorneycroft, an iron master, had been appointed first Mayor of his native town. Mr. Thorneycroft was a man of the old school, plain, blunt, straightforward, and very wealthy. He had a daughter, Eleanor, who was considered one of the best matches of the district. Soon after young Fowler had attained to his full-fledged dignity of a practising lawyer, he proposed for the hand of Miss Fowler, and was rather brusquely turned down by her irate father, who told him very plainly what he thought of his assurance in asking for the hand of his daughter. He ended by telling him to do something first, and young Fowler did it. For several years he practised, principally in the police court, and obtained a wide reputation as a brilliant advocate. Then he contested the aldermanic seat and was returned. Two years later he was elected to the mayoral chair, and had a distinguished term of office, and now it was no longer possible for the wealthy iron master to scout the poor young lawyer, for, admiring success, as do all men of his stamp, he had to concede that Fowler had won his spurs. A few years in the Council sufficed, and Mr. Fowler transferred his allegiance to School Board work, and greatly distinguished himself as a member of the Wolverhampton School Board, brought into existence by Mr. Forster's great education Act of 1870. Then his opportunity came. The members for Wolverhampton at that time were Charles Pelham Villiers, the hero of the reform movement, who represented Wolverhampton for half a century, and who before he died became the father of the House, and T. M. Weguelin, a Director of the Bank of England. Mr. Weguelin had no claim upon the constituency, he was a poor speaker, a man with no local interests, and in ill-health. He had been literally pitchforked on to the constituency at the Reform Club. The popularity of Mr. Fowler had been growing apace, he had remarkable platform gifts, and he had proved himself both on the City Council and on the School Board to be an able administrator, and a man of wide and

intelligent views. His claim could not be overlooked, and in 1874 Mr. Weguelin retired and Mr. Fowler was elected with Mr. Villiers. Needless to say, both were ardent Liberals of the old school, although Mr. Villiers in his later years developed distinctly Whiggish tendencies, and left the Liberal party, or at any rate the Gladstonian section of it, on the Home Rule question.

From the moment of his entrance into Parliament, Mr. Fowler became a marked man. I have always considered him one of the greatest political orators of the last forty years. He had a magnificent voice, deep, rich and full. His declamatory powers were simply superb, but although he had a legal training he was never quite as effective in debate as on the platform. He established the custom in Wolverhampton of meeting his constituents once a year in the Agricultural Hall to render an account of his stewardship. Those occasions can never be forgotten by any who were privileged to be present. I have heard all the great political orators since 1865, but only on a few occasions have I heard anything finer than Mr. Fowler's annual deliverances. There was something so commanding in his manner and something so compelling about his whole personality. He had magnetism in the highest degree. In the midst of a storm of applause, when men were waving their hats and women their handkerchiefs, he would raise his hand and there would be instant silence. I shall never forget on one occasion, I think in 1878, he was invited to speak in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, in company with Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Dale, Philip Muntz, and John Shirrow Wright, and above all, Mr. Gladstone. The hall was packed, the audience standing, and were split into sections by barricades. Everyone was impatient to hear Gladstone, but, of course, he had to speak last, and as one speaker after another tried in vain to get the attention of the audience, it looked as if there would be no alternative but to call on Mr. Gladstone. And even such favorites as Dr. Dale could not hold the audience, and for once, and the only time I think in his life, Mr. Chamberlain could not gain a hearing. After all these

had failed, the Chairman called on Mr. Fowler, of Wolverhampton. By this time the audience was fairly exasperated, and loud cries of "Gladstone, Gladstone," were heard. Mr. Fowler rose to his feet and stood erect near the edge of the platform. Pandemonium reigned; there were intermitted cries of "Who's Fowler? Sit down. Gladstone, Gladstone." But Mr. Fowler never flinched, and at the first temporary lull he raised his hand and flung out a few words to the audience in a magnificent voice. The effect was electrical. In half-a-dozen sentences he had secured the attention of that vast audience. He spoke brilliantly for ten minutes, with frequent applause, and without any interruption, and when he stepped down was cheered to the echo. Under all the circumstances, it was a great oratorical triumph. When recalling this incident, I have often pondered on the significant fact that not for twenty years after that was Mr. Fowler invited to address a Birmingham audience. Of Mr. Fowler's work in the House of Commons it is unnecessary to speak in a chapter of personal reminiscences, but I always expected him to go all the way, and personally believe that but for one circumstance he would have succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. He lost his grip on the straight Liberals by lukewarmness on the subject of disestab-

lishment, and too pronounced sympathy with ecclesiasticism, and his momentary hesitation on the subject of Home Rule. Mr. Fowler's equipment for the highest office in the Government was complete. To gifts of administration he added the greatest oratorical powers and lofty personal character. He had force, magnetism and determination. His administration at the India Office was admittedly brilliant, and entitled him to the highest honors which the Crown could confer. In no respects can the present Prime Minister be considered the equal of Sir Henry Fowler, and yet the greater man had to be passed by in favour of one who owes his present position more to the fact that he was diplomatic than that he was endowed with any higher order of gifts. Sir Henry Fowler is now an old man; he is still an ornament to the Church from which he sprung, and of which, all his life, he has been a stalwart supporter. In the councils of Methodism no man has earned a higher place, and he shares with his local partner, Mr. R. W. Perkes, the honor of representing the Church in all matters in which laymen are consulted. But he has just missed the great prize, a circumstance which furnishes food for reflection, not unmixed with curiosity, when one regards his commanding gifts and character.



COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

YEARS ago, when our forefathers settled in the West, they had but little time, and naturally little inclination, toward making the home commodious and beautiful in appearance.

Sufficient for them was the sturdy log cabin or the conventional frame house, devoid of any pretence of architectural merit, but serving its purpose of furnishing a dwelling place for the family, and protection against the inclemency of the weather.

With the advance of education, the increase in leisure and financial prosperity, came a demand for more beautiful, convenient and artistic homes. And if, as Victor Hugo says, "the beautiful is as useful as the useful," the artistic side of the home builder's problem is of paramount importance.

Quite as much so as that purely utilitarian one of providing a shelter from the weather.

One of the popular fallacies, which it is my purpose to demonstrate the falsity of, is that one must be possessed of considerable means, in order to erect a residence of harmonious appearance without, and comfortable and convenient within. This is so far from being the case that even the cheapest cottages, the dwelling places of mechanics and laborers, may

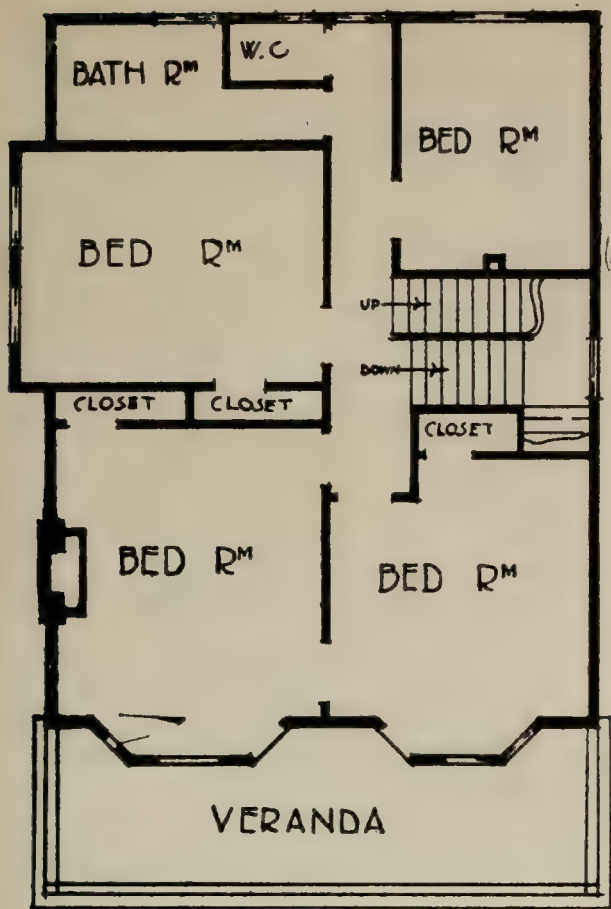
not be devoid of the charm and comfort which gives the word "home" a real meaning.

The house that I have designed for this issue of *Westward Ho!* is exceedingly compact, every inch of space having been used to the best advantage. Its dimensions are 28 ft. 0 in. x 36 ft. 0 in., the veranda extra. It has a basement underneath, with concrete foundation, and concrete blocks up to the level of the joists.

The ground floor has a large entrance hall, 12 ft. 6 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., with grill work under the staircase and into the living room, and a good hat and cloak closet on the first stage of the staircase, 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 0 in. A large comfortable living room, 14 ft. 0 in. x 14 ft. 9 in., with open fireplace, and bay window, 10 ft. 0 in. x 3 ft. 0 in. in size.

The dimensions of the dining room, leading off the living room, are 14 ft. 9 in. x 13 ft. 6 in. It has a large bay window. The pantry, situated off the dining room, is 5 ft. 0 in. x 13 ft. 0 in. in size, and has combination sink, flour bin, glass cupboards, and large shelves, making it a most convenient as well as pleasant room to work in.

There is a porch at the rear, also an entrance from the kitchen to the base-



Chamber Plan.

ment, and back stairs up to the chamber floor.

On the chamber floor there are four good bedrooms, size 12 ft. 6 in. x 11 ft. 0 in., 14 ft. 0 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., 14 ft. 9 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., 9 ft. 2 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., respectively. Also water closet and a large bathroom, with lavatory basin.

Note particularly that there is a good-sized living room; a convenient dining room and kitchen; three large bedrooms; an attic floor; a store room; and good closets in every room.

While it is impossible to give an accurate estimate of its cost to build, I will say that it can be erected for from \$2,800 to \$3,500, according to locality.

* * * * *

There are so many residences and other buildings, which from their condition of exposure can never be successfully heated, that a word or two about furnaces may not be amiss.

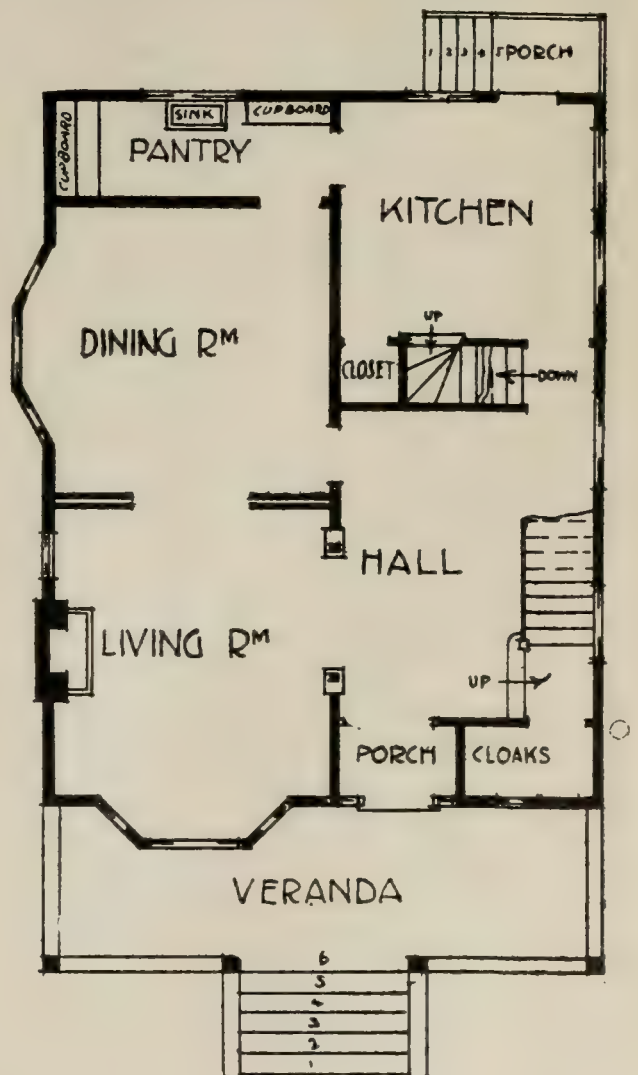
The great mistake that is generally made is in getting a furnace too small

to do the work. This is a penny-wise, pound-foolish form of economy, for the slight initial saving is more than offset by the extra fuel used.

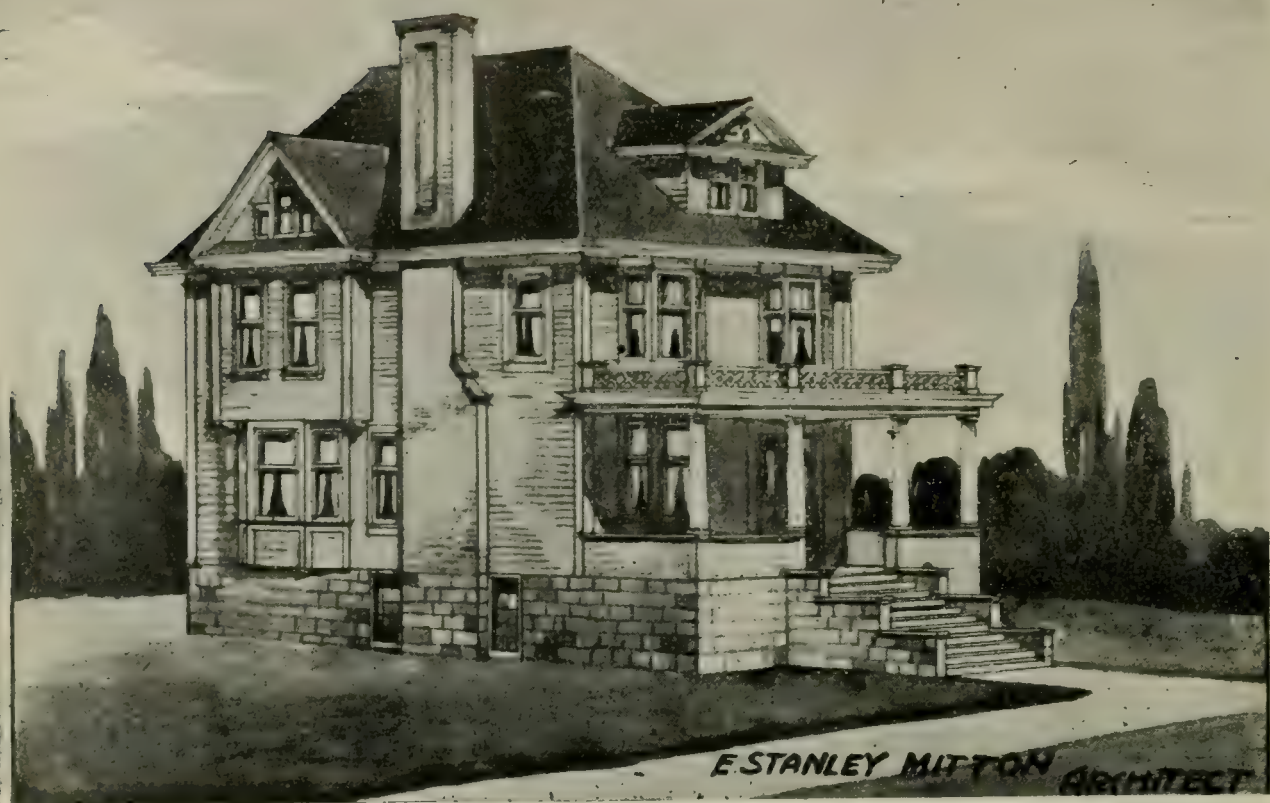
A larger furnace would not only give more heat and require less attention, but will effect a saving of almost fifty per cent. in fuel.

See that your chimneys are built right. struct the draft. Sometimes the mortar between the bricks washes out, or the expansion of the bricks causes openings which permit of a counter draft from the sides. This is the source of much trouble and annoyance.

The interior furnishings of the house; the papering and the painting, should receive most careful consideration, for a pleasing interior depends in large mea-



Ground Floor Plan.



sure upon the scheme of decoration employed.

The library is for quiet reading and reflection. Nothing should distract the eye or thoughts. A subdued, harmonious, yet not sombre, treatment is to be recommended.

In the dining room, as the table is the centre of attraction, the coloring of the room should set it off to best advantage. Many home builders like a red paper; yet nothing is harder to match with table decoration. I should recommend an apple green paper or linen, with white enamel woodwork, or dark red, brown or soft tapestry effects, for they harmonize charmingly with almost everything.

The drawing room, or parlor, might be in colonial yellow, with white paint, finished with a dull surface, or a very pale sea-green, with white enamel woodwork.

The hall will have a warm, inviting appearance, if a rich red is used with white paint, finished with a dull surface.

Before deciding upon the finish of your room, it is necessary, of course, to take their aspect into consideration. Never make the mistake of using blue or green for a sunless north room, as these colors are only suitable for sunny rooms. And, on the other hand, do not put bright reds or yellows on the walls of rooms facing south, where darker shades can be used to advantage. The exercise of a little thought and judgment will enable you to evoke a suitable scheme of decoration.

I will be very pleased to answer any questions that may occur to you in this connection, if you will write me in care of Westward Ho! It is my desire to make this little series of articles of real value and assistance to home builders.

The Wrong Valentine

Gladys Ethel Olney

ROBERT HAYES ran lightly up the steps to the postoffice, dropping in his two packages with a sigh of relief, and went to his club for lunch.

From his pile of mail he selected a dainty perfumed note, and proceeded to read it.

It was from Mabel Dunning and briefly stated that she would be at home that evening, from seven-thirty until eight. He smiled slightly, wondering how he had ever happened to become so friendly with her. She was real friendly toward him, and quite entertaining, but too cold and calculating to like real well. He liked Midget better; if only she were older now——

"Hello, Bob. Penny for your thoughts."

"Howdy, Benson. Thoughts, you know, are sometimes best when not told. I say, how is that little debutante, that you have been talking so much about lately?"

"Jove! but she is a beauty. Her name is Fairfax, Doris Fairfax, and she is as tiny and dainty as the mermaids of fables. And her form—it is divine. You must see her, Bob. Oh, yes, we mentioned your name, casually, of course, and she immediately became intensely interested in you. But look out, old man, when she uses her eyes, she shoots to kill."

"Listen to it," howled Bob. "I, Robert Hayes, a subject of feminine interest. I feel myself fainting; catch me quick, Benson. There, thank you," he gasped, as Benson threw a dish at him to break his fit of laughter.

"Well, Benny, I have never been half shot yet, let alone being wounded, and that is more than you can say."

"Just wait until you see the little

beauty, then I'll hear a different song. She admires tall men."

"That lets you out, doesn't it, Ben, old man? Well, by-bye, tootsie-wootsie, I must be going, you know. When I see her, I will let you know the exact locality of the spot where her shot struck." And Bob went out laughing.

He owned a magnificent estate of about two hundred acres, just fifty miles from New York, and during the spring and summer days he would wander over the place and eventually end up by falling asleep under an old maple tree, that stood on the bank of a beautiful creek. Close to that tree stood an eight-foot wall, over which he could see the tops of many trees—a veritable forest in summer.

Now, the longing for the country was strong within him to-day, or was it the longing for someone? Utter nonsense, he simply wanted the country air.

Nevertheless, he could not help but think of a certain day in the spring, when he was sleeping, and was awakened by pebbles hitting him on the nose.

It made him angry, and he muttered threats against the perpetrator of the deed.

He could see no one, and it was not until a small voice spoke, that he looked upon the wall.

"You need not be so cross about it, Mr. Man."

He was about to relieve his mind on the figure, when he noticed that the being wore skirts and had two very long braids.

"Well, of all the impertinent kids."

"Why, you horrid, homely thing."

"What are you doing on my wall?"

"Sitting here, Paul Pry."

"Get off my wall, Impudence."

"Oh, you mean thing; you are looking

at my trees. How dare you look at them, naughty man?"

"Well, of all things——"

In her excitement the girl had raised up and from under her skirt there peeped out the cutest little foot and the daintiest little pink toes. She blushed deeply and drew them quickly up under her skirt.

"You horrid thing. You look at my trees, and yet you do not want me to sit on your wall. I am going to, anyway."

"I shall take you off."

"No, you won't."

"I won't, eh?"

"No, because I shall kick you."

"What, with those?" pointing to her toes.

"How impolite you are, naughty man."

"Why did you wake me up?"

"Oh, because your nose was such a good target, and I am out of practice."

"I do not agree with you there."

"You don't? Oh, I see, you are trying to make up now."

"I am not."

"Oh, and I thought you were. I am very sorry. You see, I couldn't sleep, and I sort of wanted you to talk to me. Of course, I wouldn't have hurt your feelings—or your nose, for worlds."

"Extremely thoughtful of you, I assure you."

"Oh, no; only as I first looked at you, I thought you were good-looking, but I see now where I was mistaken."

"Come now, do not talk like that. Please don't pay any attention to my horrible behaviour, for I was an awful brute."

"I know it."

"Well, you—you——"

He could think of nothing to say. He wondered why such a child should puzzle him so. Why, she couldn't possibly be more than fourteen. And here he was, twenty-two, at a loss for words before this—imp. He was not going to stand it, blamed if he was.

"Why don't you finish your sentence, Mr. Man?"

"Words won't or can't express my sentiments."

"Gracious, are they as deep as that?"

"If you aren't the most exasperating—

midget that I have ever had the pleasure of running up against."

"I am not a midget."

"Oh, yes, you are. Why, you wouldn't come to my elbow."

"I would, too." And the blue eyes were filled with tears.

"So sorry—Midget, but you will have to grow."

"Oh, you b-bear, I am not a m-midget."

Sobs were shaking the small frame by now, and tears from any woman was more than Bob could stand.

In a moment he was beside her on the wall, and cuddling her up in his arms as he would have a baby.

"Don't cry, little girl; please don't. I was an awful brute. Won't you pardon me, little sweetheart?"

He called her every endearing name he could think of, kissed her hair and did everything but ask her if she would like a doll.

Her sobs finally ceased, and she sat up very straight. Bob wondered why he hadn't noticed how very, very pretty she was. Glory! he simply had to kiss her on that maddening little red mouth. He was just bending toward her when she raised her hands.

"I hate you—you naughty man."

And she gave him a push that landed him on his fet on the ground below. When he turned around she was gone, and that ended his first meeting with Midget.

Several times after that they "happened" to be at their respective places, the wall and the tree, and had become to be fairly decent friends.

The last time he had been there was over a month back. She had thanked him so sweetly for his Christmas present of a beautiful little chain and cross, in which were embedded eighteen small diamonds, that he simply couldn't help catching her up and kissing her full on the little cupid's-bow mouth.

At first she had been so surprised that she stood staring stupidly at him, then she flashed out at him like a little vixen.

That was the last time he had seen her, and even now he wondered why she didn't like to be kissed.

It was with no little anxiety that Bob started out, for he didn't know just how Midget would receive him. He did not care; he was going, anyway. He didn't want to see her; he wanted to see his estate, that was all.

He thrust his letters into his pocket, all but one, the one that Mabel had written he put into his overcoat pocket, and as he did so he wondered if she would send him a valentine.

He reached his destination, about two o'clock, and immediately found his way to the maple tree, now bereft of leaves. He wandered around for nearly half an hour, getting crossed all the time. Was it because there was no one on the snow-covered wall? Of course not; he was cold, that was all.

He had never been on the other side of that wall, and now, as there was no one to stop him, he was going.

He reached the top safely, which was only eight feet from the ground, and had started to jump down, but somehow or other his foot slipped, and he knew no more.

When he regained consciousness, a sweet, girlish voice was begging him to speak to her. He lay quite still, without opening his eyes, for to do so, he knew, meant that the same voice would become hard and teasing.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, speak to me."

A pair of warm, soft lips were pressed frantically on his. It thrilled him through and through, but still he did not move, although he had all he could do to keep himself from hugging her. He was waiting for another kiss—which he got.

At last she realized that help would be needed, for she started away on the run. As that was just what Bob didn't want her to do, he groaned long and loud.

At once she was by his side, asking him where the pain was. He motioned to his head, and tried to rise, but fell back again with a groan. A little cry of pity escaped her, for, as Bob raised his head, she had seen the blood-stained snow.

"You are hurt, naughty man. Can you turn your head slightly—so? There."

Now she was as cool as ice. He heard

the sound of ripping, and then felt her doing up his head.

In about fifteen minutes' time she had him up and walking toward her house, but as she helped him to get up, the letter that he had carelessly dropped into his pocket, fell out and the loosening note exposed the name of the writer. Midget (for that is what he had named her) leaned over to get it and saw the name of the writer. She handed it to Bob with averted face, for if he had seen the despairing look on her ghastly countenance it would have been a revelation to him.

She finally got him settled on a davenport, in a cozy little den. She fussed around him importantly, taking off the old bandage and putting on new. It was an ugly cut that she dressed, and once Bob thought she was going to faint, for he heard her gasp.

She was very quiet while working over him, and though he tried several times to start the conversation, he finally realized that it was impossible.

"Why won't you talk to me, Midget?"

"Do not want to."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I did not mean to intrude on your thoughtful seclusion."

"You don't have to be so sarcastic about it. I simply couldn't think of anything rational to say."

"How can you be so sweet when I act so like a bear?"

"Because nurses have to humour their patients."

"I believe I am going to like you for a nurse."

"Kind of you."

"Now, who's sarcastic, Midget?"

"No one."

"Child, how old are you, anyway?"

"Oh, you impertinent—monster. How dare you ask me such a question!"

And before he could even breathe again she was gone. He simply would not see her as anything but a child. What would he have thought if he could have seen her crying her beautiful blue eyes out.

Presently he dropped to sleep, and woke only to find himself in the dark. He instinctively felt that someone was in the room with him, and, too, he heard their

breathing. He reached out his hand and his fingers came in contact with a warm little cheek. He finally found the hand and drew her toward him.

"Midget, dear, forgive me for being so rude."

"Oh, naughty man, I just received your valentine. It is so pretty, I just love it."

"You love it, Midget? Could you—would you—do you—like, the tiniest bit, the one who sent it to you?"

"Oh, Bob."

"Bob—why, sweetheart, how did you know my name?"

"I saw it on the letter that dropped out of your overcoat pocket."

"Oh, yes, from Mabel."

"Robert, do you—you care for her?"

"I like her very well; but, sweetheart, you interest me now, for I love you, love you, love you. I do not even know your name, yet I love you, child that you are."

He put his arm around her, and then knew that she was in evening dress. He wondered at it, but said nothing.

"Naughty man, I am nineteen."

"What!"

"Yes, nineteen, to-morrow."

"Turn on the lights quick, and let me find where you have hidden those years."

She slipped away, and in a moment the room was flooded with light. Bob rose unsteadily to his feet and stood blinking. He swayed slightly, and the little figure sprang toward him, but not before he had caught a glimpse of her.

Could this vision of youthful loveliness be his Midget?

She was dressed all in white, with seed pearls forming the entire front of her princess dress. That much he noticed in the first glance. Around her throat she wore the little necklace and cross that he had given her. No, not his cross, for this one had a number of fine pearls instead of diamonds. It was his chain, though, he knew that for sure; he recognized the peculiar workmanship. He noticed the tiny gold slippers and the pearl tiara that surmounted the redish-gold hair that was piled high, although a few truant curls had escaped and were clinging to her ears and forehead.

"Don't you like me, naughty man?"

"Like you! Why, child, I like you better than life itself."

"Then why do you not talk to me?"

She pouted those red lips of hers until Bob could stand it no longer, but grabbing her to him, whispered passionately:

"I love you, fairy queen, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"If you will try to leave enough of me to say yes."

With a happy laugh he took her up as if she were a baby and kissed her until she begged for mercy.

"Why don't you ask me for my name?"

"Sweetheart, I had really forgotten that I did not know it."

"Then I will not tell you now."

"Please do, Midget dear."

"Not now, naughty man."

"By the way, dear, what is the time?"

"Six-thirty."

"By Jove! who would have thought that time could have passed so quickly? We can get the six-thirty, though, and go to Sherry's and celebrate. You will go, sweetheart?"

"I must not to-night, Bob."

What! His Midget not going with him?

"But, Midget——"

"You forget that you have an engagement, Robert dear."

"Let the engagement go ha——"

"Bob!"

"Well, sweetheart, I couldn't help relieving my mind. I do not want to go."

"But I want you to, naughty man. You see, dear, I am alone."

"Midget—can't you trust me?"

"No need to answer that question, Bob, for you know that I would trust you with my life," she said, softly.

"Midget."

It took a great deal of persuasion on her part to induce him to go without her. However, she finally succeeded, and as soon as she knew him to be out of sight, she, in her Chandos Mercer, was also speeding toward New York.

* * * * *

At a quarter to ten Bob entered the crowded drawing-room of the Willowby mansion. The ball now in progress was to be the event of the season, and everyone was there. He had spoken to nearly

everyone when he saw Mabel Dunning at the other end of the room, talking to some friends. So he hastened to her, anxious to tell her his secret. He saw her looking at him, so he nodded to her, then stopped stock still and stared, for she had calmly looked him over from head to foot and turned her back on him.

Poor Bob could think of nothing that he had done that might have offended her, so he turned away, not intending to give her another chance to turn him down. A friend of his, passing at that moment, asked him if he had seen Doris Fairbanks. He had not, so the fellow took him over to a little booth where they had a good view of the dancers. They watched the crowd for a few minutes, then Bob heard him say:

"There, Bob—the one with the pearl tiara, dancing with Besant."

"Good Lord, Midget! Why, I thought——"

The music had ceased, and Bob was pushing his way, rather rudely it must be admitted, toward the auburn hair of his adored one.

Besant had taken her to a little grotto formed of palms, and there Bob found them.

"Midget, sweetheart! Ah, Besant, old man, I want you to congratulate me and then I'll let you congratulate my promised wife."

As he spoke he slipped a magnificent solitaire off his watch chain and put it on the third finger of her left hand, saying softly:

"It belonged to my mother."

"But I thought," began Besant.

"And you thought right, my boy. I did not know her name, but I knew the person."

"Naughty man, I may not marry you, after all."

"But you must, for I would not have hurt my head if I had not been in search of you. Now you must make amends by taking care of me."

Two hours later, when the last course

of the famous supper was being served, Willowby, from his place at the end of the table, arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have, I think, a great surprise in store for all of you. One of our number, who has just entered into our houses and our hearts, has already strayed from the flowered path of maidenhood, while another, who for a couple of years has been beloved among us, has also decided to forsake his true and tried friends for the very uncertain ship of matrimony. The sea of life is stormy, so, friends may we drink to the health and happiness and to the safety of the ship belonging to our beloved children, Miss Doris Fairbanks and Robert Hayes. Miss Fairbanks and Mr. Hayes, your health."

A thunder of applause greeted this announcement, as they drank to the health of the two.

The ladies soon left the table, and Bob received a perfect storm of suggestions in regard to "controlling" a wife. He was congratulated by all except one, for many of the "buds" were glad to lose such a formidable rival as Midget.

On leaving, Bob was informed by Midget's Aunt Emmeline that he was to be allowed to ride as far as the club with them, and there he left them.

As he sat smoking and thinking of Doris, the porter brought him some mail that had come in late that evening. Looking it over, he saw a package addressed to him in a familiar hand.

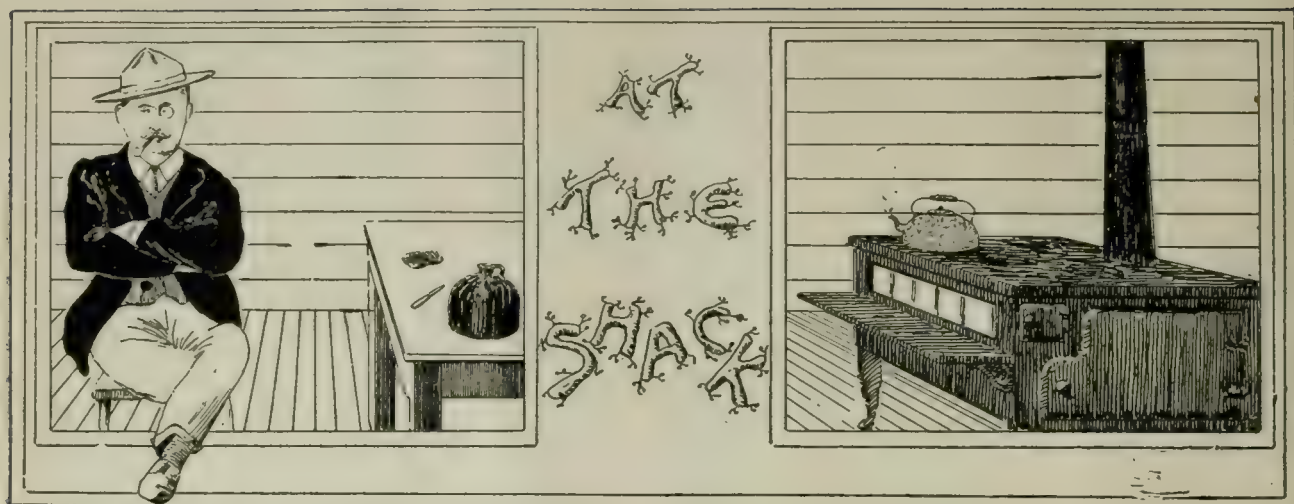
"Um, a valentine from Mabel; but I can't see why she should cut me like she did to-night."

Opening the package, he looked at the valentine for a moment uncomprehendingly, then broke into a gale of laughter.

On the valentine was written a ditty in regard to pretty pink toes on a garden wall.

Picking up the picture that Doris had that night given him, he said, solemnly:

"Thank heaven, she received the wrong valentine."



Percy Flage.

IF an apology is due Mr. Ambrose Bierce for the accompanying parody on George Sterling's poem, "A Wine of Wizardy," it is offered herewith, diluted with the extenuating plea that an idle appreciation of the stucco may lead some careless eyes to consider the solid grandeur of the real work of art.

Carlyle has been quoted as noting that the first impression of a work of genius is disagreeable. It may well be that parody has its use in easing the shock of newness and preparing the unaccustomed mind for a less alarmed reception of fresh forms and original ideas.

As an educative instrument, it goes far to elucidate the difference between Poetry and Rhyme, and in that respect I will refer my readers to page 551 of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

The Poem is a series of flashing red pictures borne by Fancy on the gleam of sunset through a wineglass, painted in thundering periods that almost overwhelm the crystal pigments.

They range from the stars of Heaven to the horrors of Hell, tintured of one colour in a hundred gems.

The setting, rhyme, rhythm and form are as I have stolen.

A LAY OF LAZINESS.

Below, the rattle of an iron bar
'Gainst clinkered coals that clog the kitchen range—

Then suddenly, at hand, with whirling jar

I hear the warning of that avatar
Of morn's muezzin—'larum clock yclept,
Raking my dullard ear at deadly range,
And ravishing the sleep I sweetly slept.

Now Fancy, loath to spring from Dream-land sheer,

Wakes with reluctance, and a pensive ear

Turns transiently to other bells that ring
In other ways, in manner otherwise—
The wistful tune of fat kine, wandering
Slow homeward, udder laden, 'neath dun skies,

Is pleasant to my Fancy—yet aglow
Of hungrier hopes a "Diable boitteux"
she hops

O'er multitudes of roofless muffin shops,
All redolent of appetising steam—
Where muffin men their ovened heaps of dough

But lingers for a little where a stream
Signal with jingles lustily applied.
Yet Fancy will not deign to step inside,

Of toilers from a coffee stall emerge.
 Of gross, unhealthful sinkers sated, these
 Wipe from their lips chicoric coffee lees,
 And clang the dinner pails' dyspeptic
 dirge.

But she would hear a soother sound, and
 so
 Her poiseless steps by portalled barriers
 go
 To haunts sequestered from the civic
 surge,
 Where, at the silver summons of a call
 Born of electric touch, attendants move
 In ways of hasteless speed to meet one's
 will,
 An dtasteful viands on the damask fall
 In proud procession of perfected skill.
 But Fancy takes her flight afar, to prove
 The wings of memory. Again she hears,
 Across a sloping lawn of arboured bounds,
 All honey scented from a lilac grove,
 The morning summons, mellowed of long
 years
 To more than mortal dominance of
 sounds.
 Oh, bell domestic! How thy brazen dome
 Vibrating to the clamor of thy tongue,
 Pours golden floods of largess, freely
 flung
 To him whose extravolant sphere of
 home
 Is radiant to the orbit thou hast swung!
 Dear riot of dim shades!

Yet Fancy springs
 To woods where loud the steel triangle
 rings
 A smitten, vibrant call to pork and beans
 In that low cabin 'neath the evergreens,
 Where all the loggers' day-long hap-
 penings
 Take birth of effort in the feeding fray
 Of lither lumber jacks in pied array—
 Glad, glorious socks, and flaming mack-
 inaws,
 Chequered of ochre, cobalt and maroon—
 And river drivers brave in spiked shoon,
 Treading 'twixt groaning boards a splin-
 tered aisle.
 But Fancy wearies of the landscape soon,
 And seaward vents her spirit volatile,
 Seeking salt savours where the knotted
 mile

Is hourly backward thrust a measured
 score.
 Here, to the throbbing of a threefold
 gong,
 Greatcoated travellers the decks descend,
 Gusty with breath of morn—and tourists
 sore
 Of ocean's swaying motion, weakly wend
 Their way to nibble toast and sip sou-
 chong.
 Here, too, are thieving things amidst the
 throng,
 Blue lipped at break of day, and thirsty
 eyed—
 'Wareful of what avenger, of what
 wrong?

These, Fancy fearing, like a fairy gull
 Flutters a moment o'er the windward
 side,
 Then breasting high the soft etherial tide,
 Darts long leagues westward from the
 vanished hull
 To where, upon a pool of purple blue,
 Freshly unveiled of one fine web of mist
 And of the risen sun as yet unkissed,
 There floats in dream of dawn, a bark
 canoe
 Breathless in cool repose, till from the
 beach
 A beaten frying pan resounds—the crew,
 Each to his paddle turns a dexterous
 wrist
 And strikes for shore, where lazy, laugh-
 ing speech,
 From bough-hung canopy and canvas
 bower,
 Give greeting apt to that fast breaking
 hour,
 While new bathed men, and women morn
 attired,
 Beneath the sky, on rustic stools at east,
 Do joyously o'er Trout the well desired,
 Praising the cook who wields amidst the
 trees
 Deep pots and pans in gastric harmonies
 Savagely tempting to that appetite
 Wild whetted of an Adirondack night.

But Fancy, veering suddenly afar,
 Shapes high her course o'er fading hill
 and vale
 In curvant speed as flies a falling star,
 Alighting where the twin spun iron rail

Groans stridently beneath th' impinging
wheel
Of steam enthroned, in panoply of might
A dragon create of dead hematite,
And pulsing vapour now through veins
of steel.

Enchained behind, and open to the sight
Of Fancy's orb, long, swinging cars re-
veal

Strange waking scenes in panoramic
scale—

Here corridors yet dark in hung brocade
Yield hurried ones; pyjama clad, the
male,

Or, ghostly garmented and unafraid,
The equanimic sex is seen to glide
'Twixt shrouded forms that bulge on
either side.

In tiny den that mimics marble hall,
The Duke, unvaleted, inhales his pride,
To pray the drummer for a boon of soap.
The portly Bishop, gaitering in haste,
Groans envy at the rake of lesser waist,
Who nips a flagoned dram and flies, to
cope

With "Breakfast in the dining-car—last
call!"

So Fancy fareth sudden for the Pole—
Oh thereaway—where never reek of coal,
Nor railway smoke, asails with raping
smear

The perfect vista of eternal white—
All silent seems and pure. Yet even here,
Lee-sheltered by a curving wreath of
snow,

Are mortals rousing to a sun-high morn,
The waking hour, unmarked by fading
night,

Is timed by custom, mocked by cursed
woe—

For here nude hunger, of her garment
torn,

Glares savagely, as rabid and affright
As wolves that raven o'er the cub new
born.

What frozen tragedy is yet to form,
My Fancy will not prove—but far away
Foregathers once again with breaking
day

Where on an ice-bound river, forest
framed,

A lean-to bush protection from the storm
Guards men half wild and huskie dogs
half tamed,

Lamenting in low whimpered moans,
these last,

The drastic law for dogs that drag the
sleigh,

Forbidding aught but eventide's repast.
The mittened men, red sashed against
the snow,

Move cheerily. While one fresh water
brings

From ice-hewn well—another hatchet
rings

On fuel for a fire by night brought low—
And one croons Siwash song and whets
his blade

In gleaming streaks, to carve the cari-
bou—

And one sings loudly to his Irish maid,
"Sweet Belle Mahone"—and stops—to
watch the blue

On yon far mountain range distil and
swell

From base to serried tops in livening
hue

Of morn—Eternal morn! Whose heralds
come!

Dumbly he wonders, then with fingers
numb

Thumbs o'er his dog-team harness, test-
ing well

Each strip of rawhide, while the merry
bell

From each rough collar chimes its chosen
note.

But Fancy is impatient, nor will wait
For that proud pageant in the teeth of
fate,

When, fed and packed, one 'En avant!"
gives throat

And breaks the racquet trail, his tailing
band

Hard clanking after him across the cold
Uncharted river of a nameless land

In dauntless quest of rainbow-visioned
gold.

So Fancy seeth no wa wooden way,
Like to the painted setting of a play,
Half wharf, half stret, gaunt, clustered
houses stare

In shame's defiance, huddled and un-
kempt

As all-night roysterers who face the air
Of homeward driving day, in ill attempt
To brave the sense of sight, their swag-
ger dies

Upon the rushing dawn wind's swift
 surprise.
 Across the way, shipped oar and idle
 mast
 Mark boat and sloop bay-sheltered from
 the vast
 And westward sea, whence hails one in-
 ward keel,
 Fish laden from the tributary deep.
 And now ashore, move slowly from their
 sleep
 Age weary Asiatic folk, who steal
 A-shiver down the wharves in shuffled
 sloth,
 Past slips of slime where the sea Behe-
 moth
 Is haled to butchery—by these they
 creep
 To sloven sheds, whence grimy ovens
 gloom
 And sullen fires anon give sulky fume.
 Soon sounds the boiler pipe a stabbing
 shriek
 Of desperate deeds to do, and oily crowds
 Of dismal men tramp down to food and
 toil.

 But Fancy shudders—and my pillowed
 cheek
 With rer I turn, to leap the rolling
 clouds
 And search the shoreing foam for fresher
 spoil.
 Hard by a beaten headland's rocky base
 We swoop and circle o'er the sweeping
 sea
 And drop from unguessed heights to-
 ward the waves
 Where, reeling through the roaring tidal
 race,

A schooner, wrongly reckoned, land a'lee,
 Claws off in terror from the pounding
 caves.
 One emerald star above her starboard
 bow
 Blears through the gray. The galley
 port beneath
 Swarms with the watch whose coffee
 bubbles now
 And tarry hands take toll to ivory teeth.
 In tripled couplets six bells glorify
 The solotial birth of Janus' diall'd moon
 And Fancy, of an easing land wind shy,
 Flares forth and south a volleying
 platoon
 Of instant visioned hemispheric sweep
 To see world-wide a million men en-
 thrall'd
 Of dawn's diurnal juvenance, and called
 By sound to waken from enfamished
 sleep!

 But Nine is striking! Nor doth Fancy
 dare
 Defy her longer who ascends the stair
 With more than admonition on her
 tongue.
 So fadeth she as fades a song that's
 sung
 Nor listens to the tale of chocolate cold
 That chideth through the eider's deaf-
 ening fold
 And I, albeit Solomon hath said
 "Go to the aut, thou sluggard!" in my
 bed
 Roll once again, ere yawning, I arise
 And smile, emergent, at the smiling
 skies.

Evening.

Frederick J. Scott.

The night treads lightly on the day,
 Heaping the western skies with gold,
 Luring the smiles of angels through
 The glorious sweep of heaven's floor,
 To mingle with the harmony
 Of strange, unending space.



One of the most important industries ever launched in British Columbia and one that will have a great bearing upon the future growth and development of Western Canada is that of the British Canadian Wood Pulp and Paper Co., that has recently been formed among representative Vancouver men for the manufacture of newspaper, building paper, and a general line of wrapping paper.

For years the manufacture in Western Canada of wood pulp and paper has been the dream and anticipation of the people of the great Northwest, and what in the past has been a thing of the future is now gradually becoming a settled fact. No industry, not even mining itself, means so much to the future of Western Canada as that of the manufacture of paper. Fifteen years ago the daily output of the combined wood pulp mills of Canada was less than 350 tons; today it is more than 3,000 tons, and now that this important industry has been started in the West it is not absurd to believe that the next few years will witness a revolution in its development. The interest manifested in this new concern is evidence that British Columbia at least is awakening to the realisation that if it is to become a factor in the commerce of the world, it must proceed to develop its commercial facilities. Every year over half a million dollars worth of newspaper, box boards, wrapping paper, etc., is imported into Western Canada from the Eastern Provinces and Europe, and in addition millions of dol-

lars' worth imported into China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand from Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, and the United States, and this despite the fact that pulp and paper can be manufactured from the enormous forests of the great Northwest as favourable, if not more favourable, than at any other part of the world. This unusual commercial opportunity led to the organization of the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., of Vancouver. Those conspicuous in the organization of the Company were: Capt. H. A. Mellon, J.P., of Vancouver; W. H. R. Collister, Manager Albion Iron Works, Vancouver; Francis J. P. Gibson, British Columbia Trust Corporation, Vancouver, and Col. T. H. Tracy, former City Engineer, Vancouver.

The Company have secured a large tract of land on Howe Sound, 25 miles from Vancouver, and have also been granted the water rights of Rainy River, which is capable of developing from 2,000 to 5,000 horse power; this will enable the manufacture of both mechanical and chemical pulp. The company hope to have the first unit of their plant for the manufacture of 40 tons of wrapping paper per week, in operation within four months, and the pulp plant about November 1st. The weekly capacity of the complete mill is to be 180 tons of newspaper and 270 tons of wrapping paper. The concern is capitalized at \$1,000,000; \$600,000 being preferred stock and \$400,000 common. Unlike a great many corporations, there is no watered stock,

no inflated values, and no huge profits, and in order to make the company a distinctly British Columbian enterprise, an important proviso has been put in the Articles of Association, which provides: "Every member shall have one vote for every share bona fide held by him up to and including five thousand shares, but no share above the same number of five thousand, whether held directly or indirectly, shall be entitled to vote." It will thus be impossible for a few men to combine and get control of the corporation. This precaution, which substantially protects both small and large investors, is a valuable suggestion that would be well for other industrial companies to pattern after.

Within less than three weeks the company have already sufficient money subscribed to build the first unit of their plant. Upon the advent of the company some fear was expressed that owing to the depressed condition of the money market, sufficient capital could not be secured to assure the success of the enterprise. The result is ample proof, however, that conservative people are ever ready to respond to a call that means the building up of a new and useful industry.

The balance of the first allotment of preferred stock is still open for subscription, through the British Columbia Trust Corporation of Vancouver. The preferred stock is sold in blocks of 100 at \$1.00 per share. Payments are made—10 per cent on application, 15 per cent. on allotment, balance in eight calls of not less than 30 days each. The preferred stock is entitled to an annual dividend of 7 per cent., commencing November 1st, 1908, but unlimited as to further dividends. That is, after 7 per cent. has been paid upon the common, both preferred and common thereafter participate equally. The directors appear confident that the stock will pay from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. dividends.

One of the innovations of the new company is a patented process whereby it can use Douglas fir and other resinous woods in the manufacture of wood pulp. Paper makers in the past have never been able to use woods containing pitch and resin for paper purposes, owing to

the difficulty in separating the cellulose from the pitch, resin and essential oils; by the new process all those parts are passed off in vapor, and the fibre is recovered by subjecting the mass to a system of pressing.

Before securing the water rights and proceeding with the erection of the first unit of their plant, the company established a very complete demonstration plant at 313 Cordova street, Vancouver, which is still in operation, and which illustrates very simply the process of pulp and paper making.

In paper making, the wood is first placed in what is known as a chipping machine, and reduced to small shavings, the shavings pass up a flume and enter a digester, which consists of a large perpendicular, copper-lined circular reservoir that ordinarily ranges from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and twenty-four to forty-eight feet in height. The digester is filled with a solution of caustic soda, and the entire mass of shavings, ranging from eight to ten tons is thoroughly cooked under a high pressure of steam for several hours, until the cellulose is thoroughly released.

The mushy black mass is then removed to the draining floor, or press, where the caustic soda is separated as much as possible from the fibre. The material then passes to the beating machine, which consists of a wooden or metal tub ten to fifteen feet long, with round ends, on the center of which is a partition called midfeather. A roller is provided with knives, and it revolves over a bedplate of similar knives. The distance between the bedplate and the roller is regulated by a wheel and screw. The pulp, after it passes between the bedplate and the roller, flows down the back fall and around the midfeather back to the starting point. The machine is also provided with a washing cylinder, which is so made that as it revolves it scoops up the water, which flows through its axis; the pulp is kept out by a fine wire gauze surrounding the cylinder. A large quantity of water is admitted into the heater, which is removed by the drum washer, and the pulp is in this manner rapidly cleansed.

During the process of the beating this

pulp is coloured or bleached to any colour desired. The bleaching is accomplished by a solution of chloride of lime. After passing through the beating machine, the whole mass is run through a Jordan refining engine. This machine consists of a stationary hollow comb, mounted with knives on the inside, which fit over a solid rapidly revolving comb mounted with similar knives on the outside. The pulp passes between the combs, and the knives can be brought close together or separated with great accuracy, so that the degree of fineness of the pulp can be adjusted. The material is then run into

what is known as a pulp pit, where it is taken up by the large Fourdrinier machines and run into merchantable paper of difference, character and fineness.

There is no question but that this company is destined to become a great factor in the commercial history of Western Canada, and is deserving of the support of every citizen. There is not a magazine, newspaper, stationer, job printer or mercantile house in the Northwest that will not be benefited by the development of the wood pulp and paper industry in Western Canada.



“The Royal City”

Photos by Hacking.

NEW WESTMINSTER, the Royal City of B.C., so called because of the regal position it occupies, overlooking the mighty Fraser with extensive views of the Delta and the Gulf of Georgia, presents an ideal site for a city of homes and industries.

New Westminster was originally intended for the capital city of the Province and the first government buildings

were here erected. The older city of Victoria, however, took precedence in this respect some years later, but the Royal City was destined to exert an important, if not controlling influence over the surrounding country, and today it is the center of the manufacturing, fishing, lumbering and agricultural industries of the Fraser Valley; the only fresh water port on the British Pacific Coast; the



meeting point of the two great transcontinental railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern.

The Royal City is the Government center for a very large section of the Province as the Dominion Public Works, Fisheries, Crown Land and Timber offices are located here, while the resident Provincial Agent has jurisdiction over the Lower Mainland, including the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster, as well as all the municipalities which are embraced in the district of New Westminster, comprising Richmond, Delta, Surry, Langley, Chilliwack, Kent, Burnaby, Maple Ridge, Coquitlam, North and South Vancouver, Point Grey, Mission, Dewdney and Matsqui. In this respect the district of New Westminster stands as the only one in British Columbia in which development along municipal lines has taken place to any extent. The total area embraced in the district approximates to 4,500,000 acres, being bounded on the west by the Gulf of Georgia, on the south by the United States, on the east by Hope and Yale and on the north by Lillooet.

Although deprived of the distinction of being the Capital City of the Province, New Westminster is the home of several government institutions such as the Hospital for the Insane, the Federal

Penitentiary and Provincial Jail, and in its relation to the Lower Mainland, stands virtually as the center of administrative power and influence.

As an industrial centre the development of New Westminster has been steady and eminently satisfactory. The city embraces within its limits several large saw and shingle mills, of which those of the Royal City Mills (branch of the B. C. Mills Timber and Trading Co.—the largest lumbering enterprise in the Province) are the most important. The cut of the New Westminster branch alone approximates 14,000,000 feet of lumber yearly, while the daily output of the shingle mill is 125,000. The factory, devoted to the manufacture of doors, etc., has a capacity of 150 to 250 doors every twenty-four hours, and 150 windows. Every class of finishing lumber and mouldings is manufactured, as well as artistic woodwork for interior decoration of churches, hotels, houses, etc., and as a sample of the workmanship it may be mentioned that the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Vancouver, B.C., was finished almost entirely with the products of this factory. Then there is a large department given up to the manufacture of boxes for canned salmon (which goes to all quarters of the globe), apple and fruit boxes, and fresh fish

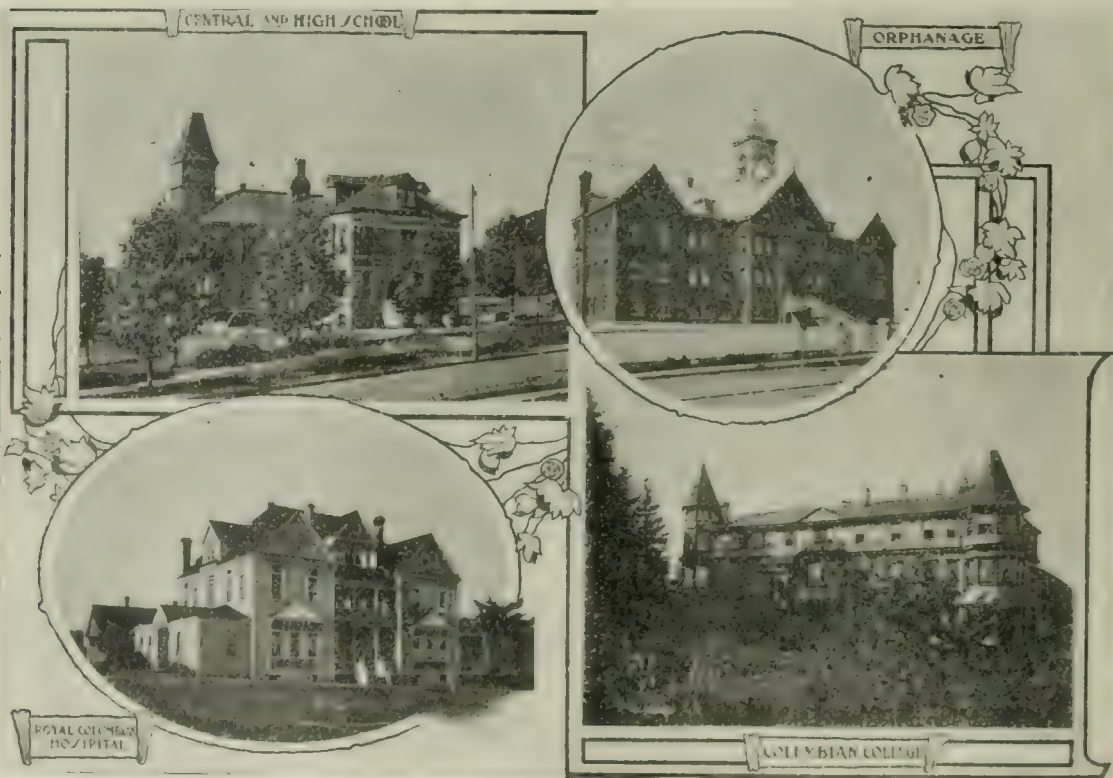


boxes to ship the catches to the markets in the Eastern States. The payroll of the Royal City Mills registers the names of between three and four hundred employees, and, in round numbers, the monthly pay sheet for the mills and logging camps owned by the Company amounts to \$20,000.

The lumbering plant next in size is the

Brunette Sawmill though rivalled by the establishment of the Fraser River Sawmill Company at Millside some few miles up the river.

Among the newer industries which deserve special mention is the B. C. Distillery Company, Ltd., capitalized at \$300,000, and under the management of Mr. A. T. Morrow. This corporation



has purchased eighty-five acres at the north end of the city, where magnificent offices and a fully equipped plant covering five acres have been erected, while provision has been made for enlarging the works in the near future, notwithstanding that the present capacity is estimated at 2,500 gallons a day.

Another new enterprise is the Crystal Glass Company, capitalized at \$150,000, which occupies two corrugated iron buildings, each 200x90 feet, in which over 100 workmen find employment. The capacity of these works is an out-put of

gines; in this connection the "Cowie" gasoline engine has no equal. The plant has a frontage of 460 feet, and above the erecting bay is a travelling electric crane for the assembling of all heavy pieces and parts, for a distance of 375 feet. A wharf 300 feet long extends in front of the shops with sufficient depth of water to accommodate the large ocean-going steamers. The tracks of the C. P. R. and Great Northern Railways pass through the property with a spur running into the buildings. The average number of employees is 200, while the con-



six to eight tons of glass in every twenty-four hours, while the weekly payroll averages between \$1,200 to \$1,400. Mr. D. Lamont is the manager.

The Schaaque Machine Works, Ltd., is the largest plant of its kind in British Columbia and is one of the largest on the Pacific Coast. It has recently been remodelled at a cost of over \$75,000 and is supplied with the latest tools and devices known to the trade. A specialty is made in the manufacture of sawmill machinery of every description, and contracts are taken to equip and install mills in every detail. Another important department of the works is marine repairing and the construction of marine en-

tracts now in hand and the growth in business will necessitate an increase in the staff to 350.

Among the older established industries is the Westminster Brewery, which not only supplies the local demand, but its "Premier" beer finds a ready market in several towns in the Province.

The Columbia Cold Storage, a branch of the B. C. Packers Association, is a large plant with an annual turnover of \$140,000. Ninety per cent. of the fresh frozen fish supplied for the entire Dominion is handled by this concern. Piles are now being driven for the erection of additional buildings which will double the present capacity.

The car shops of the B. C. Electric Railway Co. have recently been established. These works are so complete that they not only repair and rebuild any of the Company's rolling stock, but are prepared to build in their entirety all the cars needed on its many lines and inter-urban systems.

Another large establishment is the boiler works, which has just been re-incorporated and enlarged under the name of the Vulcan Iron Works.

Numerous smaller industries comprising saw and shingle mills, box factories, wood-turning, wooden-pipe plants, bindery, canneries, fish-curing and cigar factories together with a rapidly growing concern, The Fraser River Tannery, are already established or have secured sites for the erection of their buildings.

Two important factors will ever assure the future growth and the establishment of industries in New Westminster; the civic ownership of the entire water frontage, affording accommodation for numerous industrial sites, and the fact that an unlimited supply of pure water and electric power is available for manufacturing purposes. The factory sites owned by the city have a frontage on both the river, the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railways. The city holds the

Crown grant for these properties and is ready to lease them for manufacturing and industrial purposes on most advantageous terms. While the B. C. Electric Co. offers energy at rates considerably lower than the cost of generating steam power, the fact that both electric light and water services are owned by the city means that cheap land, low taxes, abundant and cheap water together with unlimited shipping facilities in a fresh water harbour are at the disposal of all industries locating in the Royal City.

New Westminster is about to inaugurate a publicity campaign to advance the interests of the "Royal City." At a recent public meeting a committee composed of Rev. J. S. Henderson, W. T. Cooksley and W. J. Kerr was appointed to formulate a plan for raising funds to prosecute the work. At this meeting George Ham, chief of the publicity department of the C.P.R., made a short talk and outlined a feasible scheme to advertise the city. One thing more might be added, to obtain the services of an outsider as the active working member of the organization—preferably a newspaper man—and to pay him a good enough salary, to command the best talent.

Wire Wound Wooden Pipe.

Among the many and varied industries of the Pacific Coast, none perhaps is more interesting than the manufacture of wooden pipes. Being cheaper, both in initial cost and in the transportation charges, and yet equally as strong and serviceable as iron pipes, they are rapidly coming to the forefront in the favour of the leading engineers of the continent.

The wood pipe industry has been in existence for the past twenty years in the United States, and for the past four years in Canada, the first Canadian factory being located in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Dominion Wood Pipe Co. of New Westminster, B.C., controls a new patented process of winding the wire, their method being to use two independent

strands of wire instead of one. This is said to give an added strength to the pipe, as, in the event of one of the wires breaking, the other wire will hold fast, which would still give it a factor of 2.5.

The plant of the Dominion Pipe Company occupies an acre of ground in the city of New Westminster and consists of five buildings at present, the factory, the power house, the dry kiln, the warehouse and the office. The factory building is 68 feet by 138 feet. It contains a Berlin planer and moulder; a winder, for putting the wire around the pipes; a header, for trimming the ends of the pipes suitable for and adjusting the head or coupling; a band re-saw, and a horizontal band cut-off saw. This latter machine is of special construction and its pur-



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Several of the blocks front on Burnaby Lake and the Brunette River and the whole property commands a splendid view of the sunlit waters.

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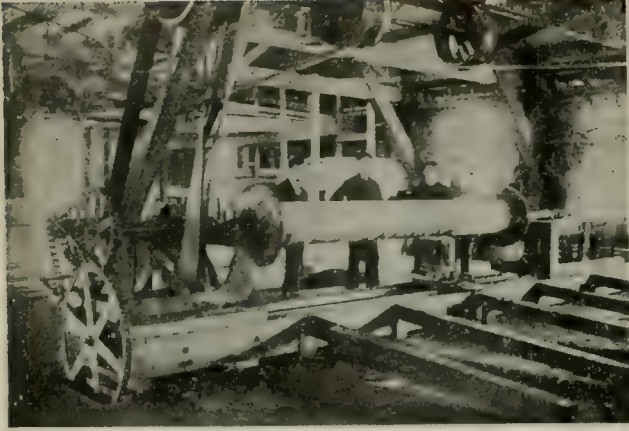
You can have your choice of blocks of high land or bottom land or both. This will make you an ideal country home.

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Showing Method of Wiring.



Showing Pipes Ready for Dipping.

pose is to trim the ends of the pipe; also to cut couplings. Before they are cut apart, a series of couplings have the appearance of one solid pipe, with the wire wound around for a short distance and then cut off and re-started a little further on. When completely wire-wound in this way the "pipe" is taken out of the winder, and transferred to the cut-off saw, where each section or coupling is cut apart. The factory also contains a large dipping vat wherein every

pipe and coupling is dipped in asphaltum as a preservative.

The boiler and engine house is at one end of the factory. This is an iron sheeted structure, 28x32 feet. A horizontal boiler of 120 pounds pressure is used. The dry kiln is 24x70 feet, and has a capacity of \$65,000.

The system was installed by the North Coast Dry Kiln Company of Seattle, Wash. The dry kiln is a special feature of the Dominion Company's equipment,

B. C. Mills, Timber and Trading Company

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and they are thus assured always of having perfectly dry lumber for use. The storage shed is 36x68 feet, with a railway spur line immediately alongside. The company can manufacture pipe of all sizes from 2 inch up to 24 inch. The daily capacity of the plant is about 2,000 feet of 6 inch pipe and 750 couplings, about twenty men being employed.

The Russell.

The completion and opening on January 16 of the Hotel Russell at New Westminster, marks a forward and much-needed step in the commercial life of the Royal City. It will be for years a splendid monument to the enterprise of Mr. E. J. Fader, one of the most enthusiastic citizens of New Westminster. The



E. J. FADER.

new hotel has eighty rooms, and is a handsome five-storey, pressed brick and cement building, fronting on Carnarvon, Begbie and Alexander streets—right in the heart of the city. Its interior ornamentation and furnishings are handsome, and its spacious office, rotunda, dining-room and billiard-room leave little to be desired. The Russell will be truly wel-

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Mr. L. Haweis, proprietor of the Royal Crown Studio, has won a host of friends by the absence of the conventional in his work, his "homey" posing, the beauty of his unique specialty, the portrait with the white background, as well as his enlargements, the life size Locket. Everyone should inspect the artistic Japanesque flower studies, a revelation in photographic art, at the Royal Crown Studio, New Westminster, B.C.

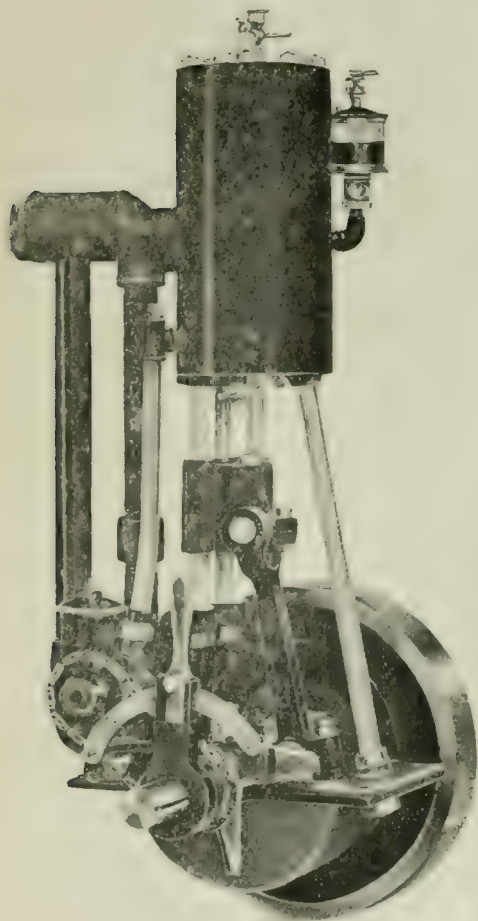
A New Firm.

J. H. Diamond, formerly manager of the realty department of Burnett, Son & Co., of Vancouver, and G. Bruce Corbould, of New Westminster, have entered into partnership under the name of

Diamond & Corbould, as real estate, investment and insurance brokers. They have offices in the new Dominion Trust Company's block, one of the finest business structures in the "Royal City," and have been appointed resident agents for the German-American Fire Insurance Co., the Imperial Underwriters' Association and the Empire Accident Surety Co.

Announcement.

Mr. J. A. Harvey, K.C., Mr. G. S. McCarter, and Mr. T. G. T. Lucas beg to announce that they have formed a partnership under the firm name of Harvey, McCarter & Lucas, and that they will carry on practice as Barristers and Solicitors at the offices occupied until now by Mr. Lucas in the Old Safe Block, 536 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Harvey and Mr. McCarter will continue to maintain their connection with the firms of Harvey, McCarter &



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A. G. Peters' family hotel, overlooking the Fraser River, merits special mention. This hostelry recently remodeled, re-furnished and newly decorated, contains forty-five rooms, and every attention is directed toward the comforts of guests by the genial host. The terms are moderate, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

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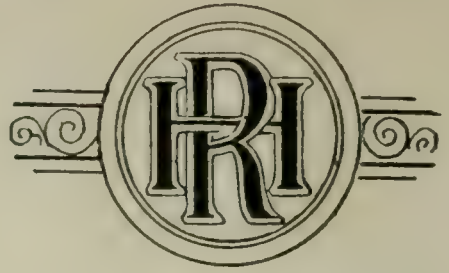
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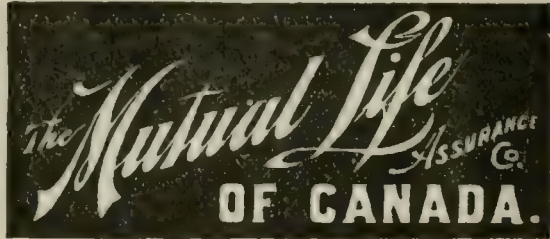


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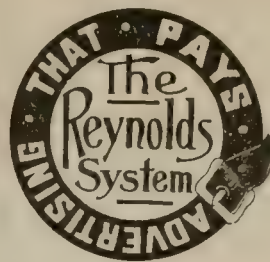
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OPEN EVENINGS.



I want to talk to, and with you, if you are not satisfied with the results you are getting from your advertising in magazines or newspapers.

British Columbia is getting to be a mighty up-to-date and important province, populated with a class of well-to-do people who readily respond to forceful, intelligent, carefully written advertising. And you, as a merchant or manufacturer, cannot expect to "pull down" satisfactory results from any other kind of publicity.

I plan, write, illustrate and place advertising of any kind, anywhere, any time. I provide advertising for businesses of such varied kinds that I am likely to have ideas useful to almost any concern that seeks enlargement. And I have experience as well as ideas.

Business men who desire to do more advertising and better advertising should learn something of my methods. Send me some of your "copy" and unless I can show you to your own satisfaction where I can definitely improve that copy, I'll send it back unharmed and no "hard feelings." If I can convince you that your copy is at fault I will make you a definite offer for better. But in no case will there be any charge for examination and criticism.

Fred B. Reynolds

Suite 16, Calthorpe Building
619 Hastings St. Phone 2349B

Vancouver, B. C.



IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING YOU CAN OBTAIN PUBLICITY FOR LITTLE COST. THE RATES ARE ONLY 25 CENTS PER LINE PER INSERTION; SMALLEST SPACE ACCEPTED, FOUR LINES; LARGEST SPACE FOR ONE ADVERTISEMENT, TWELVE LINES. CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. FORMS CLOSE 10TH OF EACH MONTH. ADDRESS MANAGER, CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, WESTWARD HO!, 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

RESTAURANTS.

The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. Hicks & Winters, Proprietors.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Do you need high grade help in your office, store, factory or mine? Several experienced, A1 men available. Booklet, "Brains and Skill," describes qualifications. Send for it. The B. C. Commercial Service Agency, 11 Arcade, Vancouver, B.C.

TIMBER NOTICES ADVERTISED.

If you are locating land in the Skeena District advertise your legal notices in The North Coast, published at Port Simpson, B.C. Write for sample copy.

TIMBER LANDS.

FOR SALE 2560 acres of timber, mostly cypress or yellow cedar also some hemlock and red cedar. The timber is located on the Portland Canal: is all handy to the water and easy to log. Licenses are paid for one year. Address "Timber," 1344 Pender Street, Vancouver, B. C.

REAL ESTATE.

Victoria Realty offers a judicious investment. We have some particularly fine residence sites on the sea front; acreage on the outskirts and good inside business property. The Pacific Coast Realty Co., Victoria, B. C.

Vancouver Rural and Urban Realty will pay investigation. Our lists are at your disposal by writing. York & Mitchell, Real Estate Brokers, Hastings St. W., Vancouver.

OFFICE FIXTURES BUILT.

We manufacture Store, Office, Bank, Church, Barber Shop and Hotel Bar Fixtures and Furniture. The V. B. C. Novelty Works, 1002 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

MULTIPLEX DUPLICATOR

Multiplex Duplicator for sale. Complete, unused, made by The Canada Office Supply Co. Write "Multiplex," 1614 Robson Street, Vancouver, B.C.

GUNS.

For Sale—Double-barrel, 10-gauge, hammer shot gun. Made by L. C. Smith, Syracuse, N.Y., cost \$100.00. In good condition. Price \$30.00. Write "E L W.," 1058 Pender St., Vancouver.

ADVERTISING CUTS.

Special advertising ideas carefully carried out in line or wash for the press. Designs for catalogues or magazine covers in colors. S. P. Judge, Studio, Room 17, Hadden Block, Vancouver.

FURRIER.

Repairing, Re-dyeing and Remodelling at lowest prices. All work guaranteed satisfactory. San Francisco Fur Co., E. A. Roberts, 919 Granville St., Vancouver.

KODAKS.

I carry the largest stock of Kodaks and Photographic Supplies in British Columbia. Write for Catalogue. Will Marsden, The Kodak Specialist, Vancouver, B. C.

TIMBER LAND WANTED.

I have capital to purchase timber. If needed will advance money to cruisers to pay for advertising or licenses. E. R. Chandler, Suite 1 and 2, Jones Building, Vancouver, B. C.

MODELS OF INVENTIONS.

Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 980 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

AUCTIONEERS.

We conduct auctions of Household Goods, Real Estate and Live Stock anywhere in the Province. Kingsford, Smith & Co., 860 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

VICTORIA, B.C.

CANADA

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE GOLDEN WEST



Parliament Buildings



A Bit of England



VICTORIA

THE
EVERGREEN
CITY
OF CANADA

is the
Most Delightful
Resort for a

SUMMER
HOLIDAY

TEMPERATURE
NEVER EXCEEDS 84°

FISHING, HUNTING
ROWING, SAILING



The Olympic Mountains, from Dallas Road

VISITORS

TO THE
PACIFIC
COAST

SHOULD RETURN
HOME VIA

VICTORIA

"A Bit of England
on the Shores of
the Pacific."

DRIVING, CYCLING
TENNIS, GOLF



A Drive in the Park



The Gorge

BUY A HOME IN VICTORIA FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE & CONTENTMENT.
NO HARD WINTERS. NO HOT SUMMERS. Write Tourist Association for free booklet.

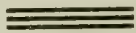


The Retail Prices for Edison Phonographs

Including New Large Flower Horn and Stand Equipment
F.O.B. Vancouver are as follows :

Style Gem	\$ 16.50
“ Standard	32.50
“ Home	45.00
“ Triumph	71.00
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WRITE US FOR CATALOGUE AND TERMS.



Dealers Wanted in Every Town
in B. C. and Alberta.

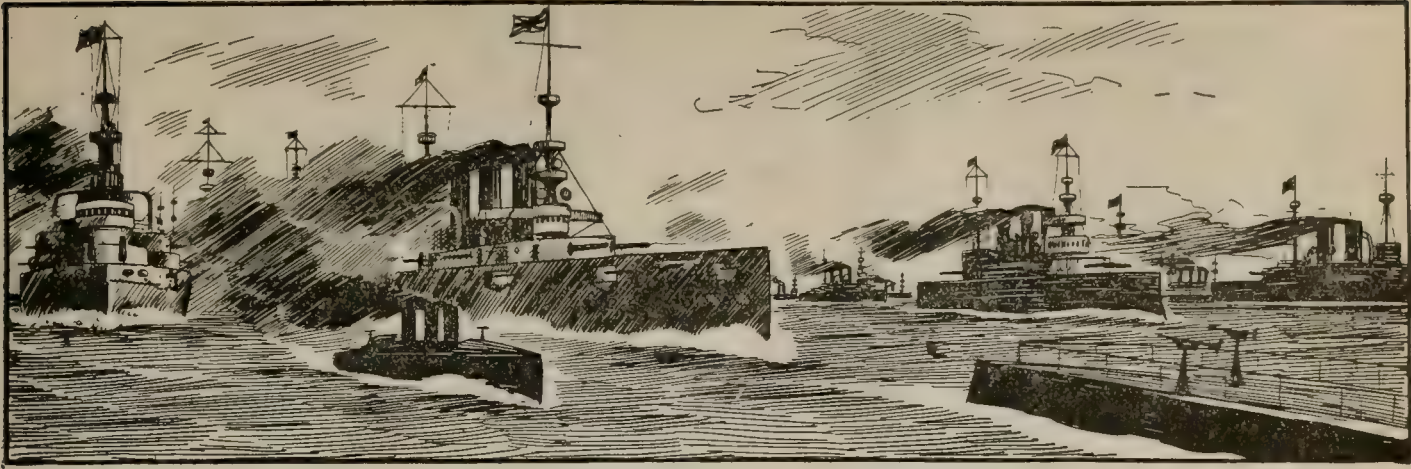
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OLDEST
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MW. WAITT & Co.

558 GRANVILLE ST.
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**HOUSE
IN
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GREAT BRITAIN

Mistress of the Seas

DERIVES 65 PER CENT. OF HER REVENUE FROM

THE TROPICS.

As a matter of fact, it has made England's wealth and today the capital that is being employed in the development of the natural resources of the tropics is reaping bigger returns than any other investments known to the commercial world.

We have compiled a book about the immense natural wealth of 91,610 acres of land which this Company owns on the Gulf slope of Southern Mexico.

The development of this large body of land marks a new era in Mexican commerce—the solidity of our enterprise and its ultimate success is guaranteed by the strong interests of experienced and capable business men connected with this corporation—both Canadian and American.

The property which consists of 143 square miles is covered with 1,500,000,000 feet of mahogany, rose-wood, lignum vitae and other cabinet hard woods.

To those who appreciate an opportunity—for the man that interests himself in enterprises of a broad but high class character—to the public generally—this proposition is presented of investigating one of the most conservative, yet attractive, business opportunities of a lifetime.

Our book goes into details—send your name on a postal and we will mail it to you free.

Chacamax Land Development Company

AMERICAN BANK BUILDING, SEATTLE, U.S.A.

References: National Bank of Commerce, Seattle.
Traders' National Bank, Spokane.



"Empress of China" Leaving Vancouver Harbor for Orient.

THE TRUTH
ABOUT
VANCOUVER
IS
WORTH
KNOWING

WRITE TOURIST
ASSOCIATION
FOR
BOOKLET

VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Business Heart and Residential Centre of
Canada's Richest Province.

BEAUTIFUL SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESSIVE



Sectional View—City of Vancouver.

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Do you have trouble in securing the latest novels?
Many people living-out-of-town do, and may be
you are one. If so, drop us a postal and we will
explain to you our method of supplying books
from our Lending Library. We carry all the best
fiction. The following is a list of light literature
that will be useful for reference.

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550 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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.....MADAME ALBANESI
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.....MADAME ALBANESI
The Little Brown Mouse.....
.....MADAME ALBANESI
The Brown Eyes of Mary.....
.....MADAME ALBANESI
I Know a Maiden.....
.....MADAME ALBANESI
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Thro' Fire to Fortune.....
.....MRS. ALEXANDER
Stronger Than Love.....
.....MRS. ALEXANDER
The Mettle of the Pasture.....
.....JAMES LANE ALLEN
The Ivory Raiders.....ANONYMOUS
A Pixey in Petticoats.....ANON
Sarah Tuldon.....ORME ANGUS
Winstons.....MILES AMBER

Miss White of Mayfair.....
.....G. W. APPLETON
The Rook's Nest.....G. W. APPLETON
Lepidus, the Centurion.....
.....EDWIN L. ARNOLD
Lieut. Gullivar Jones.....
.....EDWIN L. ARNOLD
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Azalim.....J. MARK ASHTON
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The Shulamite.....A. and C. ASKEW
The Love Stone.....A. and C. ASKEW
The Sword of Peace.....A. C. ASKEW
The Etonian.....A. C. ASKEW
Reganov.....GERTRUDE ATHERTON
Darrell of the Blessed Isles.....
.....IRVING BACHELLOR
The Shepherd of Kensington.....
.....M. BAILLIE SAUNDERS
Karl of Erbach.....H. C. BAILEY
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Springtime.....H. C. BAILEY
Saints in Society.....
.....M. BAILLIE-SAUNDERS

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My Prison Life.....JABEZ BALFOUR
Of Like Passions.....FRANCIS BANCROFT
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 Thyra VarrickAMELIA E. BARR
 Triumphs of Eugene Almont..R. BARR
 Laughing Thro' a Wilderness.....JAMES BARS
 Night of Reckoning.FRANK BARRETT
 The King's Fool.....MICHAEL BARRINGTON
 The Dayspring..DR. WILLIAM BARRY
 The Trail Together..H. W. BASHFORD
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 Leonora.....A. BENNET
 The Ghost.....A. BENNETT
 Barnaby Lie.....JOHN BENNETT
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 Beneath Her Station.....H. BINDLOSS
 The Imposter.....HAROLD BINDLOSS
 The Dust of Conflict.....HAROLD BINDLOSS
 The Seething Pot.....GEORGE BIRMINGHAM
 The Dupe.....GERALD BISS
 The Canker.....JAMES BLYTH
 Same Clay.....JAMES BLYTH
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 Countess Londa.....GUY BOOTHBY
 Stolen Peer.....GUY BOOTHBY
 Race of Life.....GUY BOOTHBY
 Life, the Interpreter.....PHYLIS BOTTOME
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 The Viper of Milan.....MARJORIE BOWEN
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 Kiss of Glory.....GRACE D. BOYLAN
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 The White House.....MISS BRADDON
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 Sir Elyot of the Woods...E. BROOKE
 Susan Wood, Susan Won.....EMMA BROOKE
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 The Fashionable Christian.....VINCENT BROWN

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 John Burnet of Barns.JOHN BUCHAN
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 Sea Puritans.....F. T. BULLEN
 Frank Brown....FRANK T. BULLEN
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 The Great Skene Mystery.....BERNARD CAPES
 A Rogue's Tragedy..BERNARD CAPES
 The Secret of the Hills.....BERNARD CAPES
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 At the Moorings....ROSA N. CAREY
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 Love the Judge.....WYMOND CAREY
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 Pensionaires....ALBERT R. CARMEN
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 Fata Morgana...ANDRE CASTAIGNE
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 The Younger Set...R. W. CHAMBERS
 The Tracer of Lost Persons.....R. W. CHAMBERS
 Tracer of Lost Persons.....R. W. CHAMBERS
 His Wife.....WARREN CHENEY
 The Baptist Ring.....WEATHERBY CHESNEY
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 Prisoners...MARY CHOLMONDELEY
 Court Cards.....AUSTIN CLARE
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 The Fool's Tax.....LUCAS CLEEVE
 The Dreamer.....LUCAS CLEEVE
 The Secret Church...LUCAS CLEEVE
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 Collusion.....THOMAS COBB
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 God's Good Man...MARIE CORELLI
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 The Lady on the Drawing Room Floor..M. E. COLERIDGE

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 The Wilful Way.....HERBERT COMPTON
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DOROTHEA CONYERS
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WILLIAM W. COOKE
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L. COPE CORNFORD
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COUNTESS CROMARTIE
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MARGARET B. CROSS
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 Gabrielle Transgressor.....
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ALICE M. DIEHL
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 The Fatal Ring.....DICK DONOVAN
 Knight of Evil.....DICK DONOVAN
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GEORGE DOUGLAS
 The King's Scapegoat.....
HAMILTON DRUMMOND
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 The Wise Woods.....
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 A Close Ring..M. BETHAM EDWARDS
 The Eternal Dawn.....A. EGMONT
 Woman.....MRS. H. ELLIS
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LEWIN FITZHAMON
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 The Country House.....
JOHN GALSWORTHY
 The Rose of Blenheim...M. GERARD
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 Price of Pity.....RANGER GULL
 Lauriel.....Edited by A. H.
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 A Persian Roseleaf.....
 ...LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW HAGGARD
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 Maid Molly.....A. G. HALES
 The Woman in Black.M. Y. HALIDOM
 The Palm Oil Ruffin...A. HAMILTON
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 The One Who Saw...HEADEN HILL
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 The Chariots of the Lord.....
JOSEPH HOCKING
 The Silent Man...SILAS K. HOCKING
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 Bachelor Girls.....KEBLE HOWARD
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 The Secret Passage...FERGUS HUME
 The Pagans' Cup....FERGUS HUME
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 The Black Patch.....FERGUS HUME
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FERGUS HUME
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FERGUS HUME
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MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN
 The Mystery of Magdalen.....
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VAUGHAN KESTER

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 The Mender.....AMY LeFEUVRE
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 Being Done Good...EDWARD B. LENT
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WM. LeQUEUX
 The Secret of the Squan.....
WM. LeQUEUX
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MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE
 A Drone and a Dreamer.....
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 Love of Life.....JACK LONDON
 The Pagan Woman.....
NORMA LORIMER
 A Winged Victory.....F. LOVETT
 The Machinations of the Myo-ok.....
CECIL LOWES
 Barbara Rebell.....
MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES
 The Lovers' Progress.....
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 The Intervening Sea...DAVID LYALL
 The Corner Stone.....DAVID LYALL
 Another Man's Money..DAVID LYALL
 The Flowers of the Forest.....
DAVID LYALL
 The Gold that Perisheth.....
DAVID LYALL
 The Doverfield Diamonds..L. L. LYNCH
 Her Majesty's Rebels.....
SIDNEY R. LYSAGHT
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ALLAN McAULEY
 Needles and Pins....J. H. McCARTHY
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 The Illustrious O'Hagan.....
J. H. McCARTHY
 Jane Cable....G. BAR McCUTCHEON
 The Sea Maid..RONALD MacDONALD
 From the Great Lakes to the Wide West
B. McEVOY
 Huldah.....ALICE MacGOWAN and
 GRACE MacGOWAN COOK
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ROEBRT McINTYRE
 The Return of the Emigrant.....
L. M. McKAY

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W. A. McKENZIE
 Gaff Linkum.....A. R. McKRISHNER
 Graham of Claverhouse..IAN McLAREN
 Spanish John.....W. McLENNAN
 The Egregious English.....
ANGUS McNEIL
 Abbots Verney.....MISS MACAULAY
 The Gift.....S. MACNAUGHTON
 Fauconberg.....SIR WM. MAGNAY
 The Far Horizon....LUCAS MALET
 The Sheep and the Goats.....
MARY E. MANN
 The Girl and the Miracle.....
RICHARD MARSH
 In the Cause of Freedom.....
A. W. MARCHMONT
 The Man Who was Dead.....
A. W. MARCHMONT
 Every Man a King.....O. S. MARDEN
 The Wondrous Wife..CHAS. MARRIOTT
 The Remnant.....CHAS. MARRIOT
 The Privateers.....
H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON
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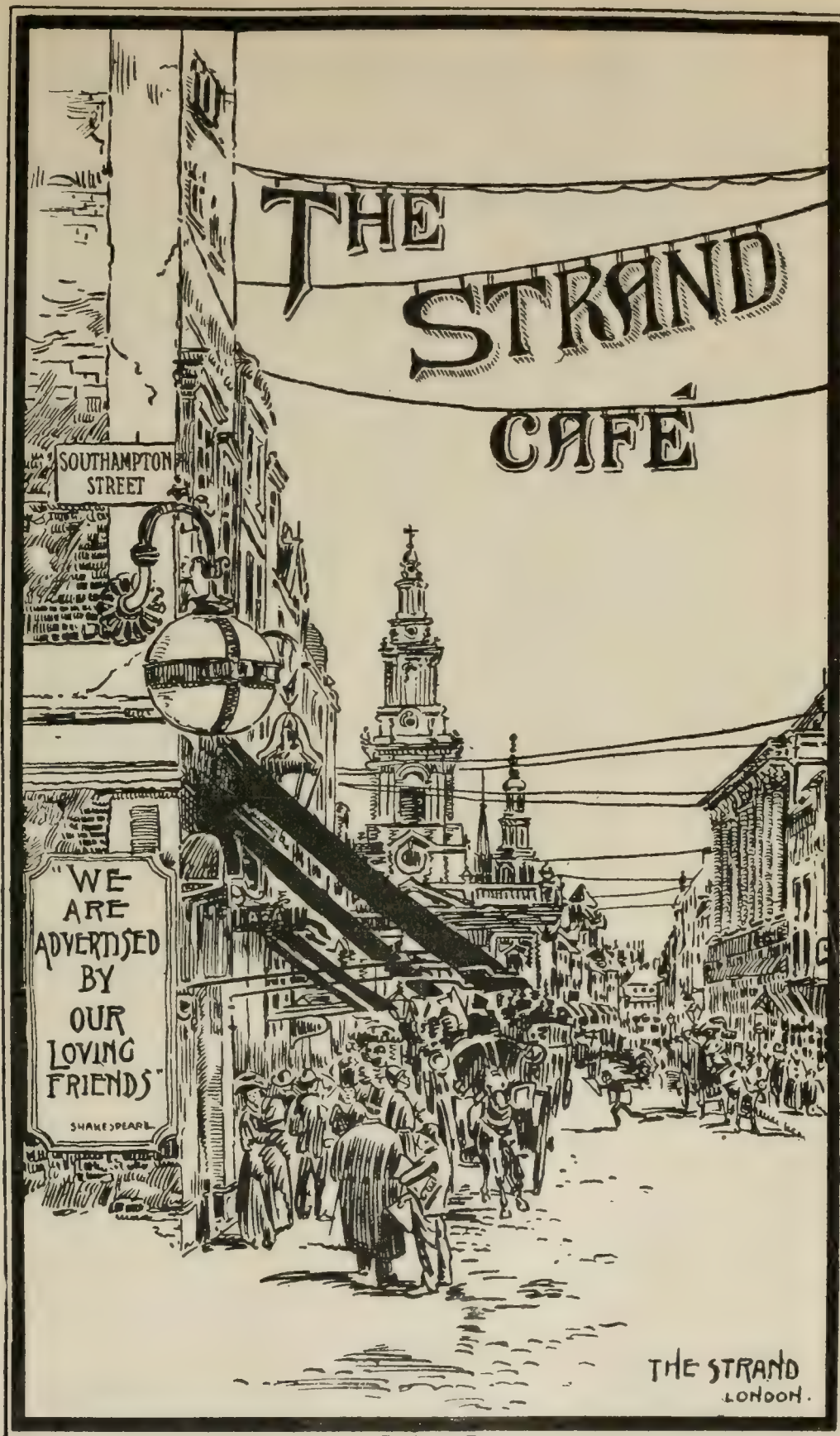
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**Asiatic
Question.**

It is just about twenty years since the Yellow Peril began to be talked about. The subject was introduced to public notice in a very clever pamphlet. The interest of this pamphlet to-day is that it furnishes a remarkable contrast to the propaganda of the Exclusionists. The writer depicted in vivid colours the intelligence, the industry and the aggressiveness of the Orientals. He pointed out that their danger to the white races lay not in their inferiority, but in their superiority. In the ultimate issue they overran the world by reason of their numbers, but their numerical superiority only became effective because it was directed and controlled by intelligence. He treated them as the masters, not the servants, of the white races, and their triumph became in his hands the logical conclusion of natural forces intelligently applied.

The Exclusionist has so far approached the question solely from the standpoint of inferiority. The only protest lodged against Oriental immigration, whether into Canada or the United States, has been in the interests of white labour; the suggestion is that unrestricted immigration means flooding the market with Orientals and displacing white labour. Undoubtedly this is a correct

proposition, but is it not taking altogether too narrow a view of the subject? By narrowing the issue, the Exclusionist is ignoring broader considerations, some of which, at any rate, are more potent than the one he urges.

* * *

WESTWARD Ho! has never agreed with the methods of the Exclusion League; it has always sympathized with its objects. Now that the League has been made an International one, it is the more important that Canadians should thoroughly understand the question in all its bearings. Whilst Canadian and American Exclusionists have some things, they have not all things, in common. The interests of the former are distinct; where they touch questions of International policy they merge on all the broader issues.

There has been a great deal of talking at cross-purposes; at one time the League has stated that the question is primarily a racial one; again it has declared that it is purely an economic one. WESTWARD Ho! holds the view that both aspects of the case are predominant, and that neither can for a moment be ignored. It is in the highest interests of civilization that such racial differences as exist between the Mongolian and the white man should be maintained in their integrity.

The history of the world furnishes no instance of the commingling of such races, and the profoundest students of anthropology are a unit in concluding that it would be disastrous.

Only less fatal would be the peopling of any Province of the Dominion with the yellow races to the exclusion of the white, a self-evident proposition which need not be discussed.

* * *

It is when the economic side of the question is considered that difficulties begin to arise. WESTWARD HO! strongly urges the necessity for educating public opinion as to the real character of the achievements, the policy, and the ambitions of the Mongolian races. This phase of the subject is less insistent with respect to the Chinese than the Japanese, not because the former will always be less formidable, but because at the moment they are less aggressive. It will be many generations before the subjects of Nippon, whatever the extent of their colonizing agencies, approach in the slightest degree to the population of the Chinese empire. There is the further consideration that the closest students of human nature are unable to fathom the Chinese mind, whilst the Jap is now an open book. The civilization of the former is buried in antiquity. Its records are in evidence for at least 6,000 years. Japanese history is practically contemporary with the Christian era. China is still asleep, or at any rate is barely waking up. At intervals during the last half century it has fitfully yawned, only to close its eyes and steadfastly refuse to be aroused. What the disciples of Confucius will do when they fall in step with the march of modern civilization, the profoundest philosopher cannot even surmise. Japan is wide awake, with every nerve a-tingle; with its eyes steadfastly fixed on a fair horizon. Its policy has been decided on, its course is mapped out, its mission is in the word of one of its greatest statesmen, "To lead Asia." This is an intelligible programme, there is no deception about it. He who runs may read, and he who talks Exclusion without mastering its provisions is ill-equipped for the controversy.

The ambition of Japan is to stand on International equality with the white races. It admits no point of inferiority, and is straining every nerve to gain and maintain its forces. In military and naval warfare it has established equality, if not supremacy. Its victories in the sphere of arms have been so brilliant as to dazzle the onlooker, and confuse his judgment with regard to the achievements of Japan in other fields. A few facts carefully pondered will tend to correct any misconception on this point.

* * *

The foundation of all national prosperity is education, and Japan is to-day the most highly educated country in the world. It has 30,000 public schools, 120,000 teachers, and 5,500,000 pupils. Last year over 1,000,000 pupils graduated. No other country can approach these figures proportionately to its population. When Canadians talk of an inferior race, and when they consider that a Japanese invasion is most to be feared from the standpoint of labour, let them recall the fact that the school attendance of Japan is practically equal to the total population of Canada. Let them consider, further, that the English language is on the curriculum of every public school, and that the average Jap scholar is better versed in mathematics than the Canadian scholar in ordinary arithmetic. It should also be remembered that the Japanese people are firm believers in higher education, that they have numerous universities for women, and that in all of these the three primary subjects are domestic science, Japanese literature, and English literature. In the Japanese army, in time of peace, are 6,000 officers and 1,000,000 men; in the navy, 50,000 men. The navy tonnage is 500,000, and the tonnage of the mercantile marine 1,000,000.

* * *

The industries of Japan are little understood outside its borders. There are over 7,000 factories, the various industries employ the following number of hands: Silk manufacture, 120,000; cotton, 80,000; ship-building and machinery, 28,000; weaving, 59,500; printing, 8,000; paper mills, 6,000. In these the highest

wage paid is 35 cents per day and the lowest 10 cents. The average farm in Japan consists of two acres, the value of its product is \$60 per year, and on this sum a Jap will support himself and family. Several years ago Japan commenced to build steamers for export, and actually furnished a gunboat in the United States navy.

In addition to the industries mentioned, sugar raising, dyeing, papermaking, glass-blowing, lumbering, brickmaking, pottery, and brewing are all firmly established and flourishing. Japan has an extensive and remarkable railway system, with 5,000 miles in operation, although the empire only contains 161,000 square miles and is about the same size as California. To put it another way: In one-twentieth the area of the United States, Japan has a population of 50,000,000. In connection with the subject of immigration there are two significant facts. The first is that Japan retains control over all immigration into the empire; the second is that while there are only 3,000 white people in the whole of Japan there are 200,000 Japs in foreign countries.

* * *

Reverting for a moment to the State railways, the skill of Japanese management is marvellously illustrated by the following figures: Passengers carried last year, 150,000,000; freight carried, 20,000,000 tons; gross earnings, \$22,000,000; expenses of operation, \$10,000,000; profit, \$12,000,000. What other country in the world can show profits exceeding 50 per cent. of the gross earnings of its railroads? Notice how the Jap has imbibed the principle of thrift and economy. Last year there were 3,000,000 depositors in the State Savings Bank, and the amount of their deposits exceeded \$20,000,000, a sum equal to that saved by the Austrians, and more than the savings of the Dutch or the Swedes. Look at the Government finances, with

an expenditure of \$150,000,000 (double that of Canada), a trade value of \$250,000,000, a currency of \$200,000,000, and a property valuation of six billions.

* * *

Little more than twenty years ago Japan adopted popular representation and a modern constitution; the British model was copied exactly. In addition to the House of Representatives, there is a House of Lords, consisting of Princes, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts and Barons. The people were divided into three grades, and social status accorded in the following proportions: Nobility, 4,600; gentry, 2,200,000, and common people, 42,000,000. With all this modern machinery, in the adoption of which the Japanese have shown themselves to be the greatest imitators the world has known, let it not be for a moment supposed that they are not governed by something more powerful than mere machinery. Their constitution rests on fundamental principles, among which the strongest are "reverence for superiors," "self abnegation," and "an absolute conviction that the empire is family." Such an example of solidarity, springing from conviction and devotion, has rarely been seen. Their policy has been well described as "Constitutional Imperialism."

* * *

Japan has slept for 250 years; it is now wide awake. The people can, because they think they can. They are awake not for the purpose of furnishing diggers and delvers for other lords of creation, but for the purpose of becoming a governing and a ruling race. Their competition in the labour market might occasion momentary inconvenience, but it fades into insignificance in the light of the above facts and of the infinitely profounder conception which they furnish of the ambition and the policy of an awakened Japan.

A Deal in Heifers.

Frank Dilnot.

WILLIAM and his partner Simon were the blacksmiths of North Hyben. They owned their forge, insulted customers, and maintained a determined and rasping rule over the village. They were unpopular, but they could not be ignored. Stalwart upholders of law and order and the Church, they took a fierce delight in speaking well of some of them behind their backs. Squire Brierley they thought much of, but that did not prevent them from telling him of his faults in farming, or criticising the architecture of his new house. Consequently there was no particular cause for remark when Mr. Panyon fell under their disapproval. Mr. Panyon was a superior squire who farmed for recreation and did not make it pay; but the Panyons had held their heads erect in Hyben for generations, and were accorded an hereditary respect.

Now, William and Simon had come to the conclusion that Mr. Panyon was living beyond his means, and they not only spoke loudly of it between themselves and to the villagers, but took opportunity of reproving Mr. Panyon in person.

"If," said William, "you was to do away with them there beagles you're keeping, Mr. Panyon, you'd be able to get new harrows and not trouble us with this continual patching up of the old 'uns. 'Pend upon it, sir, I should get rid of they beagles if I was you. You ain't thought any more of because you keeps beagles."

"How dare you speak to me like that?" said Mr. Panyon.

Later in the day William said to his partner:

"This 'ere Panyon is getting a bit overbearing. He was right down rude to me this morning."

"Ah," said taciturn Simon.

"Shan't stand much more of Panyon.

Rettie can write out his bill presently."

"A hity-tity lot," said Rettie, the elderly spinster sister of William. "I hear they have's the butcher call there every day, and there's people like we, living very well, ain't had any butcher's meat, what with the pigs and the fowls, for a matter of thirty years, not since our poor father died."

That evening William trudged up to Mr. Panyon's house with the bill. He looked with grim disdain on the flower beds along the drive and the whitened steps leading up to the front door.

Mr. Panyon came out to see his visitor.

"Can you let me have this little account, Farmer Panyon?" said William, handing over the bill.

"Certainly. But it's rather extraordinary, isn't it? Of course, if you're in want of money——"

"We ain't," interrupted William. "We ain't in no want of money. Weve got the bit of farm, which is freehold, our own, mind ye. But what with beagles and holding your heads so high, we thinks you're getting a bit too finnickin'. We ain't particular about doing your work at all."

It was in the next week that Simon brought to the forge the story that Mr. Panyon's financial affairs were approaching a crisis, that his creditors were beginning to press him, and that Panyon House, the pride of North Hyben for the last 150 years, was in danger.

"Never heard o' such a thing," said William. "Never thought o' it. Believed he was as safe as houses. Who told you, Simon?"

Simon gave incontestable proof.

"Well, to be sure!" said William.

Within a month the difficulties of Mr. Panyon were common property, and the respect of the village had gone to zero. The labourers forgot to touch their hats,

but with their usual contrariness, William and Simon made scathing interruptions in the village gossip. In the attitude of impartial observers they severely blamed Mr. Panyon and at the same time ruthlessly crushed anyone else who happened to criticise him.

"Going to have a sale," said Simon. "The auctioneers'll be at Panyon House in October."

"Dear, dear! Why, he won't get but next to nothing for them Berkshires and they Jersey heifers."

"Yes, and there's two or three about here as is going in to make money out of it. They've been reckoning for days on this sale."

"He must owe a terrible lot," said William, reflectively.

"I don't know," said Simon. "I heard say as a hundred pounds would put him straight again."

"Dear, dear," said William, "and this is what comes o' beagles, and of course it serves him right."

"And then there's that eldest girl of his," said Simon.

"She's much too stuck up for me," growled William.

"Maybe," said Simon, "maybe. But d'ye remember how she used to drive that fast trotter, hands up, hat at the back of head, and the colour in her face? She's going to take a place as mother's help, or something of that kind."

"That's a sort of servant, ain't it?"

"I reckon so," said Simon.

"What about Panyon?"

"Trying for a job as farmer's bailiff, 'tis said."

"Bailiff!" said William. "And his old father was a gentleman."

That evening William picked a basket of Jargonelle pears from the famous tree

that slimbed the side of his cottage, and walked up to Panyon House.

"We was looking at the pears this afternoon," he said to Mr. Panyon, "and we've got more than we knows what to do wi', so I brought you a few. And I wanted to tell ye, Mr. Panyon, as us bean't in no hurry for that money."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Panyon.

"I suppose," said William, hesitatingly, "you ain't wantin' to sell them Jersey heifers of yours?"

"If I could get a fair price I should be only too pleased to sell them."

"Well, me and Simon, we've had a hankering after Jersey heifers for years. We saw yours, but we were afraid you wouldn't like to part with them. If you was to let me and Simon have the six we'd snap 'em up at once. What would you say to a hundred pounds for the six?"

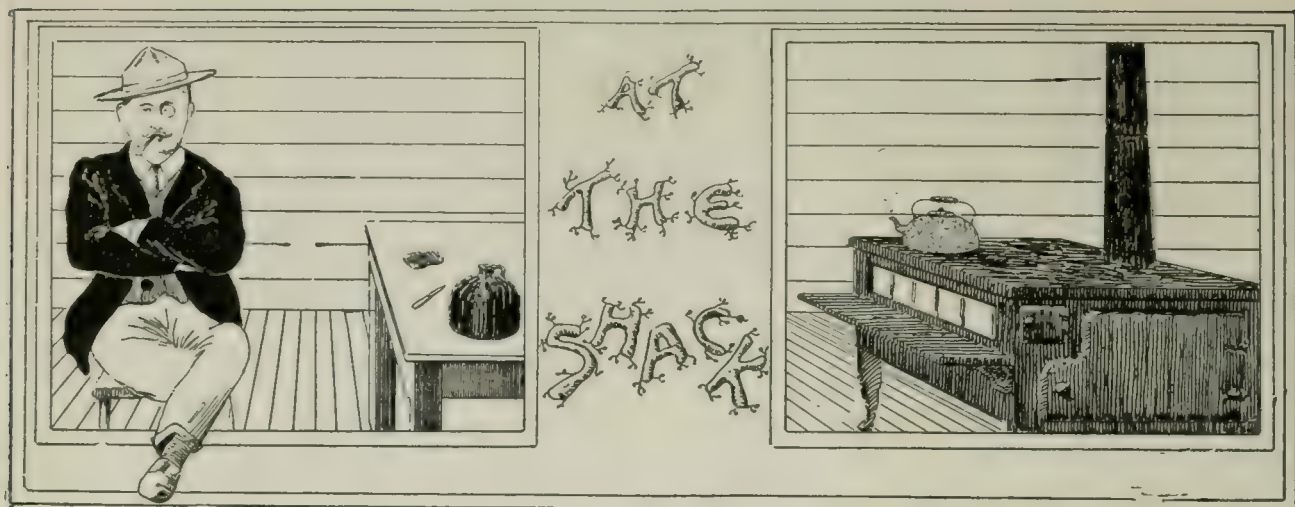
"That is a good price," said Mr. Panyon. "It's rather more than I should have asked."

"We'll be glad to get 'em at that," said William. "We'll fetch 'em in the morning. We've always had a hankering after they heifers."

On the following Tuesday, William and Simon surreptitiously took the heifers to market at Harton. They afterwards boasted of what a good bargain they had made, and no one in the village but themselves knew that they had lost £33 over the matter.

This action of the crusty but good-hearted old bachelors turned the tide of Mr. Panyon's affairs. Others bought and paid good prices for his stock, and he was not forced to go as farm bailiff nor his daughter as a mother's help.





Percy Flage.

IN this latest and best of young centuries, opportunities of leisure come rarely to those who are neither remittance men nor union labourers.

The *fin-de-siecle* luxuries of a past decade have become the wonted use and necessity of the present; the wizardries of Edison, the patents of Bell, the breakfast foods of Battle Creek, and the paper flags of the Tobacco Trust have grown in a night from gifts of great service, to tower and loom threateningly over us like an uncorked evil genie.

That is to say, the Ordinary Man's daily bread is so garnished with butter, treacle, china, d'oyleys and finger-bowls, with their correlative monthly bills, that the O. M. is of necessity constrained to toil so assiduously as to bar him from the fair hours of easy thought that all honest considerations of belt politic and ward elections demand.

Our attention has been drawn to an up-to-date admonition of Ecclesiasticus, beginning:

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise."

Directly in line with this, and very apt, was the statement last year by Gertrude Atherton that three of the very best works on American history were by Britons, a fact imputed by her in part to "the

greater personal leisure, and the inherited method of treating history in a spirit of serious and noble deliberation," more common to the writers and statesmen of the old country than to the more hurried ones of the United States and Canada.

How best to attain the heights of easeful horizontality whence one may view the circumferential landscape with the least waste of effort, and whether it is wiser to strive for the required end by raising the wages of our judges and legislators something nearer to the night-mares of avarice, or to encourage them to a Cincinnatus-like simplicity of life by swearing them to vows of poverty (chastity and obedience optional), is a question that would probably be ruled out of order by the Speaker of any self-respecting House.

That being as it may, the endless problem remains for the independent thinker to decide whether the twelve hundred-dollar government supporter or the equally valued oppositionist is right or wrong in his attempts to make history and to unmake geography, or whether they are both fooling.

In the stress of circumstance and the tide of time, one is fain to fall back on one's earlier studies, and to fit if possible the questions of to-day to the indexed files of yester year.

Even so, one may mistake.

I had been trying to recall the arguments of a work called "The Undesirable Jap," that I read some time ago.

It was pithy, graphic and convincing in its pictures of the desolation awaiting those unhappy lands exploited by the ruthless invader.

With economic art it traced the process of disintegration awaiting the commerce and civilization of the once happy nations that threw down the barriers of race and exposed the brawn of Europe to competition with the rice-fields of Asia.

In forcible language it depicted the cunning, the skill, the small economies, the large ambitions, the clannishness, the questionable virtues, and the unquestionable vices of England's aggressive allies, and in plaintive detail it recited scores of cases where single spies, treated with generous kindness, had been followed by battalions of hungry cousins, seeking the crumbs of Britain's affluence.

Oh, it was the most corroborative demonstration imaginable! But when I finally laid hands on the book I found that my memory had played me false.

Its title read, "The Unspeakable Scot," and its fulminations were against oatmeal, not rice! And its weak satire was aimed at the people that sang "A white man's a man for a' that."

To trust to memory for one's illustrations of an argument is no safer than to quote unverified authorities, and may lead one into as awkward a position as embarrassed an artistic friend of mine whose hero worship was greater than his historical accuracy.

Wishing to please the citizens of an American town where he sojourned, and filled with honest admiration for the Father of that country, he designed in oil an almost life-sized painting of Washington crossing the Delaware, and presented it to the Carnegie Library.

It was grandly conceived and faithfully executed, down to the detailed buttons of the General's buff waistcoat.

The likeness, taken from other portraits, was admirably depicted under the wintry moonlight of a storm-swept sky.

The Delaware, in turgid darkness, was choked with grinding ice-floes, and George (through some unfortunate association of ideas) skipped from block to block with an activity so lifelike as to make the beholders almost hear the bay of the bloodhounds, and dimly discern the form of baffled Legree in the blackness of the farther shore!

It is a dangerous matter to meddle with local colour, unless one takes pains to absorb more than he transfers.

To know the manners and men of other nations, or of other centuries calls for greater effort than the reading of a book and the purchase of a tourist ticket.

Some authorities maintain that it is impossible to know two people at one time—that to understand the Gallic necessitates the sacrifice of one's Teutonic identity, and to grasp the teachings of the Koran is to forget the meanings of Christianity. It is doubtless an extreme view, but it illustrates how faulty must be our most unprejudiced judgments on other ways than our own.

That biographer is fortunate who pens the life of one with whom he has entirely lived—and that historian is happy whose chosen period lies within the years of his own age, or whose periods lie in the safe distance where "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The life of a century gone is not easy of apprehension, even in England, where the records are strewn as thickly as the leaves of ballambrosa. Harder yet, in our land, where 1808 saw Canada an unfathomed and untabulated wild, with few records taken note of save by the religious brotherhoods and the fur traders.

How, for instance, is one to relate the voyage in that year by Simon Fraser down the great river that bears his name, to the waters of the Pacific?

It would be well worth the while of our Westminster friends to attempt something in the line of a commemorative ode to that achievement.

It calls for the "wisdom that cometh by opportunity of leisure" to do it justice, and lacking that we can only offer a few hasty lines as a stimulus to better efforts:

SIMON FRASER—1808.

Pomp of the voyageurs,
Pride of the daring!
Lofty the birch lifts her light prow aloof.
Whither the voltigeurs
Valiantly faring?
What are these waters that put ye to
proof?

*"En avant, Boucher! Garde biens les
rochers!
Allons nous chercher la grande mer
d'Ouest!"*

Clerks of La Compagnie,
Bondmen and boatmen,
Fill the four galleys that follow in file—
Fearless to villainy,
Cheerful cutthroat men,
Dash the swift paddle in swaggering
style.

*"Prendo le droit, Pierre Roy! Keep to
the fair way!
Down the white stairway that falls to
the West."*

All the wide watering
Gulleted sudden
Where the hills throttle the wild leaping
thing!
Chasms gape, guttering,
Gasp, and are flooden,
White combing currents convulsively
spring.

*"Vite donc, Belanger! Crains pas le
danger!
"Houp! la grande plonge, et toute d'suite
pour l'Ouest."*

Straight as an arrow flies
When the thumb scraping
Twangs the taut cord to the rebounding
bow!

Straight to where narrow lies
One stream escaping
Yonder dun boulder that shoulders the
flow!

*"Bully boy, Waccun! Right by the black
one!
"Now the ways lack one more bar to
west."*

Now we run merrily!
Hark to the sounding
Pebbles a fathom beneath our canoes—
So we swing warily
Where the bend rounding
Shows the wide shoal and the intricate
sloughs.

*"Qu' dis tu, Quesnel? Is yon the channel?
"Oui, M'sieu Simon! Cest la route pour
l'Ouest!"*

Here a high sundering
Monolith towers
Ripping the river to ribbons of foam
There the slide thundering
Scatters in showers
Traitorous eddies that sapped the hills
dome.

*"D'embarquez, Gagnon! Camp in the
bay yon—
Hai, mes compagnon? Sol se couche
dans l'Ouest!"*

Soon through the willow wet
Flames in the twilight
Speak the quick camp neath the epinette
tree
Where in fierce silhouette
Shadows on high light
Dance like the crew of a chasse gallerie.

*Sainte Anne the Holy! Ward thou the
lowly!
With trust in Thee wholly, we win to the
west!*

The Arctic Brotherhood.

Godfrey Chealander.

THE unique as well as the most beneficial institution in the great golden Northland is the Order of the Arctic Brotherhood. By the "great golden Northland" here, is included not only Alaska, but also the Canadian Yukon, as well as Northern British Columbia, for the Brotherhood has twenty-two camps scattered in every important section throughout the three territories. Its membership is about five thousand and comprises the very best of the brawn and brain of the most cosmopolitan gathering of citizens, be they from the American or Canadian side, that ever settled in a new country before. Within its ranks are to be found governors and ex-governors, bankers, miners, and business men, United States senators and congressmen, members of parliament, judges, lawyers, doctors and men in every line of profession.

Hundreds of men in the early days of the "stampede," with no other capital than a pick and a shovel, but with upright, stalwart characters, joined the order, and away from home and friends as they were, they found within its fold elements that in a large measure helped to supply in the far Northern wilds the things which they had left behind at their own firesides. And thus they became imbued with fortitude and those staying qualities so essential to success on the trails and in the Northern haunts. Most of these men have "made good," and are to-day possessed of heavy pokes filled with the precious yellow metal. Their love for the Arctic Brotherhood is strong, and nearly all of them have joined the "life membership brigade," which consists of nearly one thousand members.

The organization had its birth in a spirit of jollity among a crowd of returning argonauts on board one of the

steamers bound for Skagway in February, 1899. The name "Arctic Brotherhood" was decided upon as the most fitting synonym for such an extreme Northern organization. A number of "cheehaquas" (those who had never been in the country before) were initiated by a number of "sourdoughs" (those who had been in the country some years previous) with improvised ceremonies for the occasion.

A coincidence of more than passing notice occurred several months later when the snows were melting off the mountains. Facing the bay of Skagway and standing sentinel over the town is a large mountain. It was discovered that on this mountain on the side facing the town and bay, a number of crevasses were visible, forming in gigantic outlines the letters "A B." These letters, some four hundred feet in length, are plainly seen for two or three months during spring. They are as perfect in contour as if chiseled by a mighty master hand, and as Skagway was made the home of the first camp of the order, it was but natural that the discovery of the initials of the organization on the face of this mountain should be considered an unusual omen, the Great Creator having stamped his approval, so to say, thousands of years before the institution of the Arctic Brotherhood. The mountain was accordingly named by the United States Geographical Society, in honour of the event, the "A. B." mountain.

The order, strong as it is in the composition of its membership, and standing unitedly for the very best interests of the Northland, radiates its influence in many directions. Politics are strictly excluded in the deliberations of its councils, but those questions which affect the territories and the people as a whole are always considered and promulgated, and

coming from such a source of men, and with such unity, and with purposes so non-personal and non-political in character, great heed and attention is given to measures advocated by the Arctic Brotherhood in the Congress of the United States and in the Dominion Parliament.

This pioneer organization of the North has acted the good Samaritan on numbers of occasions. It has more than once rescued some of its members from perishing in snowstorms on the trails. It has succored the sick and helped the needy and in distress. One of its cardinal principles is, "If a brother falls gently lift him up. If he fails imbue him with fortitude to bear his failure patiently."

In the early days in the North, and the "early days" here is meant the days of the great gold hunt in 1897 and 1898, when upwards of one hundred thousand people thronged the trails of the Northern gold-fields, there was much rivalry between the subjects of Great Britain and American citizens over the boundary line between the two countries. The order adopted as its motto, "No Boundary Line Here." This happy choice of motto assuaged the bitter feeling between the two peoples to a greater extent than any other one thing, and fostered, instead of a spirit of hatred and dissension, a genuine spirit of harmony and

good fellowship; and hand in hand the two countries on either side of the "line" has ever since under its benign influence prospered and advanced.

The Arctic Brotherhood will erect a handsome building of its own on the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, to be held in Seattle, 1909. This building will be permanent in character and in it will be entertained during the exposition its own members as well as friends of the order, and after the exposition is over it will be deeded in trust to the Regents of the Washington University, upon the grounds of which the exposition will be held, and designated for fraternity uses among the students from the North. It will also be open to the public at all times, as in it will be exhibited a choice collection of Alaskan curios, souvenirs and relics. A real Arctic garden will surround the building, in which will be found live plants, bushes, shrubs and flowers transplanted from Alaska and Yukon, many of which will be gathered from hundreds of miles north of the Arctic circle.

An imposing site has been selected for the structure. It is in full view of the Cascade Range and Mount Rainier, which though majestic, being over 14,000 feet high, is still some 7,000 feet lower than Alaska's own grand mountain, Mount McKinley, which measures from base to top over 21,000 feet.

Her Little Hand.

Her little hand! So small and white,
 Ah, could I only claim the right
 To print a kiss on it, I own
 That would for all past grief atone.
 The world would seem to me all bright
 From fertile plain to rocky height;
 The darkest clouds must take their
 flight,
 If she would give to me alone,
 Her little hand.
 If she were Queen—and I a Knight
 Of bygone age, by chance I might
 Her homage pay; but now unknown,
 In dreams I press, when hopes have
 flown
 Like midnight phantoms with the light,
 Her little hand.



Hon. W. S. Fielding.

William Blakemore

I FIRST met Mr. Fielding at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, in the summer of 1904. It was on the occasion of the visit of the Canadian Mining Institute to the mines of the Dominion Coal Company. The gathering was a large and notable one. The late lamented B. T. A. Bell was then the Secretary of the Institute, and had brought down from Montreal a party of ladies and gentlemen, by the St. Lawrence route, on the Bona Vista, in charge of Captain Fraser. Others came by the Intercolonial, and when the whole party rallied at Sydney Hotel there were few short of a hundred visitors, in addition to local recruits.

Among the notabilities who attended the sessions were Mr. Fielding, the then, and Mr. G. H. Murray, the now, Premier of Nova Scotia. The former had taken a great interest in the formation of a company which had just absorbed all the old coal mines on Cape Breton Island. It was a gigantic undertaking, and although in the fourteen years which have since elapsed the company has seen many vicissitudes, no one who understands the situation denies that the men who founded the Dominion Coal and Steel Companies were the industrial builders of the Maritime Provinces.

The part which Mr. Fielding took in

all these negotiations was necessarily a prominent and important one. His official position placed all the threads of the negotiations in his hands, and it says not a little for his business acumen and diplomatic skill that he was able to conduct them to a successful issue.

I was greatly impressed with Mr. Fielding at our first interview. What struck me most was his receptiveness and his wide knowledge. He was a most interesting and sympathetic talker; he seemed to have the history of the Maritime Provinces at his finger ends. And not only so, but he had studied trade matters all the world over, and was thoroughly well posted on Canadian commerce in its relation to that of other countries.

Even at that time he had grasped the possibility of developing an export trade in coal and iron ore from Cape Breton and Newfoundland to Europe. He was particularly strong on statistical matters and could quote copiously from the blue books of England, Canada, and the United States. It is true he had been for many years Premier of Nova Scotia, but I have yet to meet the Provincial Premier who knew as much about business affairs outside his own domain.

It was not difficult even then to foresee

that Mr. Fielding's future lay with finance. Although a lawyer by profession, he is essentially a business man, quick to see the advantages and disadvantages of every deal, and especially quick to discover its bearing on the public interest.

Our first chat at Glace Bay was the precursor of many to follow, and during the four years that I resided in Cape Breton I received many marks of his kindness. I jokingly told him one day that he reminded me the moment I saw him of the great French tribune, Leon Gambetta, and the resemblance has continued. He is neither so tall nor so stout, but in form and feature, in gesture, in copious and passionate delivery he is the very counterpart of the French orator; the main difference is that he lacks the emotion which characterized his prototype.

I told Mr. Fielding at this time that his talents were wasted in provincial politics, and that his right place was at Ottawa. He modestly disclaimed the suggestion, but I thought that I knew the kind of material of which ministers are made, and ventured to predict that if he went to Ottawa he would be offered a portfolio at once, and that if his health was spared he would one day be Premier of Canada. I still expect to see the whole of this prediction fulfilled.

Since his accession to cabinet rank, no man has come on so surely as Mr. Fielding. There was a time when his star looked as if it might be eclipsed by the greater brilliancy of Tarte and Sifton, but his sterling qualities wore them down. The former, alas! is no longer a competitor, yet in the day of his revolt even his brilliance availed him nothing against the more enduring character of Mr. Fielding, and he was broken on the wheel.

Sir Wilfried Laurier, who has always been an excellent judge of men, clearly indicated his opinion of Mr. Fielding when he selected him as his colleague to attend the first Colonial Conference in London. Sir Wilfrid's judgment in this matter has been endorsed by public opinion, and Mr. Fielding has now attained to the position, the most desirable of all on the part of a public servant and the most impregnable, that of a statesman

who is universally regarded as a "safe" man.

Whatever may be said by his political opponents, Mr. Fielding has been a brilliantly successful Finance Minister. When his work has been discounted, as his critics are fond of discounting it, by reference to an era of general prosperity such as has never been known in the history of Canada, it still remains that Mr. Fielding has handled the business of the country with skill, with courage, and with scrupulous honesty. No breath of suspicion has ever been raised against him; and while colleagues on his right and his left have been forced to retire in obloquy because of more than questionable practices, he has remained a poor man, but rich in the respect of all who know him.

Mr. Fielding is not an orator, yet he is one of the most forceful and effective speakers in Canadian public life. His speeches read better than they sound, because every line is charged with matter. He is a diligent student and one of the most careful of men in preparing his speeches. He would be more impressive in the delivery if he were less fluent and less copious, but he rushes on like a whirlwind and allows neither himself nor his hearer breathing space.

Mr. Fielding is essentially a man of the people, a plain man of simple ideas, governed by fundamental principles. Never tortuous or complex, he sees the issue clearly and makes for it by the straightest line. He has sound judgment, and in spite of the annexationist ideas which he harboured twenty years ago is now a loyal Canadian and an ardent Imperialist.

I think one reason why he possesses the public confidence to such a degree is that all men realize that he is an intense Canadian. To my mind, he embodies the very spirit of Young Canada, and when the time comes for him to succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whether on the Treasury bench or as leader of the Opposition, it will be recognized not only by every section of his own party but by all who have studied the characters of our public men, that there could be no other selection.

VANCOUVER'S FIRST HORSE SHOW

D. Thomas Tees.

Vancouver, February 20, 1908.

MY Dear Little Daughter,—Next month, just four weeks from to-day, the first Horse Show ever held in British Columbia, on modern lines, will open. It will occupy six performances. That is, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 19th, 20th and 21st March, at half-past two in the afternoon and at eight o'clock in the evening,

the programme, as it will be arranged, will begin. As you cannot come to me, I thought I would write and tell you all I know about a Horse Show. In the natural course of events, when a Horse Show is to be held, a list of classes is prepared and distributed among people who are likely to send horses for competition. To describe what *classes are*, I must here copy one or two from the prize list that was issued by the Executive of our Horse Show.

For example: Class 69 is among the



H. E. Padmore (Vancouver) on his Mare, "Hickory."



A Handsome Shetland, entered by R. Thorburn, Vancouver, B.C.



Some of the Mainland Transfer Company's (Vancouver) Entries.



Mrs. A. M. Cronin (Portland) riding "Brussels"
and driving "Nip."

harness classes, and reads as follows: Horses 15 hands 2 inches high and over, to be shown before a brougham, victoria, or other appropriate vehicle. Horses to count 60 per cent., appointments 40 per cent. In due time owners send to the secretary their entries for this class, and as entries close on the 28th February, the secretary will then make up a programme which may show that at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening the Horse Show will commence with this class, and perhaps eight or ten horses are driven into the ring, where the judges, two in number, look carefully over them, and in fifteen or twenty minutes give their award. The best exhibit gets a blue rosette, fastened on the bridle of the horse, and the owner receives a silver cup or

perhaps a gold watch or some other beautiful thing that has been put aside for the winner in this class. The second best horse gets a red rosette fastened on the bridle, and the owner gets a less valuable prize. The third best horse gets a yellow rosette. Then the three winners are driven once around the ring and leave it, followed by the other horses that competed in the class.

Perhaps the second event on that evening will be Class 90, which reads as follows: Ladies' Hunters, 15 hands 1 inch high and over. To be ridden by ladies over six jumps each 3 feet of timber with 6 inches of brush on top. Conformation and quality to count 50 per cent., performance over jumps, 50 per cent. There are, perhaps, 11 entries in this class,



"Highland Gaines"

"Thelma"

Entered by Miss Bernice A. Baker, Tacoma, Wash.



James Nicell (Portland) riding "Duchess" and driving "Tony."



Miss Anne Shogren (Portland) riding "Julithia"
and driving "Jane."



A. M. Cronin (Portland) riding "Rattler" and driving "Antipope."

which according to the programme come into the ring at twenty minutes past eight, the previous class having consumed twenty minutes of the judges' time. Well, these hunters are taken by the lady riders over the jumps, and the judges give each horse as many marks or points as they think they are entitled to for jumping. Then they compare the appearance (or conformation) of each horse, and give each as many marks as it

carts; tandems, fours-in-hand, pairs of horses before beautiful carriages, that perhaps the day previous took a lady and her friend through the park, driven by a coachman dressed in blue or grey livery.

Well, you would be surprised to see how people will sit for two or three hours in the Drill Hall, watching with almost breathless interest each event. Of course, if a lady or gentleman in the



W. J. Cavanagh's (Vancouver) "Lady Patchen."

is entitled to for conformation, and the horse which takes the highest aggregate of points is given the blue ribbon and first prize, the next best the red ribbon and second prize. There will be, perhaps, ten or fifteen classes judged each afternoon and evening. All sorts of horses and all sorts of vehicles will come into the ring. Beautiful stallions of various kinds, such as racers, trotters, Clydesdales, and beautiful little ponies not four feet high; great big draught horses, weighing 1,800 pounds, or nearly twice as much as many of the saddle horses; horses called roadsters, which are driven by gentlemen through Stanley Park; horses in grocers' waggons and butcher

audience sees in the ring a horse owned by some dear friend, possibly a lover, her or his interest is intensified. And this is something that is continually happening. But I cannot begin to describe the appearance of the Drill Hall. It will be decorated with material of various colours, and with all the various kinds of flags belonging to Great Britain and her colonies. I would not be surprised if the Stars and Stripes will be seen there, for you know we are very near the United States, and we have a great many good friends there. For instance, the Hunt Club of Portland will occupy two boxes, and the least we can do is to drape their boxes with the flag of their great coun-



Jno. W.
 Considine,
 Jnr., and
 his Welsh
 pony
 "Punch."

Some of Mr. J. W.
 Considine's Seattle en-
 tries: Top picture, "Lady
 Arva" and "Lord Nel-
 son"; Centre, "Allen
 Bell" and "Colonial Bell";
 Bottom, "Lady Arva"
 and "Lord Nelson,"
 driven by Mrs. John W.
 Considine.





Pair of Heavy Dray Horses entered by R. Thorburn, Vancouver, B.C.

try. We have many friends in Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, who are coming to our Show, and who are sending very beautiful horses and equipages to compete for the trophies—saddle horses, driving horses, ponies, and other beautiful horses that are trained like the trick

horses you have seen in a circus. So you cannot wonder that we have a soft feeling in our hearts for the people of the neighbouring Republic, who are so kind and so generous. Then there are a large number of very beautiful and very useful horses in all parts of British Columbia,



"Chaswick," a Vancouver entry by Mrs. F. A. Fee

Alberta and Saskatchewan, that will be sent to our Horse Show.

Oh, I do wish you could come and sit with me in my box. I would enjoy it so much more, and you could ride or drive some of the horses in the ring. I know

dinner every day for visitors and friends, and take them to the Horse Show afterwards. One very nice lady who has taken a box was heard to remark that it would be filled with American Beauties. Whether this meant roses or ladies, I



A Portland Entry—Miss Kiernan's "Tony Clauss."

you would love to see the ladies, who will be so beautifully gowned. They will wear hats of all shapes, with feathers of all shades. You see, the ladies who have taken boxes will invite friends from a distance to visit them for Horse Show week. They will then have a lunch or

leave you to guess, but I am quite sure that the eyes of many a young gentleman (and possibly of some elderly ones) will be turned toward that particular box. And as it would not be at all proper if a hat or a gown were worn twice during the Horse Show, you can imagine what



Some of Messrs. Holland and Rolston's (Vancouver) entries:—(1) Hackney Pony Mare, "Clover Leaf," Miss A. Sowden up. (2) Registered Hackney Mare, "Madcap." (3) Registered Hackney Mare, "Cherryripe." Centre team, "Madcap" and "Bronzewing." (4) Hackney Gelding, "Robin." (5) Registered Hackney Mare, "Bronzewing."

a busy time the milliners and dressmakers have for some weeks previous. Then the men find that they need a new set of harness or a new dog-cart or a new brougham and new things of various kinds, which causes a great lot of money to be spent. In fact, that is why the

display the prizes. The prizes, I hear, include a gentleman's road waggon, a pony cart, several sets of harness, several gold watches, a number of silver cups, a candelabrum, a parlor timepiece, a parlor rug, a large chair, and a great many other costly and useful articles.

The papers say that each prize given to the blue ribbon winners will be worth from twenty-five to two hundred dollars. Now, do you wonder that people within a radius of three hundred miles are sending horses to our Horse Show and coming to see it? Yet they are not coming because of the prizes to be won, but because they love horses and love horse shows. There have been great horse shows in Winnipeg, Man., in Seattle, Wash., in Portland, Ore., and everybody who has seen one wishes to see another. So that the first Vancouver Horse Show is attracting people from a distance and perhaps there will not be enough



A few of the Trophies on Display at Henry Birks & Son, Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.

merchants of Vancouver are so glad to have a Horse Show, and therefore are only too pleased to donate prizes for it. So there is great commotion here now, and it will increase every day till the Horse Show is over. The hotels will be full, the cafes will be full, and I suppose some of the people will be full, too. All the shop windows will be dressed prettily and decorated with the colours of the Vancouver Hunt Club, which are racing colours of King Edward, viz., purple and gold. The shop windows will, for two or three weeks previous to the Horse Show,



J. A. Mitchell's (Victoria) Handsome Hackney Mares, Empress" and "Czarina."

seating capacity in the Drill Hall for all the people who will wish to see it.

Now, don't you think you would like to come? I am quite sure you do, and I hope we will have another Horse Show next year, and that you will be here to enjoy it with me. Good-night, my dear little girl, for it is long past midnight.

YOUR LOVING PAPA.



L. McLeod Gould.

VERY often and very anxiously have the eyes of the civilised world during the past few years been turned on that mysterious portion of the globe called Morocco. Mysterious indeed it is that a country which borders so closely on the centres of civilization should still maintain the traditions of an effete barbarism and should evidence opposition to the march of progress by acts of brigandage which are more in keeping with the pages of romance than with the history of the twentieth century. The capture of Kaid Sir Harry McLean and the negotiations, pending his release, between a savage rebel and a proud empire have caused more than a passing interest to be taken in Morocco by the man in the street, and the fact that civil war is raging in the interior has added to this interest. The recollection also that it was in the neighbourhood of Tangiers that M. Perdicarris was seized some years ago, and that Tetuan, of which I make mention, was in the hands of the Pretender, Raisuli, only a few weeks after I had visited it, may excuse the inclusion of a short article on the northern coast of Morocco within the pages of a Western magazine.

In the summer of 1902 I was making a tour through the Mediterranean with a friend of mine, Mr. Gordon, and while at Gibraltar we determined to go over to Tangier intending to return the next day. "Gib." at that time of the year was well nigh insufferable as the Rock seemed to collect all the heat during the day to give it out in double measure during the night. Accordingly we packed a bag for one night, and taking a little steamer, *Gibel Tarik*, which plies between the two ports, we set out to visit the most popular town on the northern seaboard of Africa.

The passage only takes a few hours: schools of porpoises escorted the boat as she ploughed her way across, and the varied individuality of the passengers made the journey seem all too short.

The landing at Tangier is an incident never to be forgotten; the shallow nature of the shore forbids a direct disembarkation from the steamer itself to the pier, and we were met by scores of boats each manned by two brawny Moors. The noise which followed might well form a chorus for a dramatised representation of some portion of Dante's *Inferno*.

The shouts and screams, and what are presumably oaths and curses, deafen the



Gibraltar from the Spanish Lines.

traveller's ears as he takes his place in one of the dancing craft to be pulled from the steamer to the landing stage. If the noise at the steamer was an Inferno, words fail to describe the hub-bub which greets him here. Hotel-runners, porters, beggars, apparently all the riff-raff of the world, are assembled together to join in one prolonged howling. It seems as if order could never be conceived of such chaos, but the trusty boatman knows his own friends, and soon we found ourselves following a

dusky Moor on our way to the Continental Hotel which looks down on the busy scene from its lofty position on the top of the cliff.

At the end of the pier we were confronted with another phase in the character of these strange people. If at the seaward end of the pier all was confusion and bustle, at the gate all was dignified silence and majesty. Here the Customs Officials sit; not smart-looking men in blue and gilt uniform such as we are accustomed to see awaiting us in Europe or America, but stately looking

Saints Tomb in Market Place
at Tangier.

Main Street in Tangier.

old men who sit gravely by the gateway smoking their chiboukes. Few if any words are spoken by them; the porter explains that there are two more of the accursed religion come to spend money in the land of the Prophet for the benefit of the true believers, a head is raised or a hand uplifted and we are at liberty to pass where we will.

What streets meet our eyes! They are so narrow that there is barely room for two mules to pass each other; if one meets a camel coming down the street with a pack on its back it is necessary to squeeze against the wall for the camel will not give place to anything. There is no trouble with regard to the passing of vehicles as in this primitive land the use of carriages is quite unknown. We found it advisable to pick our way very carefully through the mud and garbage which littered every step. Gaunt, miserable-looking dogs were to be seen at every corner, finding a wretched sustenance in the heaps of rubbish. The odours are not those of Cologne and it was a pleasant surprise to find that our hotel was a really comfortable hostelry where visitors were catered for in true European style. A gigantic negro served us with a very passable lunch and after a smoke we set out to see what was to be seen.

At the door of the hôtel was assembled a collection of Arab boys ranging from 15 to 18 years, who were congregated there to offer their services as guides to the unbelievers, out of whom they make their living, but whom they are taught by their religion to consider as numbered with the irreclaimably damned. We chose the two cleanest, at least Gordon said that they were, though I personally could not see where the difference came in, and set out.

There are certainly some curious sights to see in this town. The main street is perhaps 18 feet wide, roughly cobbled and entitled to distinction as being possibly a little more dirty than the less frequented ones. Just off this highway were situated the offices of the ubiquitous Thomas Cook, where we were able to draw on our letter of credit. Oh, the horrors of a Moorish gaol! Two guards

sat and smoked or dozed on the steps of the building; on the right hand side of the porch was a little grill through which we could see the wretched victims inside; some were heavily fettered, some chained to the walls, while others had the full use of their limbs. The stench was overpowering. As soon as these unfortunates saw us they commenced a piteous wailing and hurried to the grill to sell us little articles of basket-ware which they were permitted to make and dispose of in order to buy luxuries to mitigate their hard luck. In some such frightful dens or worse were the captives of the Khalifa confined before the power of the Prophet was finally broken in the Soudan.

In fitting proximity was the other great prison of Tangier, namely the Sultan's harem; although he rarely visits Tangier yet a goodly supply of his wives are kept year in and year out in this gloomy fortress palace. No one who has not travelled in a Mahommadan country can realise what it is not to see a woman's face in the streets. The women wander about like ghosts in the pursuance of their business, only allowing the upper part of their face to appear.

From this dismal spot we hurried to the market place, where all was life and activity; herds of mules were coming in with the produce of the country on their backs and there was the usual noise which is always to be found when these people are gathered together for the performance of any business. Though the Arab is a silent person in his own house and will sit for hours in conversation without raising his voice above a monotone, yet he is the noisiest creature in the world when he is trying to get the better of his neighbour in some business transaction. In the market place is to be seen one of the old tombs of the saints which are dotted all over the town. It is the custom to hang a white flag over the tomb of any specially well-known saint and from the number of flags which we saw it would appear that Tangier had a particularly good record in this respect, though why the saints chose to be buried in some of the extraordinary places that we saw, we neither of us



Harem and Prison in Tangier.

could understand. At the top of the market-place is a very well known little house; it is, I believe, the only saloon conducted on anything like European lines outside of the regular hotels, in Morocco. It is a curious little hovel, kept by a Scotsman named McLean, who stocks excellent whisky and beer. While we were refreshing the inner man a snake-charmer appeared on the scene and after he had been assured of a fee, he provided us with the most remarkable entertainment I have ever witnessed. He allowed his pets to wander at their own sweet will over the floor which was rather embarrassing for us as we were given to understand that some of them still retained their fangs. After the usual tricks he proceeded to prove the truth of the old saying that a snake's bite will provide fire. He allowed one of the reptiles to bite him on the tongue and then stuffing his mouth full of straw he chewed vigorously; presently smoke issued out of his nostrils and soon he pulled out handfuls of blazing straw. If the trick was really all a "fake" it was a remarkably clever one. The charmer himself was blind in one eye

and anything more repulsive than this ragged and dirty old man with one eye surrounded by his horrid pets, and pulling blazing straw out of his mouth is hard to imagine.

Thence we returned to the hotel for dinner. There was a very fair billiard table in the Continental, and while we were passing away an hour before sallying out once more to see the town by night, we were questioned by a stranger who seemed very anxious to know whether we intended to make the usual trip to Tetuan and Ceuta. This was the first we had heard of it and becoming interested we questioned him in our turn regarding it. He told us that it was very usual for tourists to make the round trip and finally wound up by assuring us that if we decided to go he would arrange the whole matter and be ready for us whenever we might wish to start. We agreed after a while to meet him the next day at the hotel at two o'clock, and then we sallied forth into the darkness with our guides to see Tangier by night.

The first thing I did was to tread on one of the innumerable dogs mentioned

above which haunt the streets in every direction; the beast resented the liberty by taking a goodly portion of my trouser away together with a piece of the enclosed leg. Finding nothing of interest, for the Moor has not yet indulged in the luxury of a music-hall, we soon returned home and turned in.

The next day at the appointed hour we were ready and so was our guide. Our passports had been vised by the Spanish consul and also by the Moorish government, and we found a large party awaiting our distinguished arrival, consisting of our guide, the soldier, three Moors to act as packers and be generally useful, and a Spanish cook. We started off amidst the applause of the idle youth of the town who are in no way behind their Christian brethren in making the most of an opportunity to jeer at their visitors when they have the chance. We set out then down the main street with a crowd of small boys shrieking out encouragement to our mules to make better progress, and even occasionally to our dismay urging them on with sticks and stones.

We had not gone far before our guide came up and besought us to see for ourselves how abominably he had been deceived in the character of the cook who, although he had signed on for a three-day trip, was even then suffering from a bad attack of cheap spirits. We turned round and there was certainly a most grotesque sight for us to view; the unfortunate Spaniard had been only too evidently indulging over-freely in the bottle and was vainly endeavouring to strike the happy medium in a six-foot way. With a muttered oath our guide consigned him to the place which he thought he would be most likely to adorn with success, and told us with many regrets that we should have to be content with the services of one of the Moors, adding, however, that we should then be spared the expense of the Spaniard's attendance. I might here remark that we never had any cause to regret the exchange.

On and on we plodded over the sand which lies so thickly on the land just outside Tangier. What a relief it was to

halt for a moment at one of the watering places which are to be found in these districts. The first stages of the journey were not enlivened with many points of interest; perhaps the picturesque figure of the soldier was the most redeeming spot. Imagine an aged Moor of some 70 years, clad in the quaint garb of the East and armed with the long and nearly useless gun of the Moors (whose sale is, by the way, prohibited in order to discourage the people from arming themselves with more modern weapons), having a long sword, a small dagger and a pistol also thrust into his belt. A ruffian of the ruffians at first sight, and yet one look at his face and general physique enables one to understand that in the event of a fight the first to run away is usually the valiant guard. The thing which caught our attention more than anything else was his brutality to his pony; although our speed was limited to a slow walk to suit the pace of the baggage mules, he persisted in using a cruel spur. This spur looked like nothing so much as a six-inch nail fastened on the heel of one shoe, and for hour after hour he persisted, in spite of all protests, in digging it into the flanks of his unfortunate mount. On the other hand there was another trait in our guide which we found rather amusing. Whenever he met any of his countrymen he used to levy a sort of toll on them, either to the extent of a drink from their flasks (which may, of course, have been filled with nothing stronger than water, according to the law of the Prophet) or of a fill of tobacco for his never-ending pipe.

As we gradually emerged from the precincts of the town, night began to fall in, and we were soon to our astonishment enveloped in darkness; I say to our astonishment, because the change was so sudden that we entirely lost sight of our escort and only found them by the help of the mules, which suddenly plunged down a steep bank and took us thence through a field of maize down to the spot which had been chosen as the resting-place for the night. This was situated just below the little village of Ben Hani. Here the tents were pitched and dinner was served, nor had we any reason to com-

plain of the absence of the drunken Spanish cook. Soup, fish, roast and sweet all followed each other in proper order, washed down with a fair claret which we had taken good care should accompany us, and a tiny liqueur-glass of excellent brandy which our guide had recommended to us finished a hearty repast.

We sleepily mounted our mules, which seemed as much disinclined to make this early start as we did, and set out on what

looked so bright and clear, it was a long way off, and it was past mid-day before we reached it. Tetuan is a far better specimen of a Moorish town than is Tangier; there are many places in it which smack of European influences, but the greater part of the town is purely native in its appearance. We were permitted to inspect a typical Moorish house here; and were much struck with its Oriental splendour.



South Gate of Tetuan.

was to prove our weary journey to Tetuan. Up the steep slopes of the El Fondak we travelled, and from the summit had a good view of the town where we were to spend the night. Imagine a pure white city perched on a hill and viewed across a valley which is rich in vegetation and you will have some idea of what Tetuan looks like to the traveller coming from Tangier. This is the city which only a few weeks later was besieged by the Pretender, and it is undoubtedly the most important point, after Tangier, in that part of the country. But though it

At this point we parted with all our escort except the soldier and the guide; the remaining Moors were to return to Tangier with the tents, etc., as we intended to sleep in Gibraltar again that evening. A liberal largesse called down on our heads all the blessings of Allah, and we thundered at the gates feeling as though we were indeed among the chosen. What a quaint ride that was through the city from the North gate to the South, by which we were to emerge on to the track which was to lead us to Ceuta.

The Canadian Rifle Clubs.

Bonnycastle Dale.

IN these days of peace congress and arbitration, when the thoughts of all the Powers are turned towards the cutting down of the immense expenditures—some of the armies cost a half a million dollars a day—the ultimate solution seems to be a voluntary formed citizens army, for home defense purposes only. If you would go with us on any of our Natural History trips you would speedily learn that all the animals, save man, use their natural weapons for defence of their homes and offspring rather than for weapons of offence.

Here, in this excellently sheltered harbour of Sooke on Vancouver Island, we have a thorough illustration of a purely local association, just a mutual friendly gathering together, of the adult males to practice at a target, reared by their own labour; with rifles and ammunition furnished free by the Dominion Government. The same conditions and materials to form a Rifle Club like the one that three days a week practices on the long pebbly spit at Sooke exist in Duncan, Comox, Saanich, Ladysmith, Metchosin, Alberni and every growing place along the shores of this blessed island. Remember your joining one of these popular Rifle Clubs does not entail any further military obligation upon you. In any event you would be called out for home defense—and how could you defend the wife and little ones, the mother, the sister, or mayhaps the sweetheart, if you cannot use a rifle swiftly and surely.

One thing I would like to impress on the men in these places that may be influenced to start one of these very much needed clubs you will find that your fellow members will be widely scattered, that there will be a few days' work in erecting a shelter butt and a target, in placing danger signals along all paths

leading to the range—the ocean sands and spits are excellent ranges—so it would be well for a man who can afford, for his country's sake, to spare a few hours a week during the few regular practice weeks, to sacrifice a little labour that much good may follow. Remember—I am not an alarmist—but in these days of powerful yellow journals, of unused navies that cost a million dollars per day, of powerful organizations that ramificate every nation, these days when, although we are still close to the great sheltering arm of the British navy—we do not give one dollar towards its support, more shame to us—we do not have its immediate presence to lend us that feeling of security that the naval Jack gives. In these days when a few armed Boers in defence of what they considered their rights and their homes, a mere handful of seventy-five thousand men, showed, that because they could handle a rifle swiftly and surely, they could hold back an army of over a quarter of a million men from the greatest fighting nation on earth, it is well for us to learn how to shoot. Also remember it is to the most mobile force that victory appertains. We will soon have three transcontinental lines terminating on our coast, our country is growing by leaps and bounds, even now we own the only great deposits of nickle, cobalt silver, pulp woods and hard and soft wood forests on this continent, and although we are not imperialistic enough to back up the great navy that daily makes it possible that our ever-growing merchant marine should sail the seas, we should not sit supinely down and let this great country defend itself.

Some of the most deeply thinking writers say that once the United States has filled her rapidly diminishing vacant lands she will extend out over Mexico

or Canada. Her only possible expansion on this continent.

The conditions of forming one of these rifle clubs are very simple. Thirty members, between the ages of 18 and 60 con-



The Range on the Spit at Sooke.

stitute a club. The rifles and ammunition are furnished free—there is a simple bond given by the members of the club for the preservation and safe return of the rifles. One hundred rounds of ammunition is issued free to each member, empty shells to be returned to the department. One dollar for each member of the club will be allowed by the department for care and maintenance of the range, etc. A Captain and Secretary have to be appointed, the rifles have to be kept very clean. Where you have no natural cliff to shoot into, a backstop has to be built—a matter of labour rather than much expense.

Now is the time for some man to write



300 yards, half-kneeling position.

to the District Officer Commanding at Victoria for a set of "Regulations for

Rifle Associations." Personally I can speak of the good results obtained at Sooke in the few weeks the Club has been organized. The members come from far and wide, from home far up the trail, far up the shore, afoot, in row-boat, in Indian canoe—and by the way some of the Indian members are most excellent shots. There is the social part to be considered, the friendly meeting at the range, where one good-hearted member has daily supplied hot coffee for the lunches carried so many miles in the hunting coat pocket. There is the friendly rivalry at the different ranges. It is easier to hit that bally bullseye at 200 yards than at three- four, five or six, as I have found out with much care and patience. I have always held the record of being the worst rifle shot in the country. When I do beat a man they always print it with "even he beat him." I



At the 300-yard range—shooting with rest.

must tell you of an incident of my boyhood days. I was a kind of mascot at the militia camp, you know, the boy they seem to like—to throw up in the blanket, to see choke with extra hot ginger beer at the canteen—and to poke his long thin arm through and get them a bottle when Johnny wasn't watching, the chap they take around to bump heads with wherever a lump shows on the canvas, well we were out at the range, at the five hundred-yard mark, four targets and four shooting squads. The bright hot sunshine was torn and echoed by the whizzing bullets, the "spat" of the extra bad shots singing back from the rocks behind the butts. Suddenly the word came to

cease firing—a green parasol, held by an ancient maiden lady, was calmly sailing along between the lines of firing men and the target. “Get the bally fool out of that,” I heard my uncle exclaim. Then, as soon as a soldier came running up, “Go and ask that woman to go back.” We lay in the shimmering heat watching the black legs and red coat go bobbing



Announcing a bulls-eye. Marker showing black disc.

along over the undulating field; there was a respectful touching of the cap, then a long series of questions and answers and gesticulations—then down sat the lady and the parasol looked like a green bulb amid the myriad golden dandelions that sprinkled the field. “What does she want?” savagely asked my uncle, for

the sun would soon be too low for good shooting and these, his best men, were leaders in the camp competition, or else he would have been in the cool barracks. “She says,” here his voice took on a low tone of respect, “that the Captain is her old beau and she is going to sit there until he comes to take her home.” Poor uncle, poor Captain, all in one, my unfortunate mouth opened and I roared, the nearest squad had heard it all; they giggled and the laugh spread along the lines. Another messenger returned with the same story augmented with: “I think she’s going to sleep, sir.” If a look could have killed I certainly would have perished there, as my uncle glared at me as he stepped off with long military strides across that field, soon the messenger returned for me and amid the roar of all those Tommies I had to take the amiable lunatic’s arm and escort her off the field, as that devil of an uncle of mine had told her I was the Captain’s brother and would take her to the barracks. Scat? I can feel her skinny old face on mine yet as she kissed me before those roaring lines, but it was almost serious when I tried to skip, for the poor old soul had a knife, and it was only because my legs were quicker at twelve than they are now that I dodged her swift downward blow, just as her keeper arrived breathless to relieve me.

THE END



The Two Widow Doolans.

C. Dell-Smith.

Author of "Many A Yarn," Etc.

TO really enjoy a vacation one must—at least that is my experience—avoid as far as possible the ordinary ruts on the road of travel and strike out for something new. For many years I joined in the summer rush of pleasure seekers and returned more or less disgusted, poorer in pocket and in health. My experience with the Cook excursion parties on the European trips was not at all satisfactory. No doubt their programme was very attractive for those who enjoy being "with the crowd," but somehow I was not built that way, and hence possibly the disappointment. It always seemed to me as if I were but one sheep (or lamb) in the flock, being driven from pasture to pasture at the behest of an inexorable shepherd, and never allowed to feast long enough to satisfy my hunger. Over many of the scenes to which we were introduced I should have liked to have pondered in delight, but time was the essence of the contract with the company—a prearranged programme had to be gone through within a limited number of days. On two of these trips a few of us did break away from the fold, and our experience was, to say the least of it, embarrassing. The Gaelic is a beautiful language—in its place; but it does not seem to be in vogue on the European continent, at least it was not in the days of which I speak.

Having seen all that was to be seen in the ordinary way, and being still dissatisfied, I consulted a much-travelled friend as to a prospective vacation. "Stay at home, my boy, if you wish to enjoy yourself," was his advice. "You are in the grandest country under the canopy of heaven—a country with a population of nearly 35,000,000 people. 'Tis true

that 30,000,000 are abroad and less than 5,000,000 at home; but the country is here, and as long as it remains there's no place like it for fun and fancy, health and happiness."

Needless to say the country my friend spoke of was Ireland. I ventured to suggest that there was not a spot from Howth Head in Dublin to Slyne Head in Galway, or Fair Head in Antrim to Mizzen Head in Cork, that I was not acquainted with; but he would not accept the assurance. Now, my friend was a medical man—a dispensary doctor in a large but sparsely populated district in the west of the isle. He extended to me a very hearty invitation to spend my vacation with him, assuring me that I would enjoy it. With some misgivings as to the outcome I accepted, and that my gloomy forebodings were not justified, the sequel will show.

The ground I was to cover was all new territory to me, possessing many undreamt of charms—a newness and novelty all its own. The doctor knew everybody in his district, from the lowliest peasant to the lord of the manor, and was very popular with all, so that his friend was everywhere received with a genuine Irish "Cead mille failthe." In this particular part of the country there was said to be a considerable quantity of what is popularly known as "potheen" (an illicit distillation of whiskey) turned out. One particularly jovial old fellow who was reputed to be in the business would not, in reserved company, deny the soft impeachment. He was fond of denouncing that "alien government" which was trying to destroy "the decent industries" of Ireland, including, no doubt, that in which he himself was supposed to be engaged.

While the doctor was not wont to prescribe the "medicine" distilled by the old man and his compatriots, he was not at all averse to a real good drop of "mountain dew" judiciously imbibed and in season.

Of course the greatest caution had to be exercised in operating these private distilleries, as the police and the excise officers were ever on the look-out; the latter were certainly energetic, but the former could not be accused of over-officiousness, and for well-known reasons, which it is scarcely necessary to mention here. To be candid, the district had a bad name, whether it deserved it or not. There were frequent changes of officers, both excise and police, but still the "industry" was said to be a thriving one.

One morning while we were examining our book of flies in anticipation of a good day's fishing, a lad rode up post-haste, and, handing the doctor a note, said, with a broad smile, "She towld me to tell ye, doctor, to hurry up, for 'tis all up wid herself this turn." Mine host scanned the note, and telling the lad he would attend to it, told him to go back to the kitchen and have some refreshments and feed his horse. Then turning to me, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I think we will have to let those trout frolic in their native element for another day. This old damsel is one of my clients, and it would never do to disappoint her. She takes those imaginary spells of sickness periodically, and as she can well afford the luxury, 'twould go against my tender conscience (not to mention the bank account) to deny her the benefit of an innocent drug."

Within an hour the horse and trap was in readiness and we were on our way to the damsel's domicile, some dozen miles distant. It was a beautiful day in June, and as we drove over those well-macadamised roads, lined at either side with sweet-smiling hawthorne and that profusion of wild flowers alone to be met with in the Emerald Isle, I wished that journey could be prolonged.

Along the road we were greeted by every person we met, as the appearance of the doctor on the scene naturally sug-

gested a case of sickness—which, by the way, was something new in that part of the country. All enquiries were, however, amply satisfied when it was announced that it was just a call on Miss O'Dee, and that there was nothing seriously the matter with her. At one of the farmsteads we pulled up for a few minutes that I might be introduced to the family, and here we heard all the news, among other things that the new "gauger," or excise officer, was just that morning paying his first visit to the Two Widow Doolans.

Half an hour later we approached a little village of some dozen thatched houses and a general store. The latter was run by two widows named Doolan: hence the "The Two Widow Doolans," for so read the sign over the door, with the further announcement that there was "Accommodation for man and beast." Here one could get hardware, groceries, feed, dry goods, or "wet" goods, for the widows were duly "Licensed to sell beer, wine, spirits, cider, etc." Outside stood the gauger's horse and trap—the gentleman himself was inside.

The doctor took in the situation in a glance, and with one of those humorously suggestive looks with which I had become familiar, said we would pull up here.

On entering the premises we found the gauger in earnest conversation with one of the widows. The doctor approached, and in a very audible whisper, said: "Widow Doolan, please let us have a little of that good potheen of yours. I promised my friend here (jerking his thumb over his shoulder at me) a sample of the real stuff, and of course I knew where I'd get it."

Now I have met with ferociously indignant females in my day, but this particular Widow Doolan "took the bun," or the cake, or whatever the expression is that conveys the idea of intensity. She was a stout little woman with a very liberal vocabulary, the full extent of which, with all its wealth of ajectives, she treated the doctor to.

"Ye know, doctor," she protested, "that I'm a dacent widdy-woman, and that I never sowld a drop of potheen in

me loifetoime. How dare ye ask me to give it to yerself or yer friend, and that forninst a gauger. 'Tis a shame for ye; but tisen't that it 'd be better than some of the poison that ye give the poor people for medicine."

"Now, Widow Doolan," said my medical friend, "you need not be in the least uneasy, for you know I would not introduce him unless I knew him to be all right. He would not say a word about it in a thousand years—'pon my honour, he's a straight."

The gauger cocked his ears perceptibly and instinctively drew nearer the disputants.

"Doctor," hissed the widow, "yer the lowest, the mainest, the snaikiest, the dirtiest craiture that crawls over Ireland, and if yer seed, breed or generation was here in the days of St. Patrick, 'tis drowned in the Atlantic ye'd all be. A dacent widdy woman to sell potheen! For shame on ye."

By this time the second Widow Doolan was attracted to the scene, and she was, if anything, more garrulous than No. 1. She certainly did open out. The lady wound up by ordering the doctor and myself to "laive the dacent house or I'll scald ye."

With an assumed air of offended dignity we quit the premises, having declared that since we could not get potheen we would not take anything else. No sooner had we got into our trap than the doctor broke down—or broke up. The echo of his hearty laugh is with me still. "Oh, Lord, what a time they will have there," was an intermittent exclamation in his wriggling, painful hilarity.

And they evidently had a time of it at "The Two Widow Doolans."

The exciseman took it for granted that he had a clear case against the widows. He besought them to produce the stuff, with the assurance that he would make it as easy for them as possible, explaining that if it were not forthcoming he would have to make a thorough search of the premises—and find it. The widows vehemently and conscientiously declared that there was no potheen on the premises, but to no effect, and challenged the official to substantiate his charge. And the gauger accepted the challenge.

He hired a couple of men and proceeded to ransack the premises. They tore up the flooring from behind the counter—no potheen. They pulled down the goods from every shelf—still none of the illicit distillation was brought to light. They removed the thatch from the house, and yet failed to discover the object of their search. This was the work of one day. The following morning they started in on the garden, dug up the potato patch, played havoc with the onion bed, destroyed all prospects of lettuce production, ruined the rubarb, ravished the radishes, and guillotined the gooseberry bushes. But still no potheen. Again the store was attacked. Bacon was bustled about, tea tossed around, coffee confused, sugar sandwiched, dry goods distorted, canned stuff confounded, tinware tarnished, etc. Still there was no evidence of the presence of "mountain dew"—not even a smell of it. In disgust the guager quit the scene of desolation, a howling crowd of sympathetic villagers pouring out their wrath on the "spalpeen" that had ruined the home of two decent "widdy women."

Needless to say, my friend and I made different tracks on our homeward journey: it was not considered advisable to face the music at the "Two Widow Doolans."

A couple of days later we were favoured with a visit from the ladies themselves. I will confess to a feeling of discomfort, if not dismay, as I saw them approach; but my resourceful friend was equal to the occasion. The reception accorded was so gracious as to disarm even those pair of wrathful widows. Before they had time to unload their pent-up venom, the doctor had administered a soothing draught by way of a bewitching smile.

"Oh, but didn't we do it well?" was his somewhat mysterious exclamation, as he bent to and fro, pressing his ribs inwards, as if seeking relief in an impending attack of excessive mirth.

The widows did not appear to appreciate the situation, neither did I.

"What do ye main, doctor, after ruining our little mains of living?"

"That's where you women always show your want of business tact," re-

sponded the medico. "Why, Mrs. Doolan, I wouldn't injure a hair in your head. I knew that place of yours wanted a fixing-up in the worst way, and this is the cheapest way of getting it done. We'll make the gauger pay for it. Leave all that to me. I'll attend to it. We'll make out a bill of damages for that fellow, and you'll be at no loss."

This proposition put a different complexion on the situation. The widows proceeded to give a detailed account of all the damage done to the concerns—an account which did not by any means minimize the loss—while the doctor took copious notes. Nor did he seem at all disposed to cut down the bill, rather the reverse.

As is usual in a country district, the story of what happened on the occasion of the gauger's search lost nothing in the telling. The whole district was roused to the highest pitch of indignation—that such treatment should be meted out to two poor "widdy women" was simply barbarous. Complaints were made to the police authorities, the local magistrates, the political agitators, and the excise department; in fact, the case gained a prominence that made the Two Widow Doolans the most conspicuous pair of ladies in the whole country, while it incidentally added to the popularity of the doctor, who took a very prominent part in the general movement to have justice done to the widows.

Justice may have been slow in this as in other instances—but it was sure: the widows were ultimately amply compensated, and the house, as renovated, would be a credit to a much more important community.

The incident, however, was not without its aftermath. Somebody had to be made an example of, and an order went forth for increased vigilance in the suppression of the illicit trade. A new sergeant was put in charge of the local police station, one determined to carry out the instructions to the fullest extent. He started in by accusing the men of not doing their duty, and vowed he would show them a wholesome example. Before the change at the barracks should become generally known, the sergeant

donned his private clothes and sallied forth under cloak of darkness to make his first seizure. He had evidently got a "straight tip," for he made his way direct to a favourite rendezvous, where the real stuff was said to be always on hand. And he gained admission, too, and that without giving the password.

The little company did not appear to relish the presence of the stranger as much as whatever they had been moistening their palates with, and he was not slow to notice the fact. He produced his "card," in the form of a policeman's badge, and announced that he had come to seize "that keg" of potheen.

The announcement was received with apparent derision, but the new man was not to be put off; he clearly meant business, in proof of which he produced his revolver, and swore he would use it if he met with any obstruction.

Sergeant Flannery thereupon proceeded to search the premises with the air of one who was not new to such jobs, while the boys (all of whose names he had duly recorded in his official notebook) resolved it was time to be going home. He gained access to a loft over the kitchen by means of a very rickety ladder, and there discovered the object of his ambition—a beautiful keg of beautiful potheen.

Of course, it was out of question for him to shoulder the keg and carry it over the miles of road that intervened between it and the barracks, so he decided to do what struck him, unfortunately, as the next best thing. He filled a quart bottle from the contents of the keg, scratched a few characters on the staves with his pocket knife, and putting his precious sample in his pocket, made hasty tracks for headquarters.

Before the sergeant left the house, or "shebeen," as such places are designated, all hands had cleared out, and he thought he would have time to reach the barracks and dispatch a couple of the men for the precious keg, before those interested in his movement would have returned; but he was mistaken—sadly mistaken. Scarcely had he left the house than it again became a lively spot. That keg was emptied in a little less than no

time, and when two somewhat sympathetic policemen did eventually arrive upon the scene, the keg was there—but there was nothing in it.

What happened when these men appeared at the bararcks and handed over to Flannery the odoriferous specimen of the cooper's art, I shall leave to the gentle reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that summonses were served upon every person found on the premises on the night of the seizure to appear before a bunch—no, a bench—of magistrates and answer to a series of charges duly set forth on official blue paper. A number of witnesses were also invited to attend court and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The day of the "trial" was a great event in the neighborhood, as the case was one in which all were more or less interested. I even felt as if I should like to hear it myself, and so informed mine host.

"Won't you come, Doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, no, thank you," was his decisive reply. "What if they put me in the witness box. They might ask some questions the answer to which might involve a conscientious scruple; but I would not have you miss the case for anything. Take it in, by all means, and be prepared to give me a graphic description of all that happens."

Well, I did attend court. The place was crowded. One would have thought from the efforts put forth to gain admission to the building that there was a breach of promise of marriage case on. There were five magistrates seated on the bench—an unusual occurrence—and when "the case" was called there was evident excitement. Among the witnesses summoned were the Two Widow Doolans, who occupied a prominent place near the bench.

Lawrence Hagarty was put in the dock, charged with having in his possession a quantity of illicitly distilled spirits, and with selling same, keeping a disorderly house, etc.

Sergeant Flannery was the prosecutor, while the prisoner was represented by Attorney McVitty. The plea was "not guilty."

The sergeant, having been duly sworn, detailed the conditions under which he made the seizure, and modestly asked if it would be necessary to call any witnesses.

Mr. McVitty as modestly suggested that the courthouse was not big enough to hold all the witnesses it would take to convict his respectable client.

With considerable ostentation the prosecutor proceeded. The identical keg with the identical marks was brought into court, and the bottle containing the potheen was also produced. Both were duly identified.

"What's in that keg?" asked McVitty, sternly.

"Nothing—now," admitted the sergeant.

"Then take it out of that. 'Tis no crime to have an empty keg in our house, is it?"

The sergeant proceeded to explain that on the occasion in question the keg was full, and in proof of his statement produced the bottle, which he swore he had filled from the contents of the keg.

"What's in that bottle?" thundered McVitty, to which the prosecutor replied "Potheen."

"We won't take your word for that," said McVitty; "you'd have to prove it."

Here every man who was in the house on the night of the seizure was called in turn. All admitted their presence on the occasion, but none would swear that they had partaken of potheen. They admitted having enjoyed the hospitality of "their old friend, Mr. Hagarty." They had had a little whiskey-hot, but they could not say what particular brand of whiskey it was; it didn't taste like potheen.

The bottle was here uncorked and put into the hand of the witness, who was asked as to its contents. He could not, however, be induced to swear that it contained potheen.

"Taste it," suggested McVitty; and the audience laughed a dry laugh, as if every individual would like to be a witness under such circumstances.

A glass was produced, and a little of the sparkling liquor was poured into it. To the intense amusement of the audi-

ence, the witness, with a series of facial contortions, as if the stuff were repugnant to him, lowered the contents of the crystal, and having smacked his lips approvingly, declared in the most comical fashion: "I wouldn't take me oath that that's potheen."

Several other witnesses were called, who went through the same "trying" ordeal, but none of them would swear that the stuff was what the prosecution represented it to be. The humour of the proceeding was fairly intoxicating. Finally, a big fellow was put in the witness box, who enjoyed the reputation of being an authority on such matters, and except appearances were very deceptive, he certainly was entitled to give expert evidence. He was first invited to smell the stuff, but his expanding nasal organ seemed to suggest the economy of appealing to his sense of taste instead. But he proved as great a failure, from the point of view of the prosecution, as those who had gone before.

McVitty here undertook to prove that the bottle did not contain potheen. (There was very little left of it by this

time). The witness, he contended, should be given every facility of removing any doubt which might exist in his mind as to the nature of the liquid produced (and the aforesaid witness evidently approved of the logic of this argument).

The big fellow having again put the concoction to the test—a rather copious draught this turn—was still undecided. Then several other witnesses were called, until finally there was no further evidence to be produced—from the bottle.

A more humorous and at the same time argumentative address than that of Attorney McVitty on behalf of his respectable and aggrieved client, it has never been my good fortune to listen to. He cited the "persecution" of the Two Widow Doolans, and denounced those "new" policemen, strangers to the district, for maligning the characters of reputable gentlemen such as Mr. Hagarty.

The case was dismissed, though there was no doubt in the mind of anyone present as to the guilt of the accused.



Shakmut.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

CHAPTER II.

PETERSBURG had recovered from the domination of French adventurers. It was no longer necessary for even the men of Eylau to "point their toes, frizz their hair and imitate monkeys" as Rostoptchin had declared it to be in 1807, for Borodino and Waterloo had crippled the Great Beast, and Russia and Europe were again free to live their own lives and think their own thoughts.

It was good for those who loved Russia to be at home, and yet one of the men of Eylau was still a prisoner.

The years had dealt hardly with Maxim Stroganoff, and the drink, in which alone he found oblivion, had dealt more hardly still.

As he sat fingering his cards in that attic of the Fort, it was noticeable that his shoulders were bent, the face of him lined and sunken, but more noticeable even than this was a certain nervous shrinking and watchfulness which had become characteristic of the man.

"Curse that jack," he cried, bitterly; "I lose whenever he turns up."

"What then? You can afford to, your excellence. You have won more than any man amongst us."

"Yes, but—I wanted those stakes."

The Cossack, Yaksheem, laughed.

"No doubt, and so did I; and it's not often that I get what I want when I play with you."

But Maxim took no notice of him, now that the game had been lost and the stakes, nearly a hundred roubles, had been swept off the board.

Instead of watching the man, he was buried in a brown study of the card which had lost him his game.

It was only a Jack of Spades, dark and soiled with much playing, that the Rus-

sian noble had set up against the lantern, but as he leaned across the rough table of whip-sawn lumber, his chin on his folded arms, Maxim devoured the card with his eyes as if for him it held the answer to the riddle of the universe.

Like a dreamer who gazes into the dying ashes he read in it his past, and built from it his future.

Yaksheen Anadirsky had changed less than Maxim. Years ago he had taken on an exterior of cast iron, and neither drink nor Alaskan weather seemed to do aught but toughen it.

Turning from the table and kicking the logs together on the hearth, he threw himself into a seat, and spread his boot-ed limbs to the blaze.

In Russia he would have remained standing as long as one of Milorado-vitch's fire-eaters was in the room, and even here in private, in the attic below the roof of Baranoff's Alaskan stronghold, he still gave Stroganoff the title which all Russian peasants give to men of rank.

But this was the only concession which the Cossack peredovtchnk made to the broken noble.

The game of cards was not the only one which these two had played together, and in the great game of life as it was then played in those smoky seas, the Cossack's years of hardship and sinews almost harder than his heart had given him the advantage over a man who, until he saw Sitka, had known nothing worse than peril made attractive by all the pomp of battle.

For all but seven years these two had served together amongst the promishleniki, and had become comrades, drawn together by the one fact that they were both pure Russians amongst a horde of mixed blood, and though the two belonged to widely different classes, there

was between them enough to make understanding possible.

Lying back at his ease in the chair of lumber and twisted rawhide, which his own cunning fingers had fashioned, Anadirski watched his comrade and tried to understand him.

The noble, he believed, had won a greater game than that game of cards. In three more days he would be on his way back to Petersburg, to a world of which the Cossack's mind held no key, and yet this fortunate one was brooding as if another seven long years in Alaska lay before him.

"Yes, I would give all I ever won, never to have seen your cursed face."

It was Maxim who spoke, and the evil face on the pasteboard leered at him for reply, whilst the shadows leapt with the leaping flames upon the long wooden walls of the attic, and the winds of Alaska tore from the groaning pines the great night song of the North.

"All that you have won these seven years? That would be a nice sum, your Excellence, especially if you include your share in the loot of Shakmut's rancherie."

Anadirski spoke slowly, stroking his great grey moustaches, which stood out from his head like sword points, and as he dwelt upon the name "Shakmut" his keen grey eyes watched the other man closely.

At the mention of that name, Stroganoff started as if he had been struck, and his frightened eyes glanced over his shoulder into the shadows, and then pulling himself together, he turned fiercely upon his questioner, and asked:

"And why not? Why should I not include my share in Shakmut's skins?"

"True! Why not? Those were idle words you once said, when the crying of the Kalushes was still fresh in your ears. Then you had not learned to look on the killing of such men as we look on the killing of the seal pod. And yet you did say them."

The other put his hand to his head and remained for a moment silent.

"Aye! I did say them, and, by God, they were true words. But thou and that devil there have made me forget them. That loot was the price of Shakmut's

blood, but if I do not touch it, I must face another seven years in this hell."

The Cossack whistled.

"Was it as close as that? Why, then, in the devil's name did you play to-night?" But he made no offer to return the roubles.

"Another seven years," the other muttered; "another seven years," and again he dropped his head and stared at the fateful card.

After a while he spoke, hesitatingly: "Yasha!"

"Nu! What are your commands?"

"Dost see a likeness to anyone in that card?"

"I saw none," replied the other, without moving.

"Come hither and look. Dost really see no likeness?"

The elder man rose reluctantly, and looked stolidly over Stroganoff's shoulder.

"No. I see none. I have not the woman's trick of seeing likenesses."

It was said offensively, and one might have expected to see the flush of anger upon Stroganoff's sensitive face, but instead a cloud seemed to pass from him.

"I suppose I dream," he muttered, and then rising from his place, he took the card and held it to Anadirski.

"It is not like Shakmut?"

"No, it is not like Shakmut, as far as I remember him, but I have a poor memory for dead savages. We have killed many since then."

"Thou art sure that he is dead?"

"Nay, that is for your Excellence to say. You had the killing of him, and as I remember, you left no room for a resurrection, though the skull of a Kalush is harder than the skull of a seal."

"No hope of a resurrection! And you believe that, Yaksheem?"

"Except in the priest's presence. I never saw a seal swim again after his brains were knocked out."

"Yes, I suppose you are right. I hope so," and with that Maxim Stroganoff tore the card in little pieces and threw them upon the blazing logs.

"You have spoiled our pack, and cards are dear at Sitka."

"One card—that cursed card—spoiled

my life, but lives are cheap at Sitka," the other retorted.

"Your Excellency makes mountains out of molehills."

"No, only seven years of hell out of an evening at Petersburg."

"Was it so? Well, if you won't play any more, tell me the story. There is no romance like that of the little tables, and the nights are long," and the pere-dovitchik swept the rest of the mutilated pack into a heap, and tossed it into an empty flagon in which the comrades kept their odds and ends.

"Wouldest thou understand it, Yak-sheem?"

"Maybe, your Excellency. Cossacks travel far, and see many things."

"True, and no matter, anyway. The telling will amuse me, too, now that I know the end of the story," but he hesitated on the last words as if he were even now not quite sure, and instead of plunging into his narartive, asked:

"That little devil, Alexander Andreevitch, cannot prevent my going on the St. George?"

"Not if you pay the Company."

"True; and I can pay the Company."

"And the story, your Excellence?"

"Oh, it is an old one. Men say that the first Stroganoff who made money, made it at cards, and an old woman's life was the price of his success. She was his aunt or his employer—God knows, I forget which,—but she had a system and won as she pleased in any company. He coaxed her to give him the secret. She was old, very old, and rich beyond all her needs, even if she had had another hundred years to live. But she was obdurate. She would leave him her money, but she would not give him her secret. And then one night he went to her in her bedroom, and squeezed the life out of her skinny old throat, in an effort to squeeze out the secret, and some say that she told him before she died, and some say not, but at least from that time on, he won as she had won, until at the very crown of his career a knave of clubs broke him.

"Since then it has always been a knave of clubs, and ruin for men of my race."

For a few minutes he stopped and gazed into the fire.

"I swore that I would never play, and kept my oath until they laid us by our heels, idle in Petersburg, we who had played the great game of the north against Napoleon.

"Then there was nothing for us to do unless we would pay court to the French dancing master, and I played.

"I was to have married the day I came out here. The night before the marriage is a long one, and we went to pass it, at Katia Moukhin's in the Oozinskaia Per-eoulouk. I lost all in one throw, and it was the knave of clubs that beat me."

"And what brought you here?"

"She got me the billet."

"Katia Moukhin?"

"Yes, Katia Moukhin."

"Ah, then, men speak truly. They say that she works for little Sacha. They all come from her den—Golovski, Protkin, that mad Bereslav—and none go back."

"But I shall."

At that moment a board creaked loudly, and a chair straightened itself noisily, as seemingly empty chairs will do when no one is watching them.

Stroganoff started, but controlled himself.

"But I shall go," he repeated, steadily; "I have the money, and neither God nor the devil shall keep me."

He seemed to wait for an answer, but none came, until Yaksheem said:

"Well, you will not go back to her?"

"Who knows? I have nowhere else to go, and she was very pretty."

"Pretty! Aye, red and white, if she be like the picture Alexander Andrevitch has of her; but her teeth are sharp as a weasel's, and unless the painter lies, her fingers are short and sharp as a black bear's claws, crooked like this," and he bent his own like fishhooks—"she is a warlock Finn, as he is."

Stroganoff burst out laughing.

"Thou art a true Russian brother, with thy warlocks and familiars, and wood-spirits. Baranoff is a cruel, cunning devil, beyond the reach of any master, but he is no warlock."

"He bade Oogak, the Kalush, shoot at him at close quarters. The man bends

a strong bow, but the arrows (he shot three times) fell away from the Governor as if his breast had been of steel."

"It was steel. Charlatan!"

"How?"

"How? Can you not guess that he wears a shirt of mail under his sheepskin. It is not his only trick. It is half by his jugglery that he holds these poor fools. Jugglery and firearms."

"You are very sure, your Excellence?"

"Sure? I know it. I——"

At that moment a log rolled forward and crashing upon the hearthstone sent up a tongue of flame, so that the shadows upon the wall rose up, bowing and swaying strangely, whilst the gathering storm outside drove the sea foam against the little casements of even that high place, and the howl of the wind suddenly drowned their voices.

The shadow of Stroganoff, which from his position, seemed to tower above the others, reared itself almost to the ceiling, but that was no reason why a brave man should have turned white to the lips, with unspoken words frozen in his mouth, and his eyes glued to the wooden walls.

"Your Excellence was saying ——"

"It was the level voice of the Cossack speaking in the first lull of the squall.

Stroganoff, with an effort, took his eyes from the swaying shadows.

"I was saying—I forget what I was saying," and again he glanced suddenly over his shoulder like a man who seeks to surprise one who mocks him behind his back.

"But the shadow, if that was what he sought to surprise, *faced* him as before, a meaningless outline of a man's head and shoulders.

"You were going to say that there was nothing supernatural in the world, except to the peasant-bred like myself," sneered Anadirski, watching the furtive, frightened glances of the younger man. Maxim's mood was not a new one to Yaksheem. He was used to seeing his comrade shadow-hunting, especially after a heavy night, but Maxim grew worse as the days went on.

"Was I?" and again he glanced behind him, and then turning to the table

put his hands to his head and sat as if he would shut out sight and sound.

Obviously he did not mean to talk any more, and Anadirski, seeking something to wile away the time, turned to the shadows.

"There was his own shadow facing him, great as it should be, the head of it square, and on either side of it, as it were, a sword blade, the true presentment of Yaksheem Timiotheevitch Anadirski, peredovtchick or lieutenant to the autocrat of Alaska, with his essential moustaches duly emphasized.

But this other thing was curious. Stroganoff was sitting with his hands to his head so that the Cossack could not see his profile, and yet here was the shadow of him, hard cut and distinct, and yet——

Well, the Cossack knew nothing of the laws of light and shade, but the matter interested him.

He would help his comrade to see what his shadow was like in profile.

Stooping, he took a dead ember from the hearth, and sharpening it slightly he traced the outline with laborious and somewhat unsteady hand.

The picture pleased but puzzled him.

"Hi, Excellency," he cried, "see here. I have somewhat to show you."

Stroganoff started, but kept his hands to his head.

"You are not as good-looking as I thought you were."

"What childishness art thou talking of?"

"Come and see. The shadows and I have drawn your portrait."

Unsteadily Stroganoff raised the lamp from the table and held it up to the panelling, so that the light of it fell upon the charcoal outline.

The next moment he reeled, with an inarticulate cry upon his lips. But for the Cossack's strong arm he and the lamp would have fallen together upon the floor.

"Fool," the Cossack cried roughly. "What ails you?"

"Dost see what thou hast drawn?"

"Your portrait, as I said—no—no—by heaven, it is the Jack of Clubs——"

"It is Shakmut."

CHAPTER III.

The light in the cupola above Baranoff's castle, which during the night had glared red as a fiend's eye through the fog, had at last gone out.

Seen for many a mile along the rugged desolate coast, it had warned the timid Aleuts, and wilder Kalushas, that the Russian devil watched.

At last it went out, and in its place the grey fingers of the dawn, long and thin, but steady and very searching, crept in through the attic casements, and went groping their way over bare walls and wooden floor.

The ashes, dead upon the hearth, and the litter of drunken men, made the room look miserably squalid, and as the Dawn-fingers touched the eyes of the two men, emphasized their prematurely grey hair, and exaggerated the depth of their wrinkles, they made curious suggestions about the outlines seen indistinctly through the blankets.

Then the fingers of the Dawn passed on. The two sleepers looked so like corpses laid out for burial, that it was only natural that the Dawn should pass them by. Such as those belonged to the Night.

Passing round the room, the Dawn pushed the shadows back one by one, and at length came upon a rough charcoal drawing, outlined on the wooden wall of the attic, and seemed to linger there so long that it may be, that having nothing better to do, the Dawn tampered with the Cossack's work of art, for by and bye one of the sleepers, he who had groaned and tossed so in the night, stirred, threw a heavy arm free from his blankets, and turned with eyes yet unopened towards the drawing.

For a moment he lay like this, then stealthily opened his eyes, stared fixedly towards the picture, and at last sat up.

In his gaze, if the Dawn was any judge, there was expectation and fear, a great, white-lipped, wide-eyed fear, which had haunted him for many days, but this dropped from him as he gazed, and, shaking himself to make sure that he was awake, he called to the other blanket:

"Hi, Yasha! Wake up. Day is here."

"I am not going to get up."

"Then I shall finish the vodka. I am now pouring out a morning dram," and suiting the action to the words, he leaned out of his blankets, and reaching a black bottle and stone mug, which stood between him and his comrade, he poured out a stiff eye-opener with shaking hand.

At the first cluck in the throat of the bottle, the Cossack sat up and held out his hand for the mug.

In passing it to him, Stroganoff's hand shook so much that the spirit was spilled liberally on the boards.

"Holy Saints, man!" cried Anadirski, "are you still scared? Do you think the 'best purified' was made to wash floors with?"

"Drink what is left and look at thy picture."

Anadirski threw the vodka down with a dexterous turn of his wrist. The burning fluid touched nothing between his lips and the pit of his stomach. It was his boast that he could do this, and having done it, he sent the mug whirling to the rafters, caught it, right side up, in its descent, and set it down, pat, beside him, with a ringing "whoop la."

Then he kicked off the blankets, pulled on his thigh boots, and was ready for business.

"The picture? Oh, ah, the picture that I frightened you with last night. Shakmut's portrait, you called it. Well, Excellency," shading his eyes to look more closely, "it might be that or it might be a map of Sitka Bay, for all that I can make of it this morning."

"I suppose that we were both drunk last night, Yasha."

"Probably! Let us hope that we shall be to-night, anyway."

"And that is likely, altogether likely, gentlemen, if your servant may say so without offence," put in an old soldier, who, unnoticed by the sleepers, had been quietly preparing the samovar.

"Hello, Gleb, art thou there? And why sayest thou, uncle, that it is likely we shall be drunk to-night? As a general statement, we admit its accuracy, but why specially to-night?"

"Fair weather follows a storm, even

in Alaska, and there has been a storm this morning."

"Where? In the Governor's quarters?"

"Just there. The German woman, the one who teaches morals and embroidery to the young miss, has been caught drinking, and Alexander Andreevitch, good man, is roaring in consequence through the Fort like a mid-winter blizzard round the rocks of Chernaboor."

"She is outside on the sea front, cooling her heels. Pavlovitch, the secretary, has his head broken, and little Sacha's own pipe and the Company's inkstand lie outside on the rocks still."

"How got they there?"

"Through the window, Excellency. The Governor was in such a hurry that he had no time to open it. First, the pipe went because it would not draw; then the great inkstand because it was dry; and then the good man thought that that dolt Pavlovitch laughed."

"And?"

"Pavlovitch followed the inkstand."

"Now thou liest, uncle. Alexander Andreevitch could not lift Pavlovitch."

"Nevertheless, he threw him through the window."

"It is impossible."

"Your Excellency is right, but it happened."

"When the mad fit seizes him, he can lift mountains," growled Yaksheem. "Said I not that he was a warlock Finn?"

This time Stroganoff did not laugh.

"And what does he now, Gleb?"

"The fit has left him and he sits alone, hunched up, and talks, and drinks vodka and talks, and God knows to whom he talks, but by and bye he will grow tired of his own company and will call us, and there will be another praznik in Sitka."

"Did he make mention of us, Gleb, this morning?"

"It was of your Excellency that he spoke to Pavlovitch. I think that he had sent for your Excellency's account with the Company."

"Said he anything?"

"He cursed Pavlovitch for a fool. That was before he threw him through the window."

"And after that he said nothing?"

"Only to me he said: 'Maxim Petrovitch goes on Friday, Gleb.'"

"Just so, Excellency," I answered.

"How then," said he; "he goes not."

"Just so, Excellency," I agreed.

"He thinks that he goes. They all think that they go," he muttered, and then he laughed, and his face grew purple, and his eyes began to glow like coals, and I came away by the door, being too old to go out of the window. Your tea is served, gentlemen," and the old Fort gossip hobbled out of the room.

He, too, was a genuine Russian, and had some good-will towards these two of his own kind.

"What does that mean, Yaksheem?" asked Stroganoff, after a pause.

"Mischief for you, I'm afraid. Old Gleb wanted to warn you. The Governor will not let you go."

"He can't stop me. I owe the Company nothing, but such sums as I can pay. My term is over. I have Gouravitch's promise of a passage in the St. George. He dare not refuse to let me go."

"He will not refuse to let you go."

"He dare not tamper with Gouravitch. On his own ship Gouravitch is as absolute as the Governor in Alaska, and threatened, so men say, to hang Baranoff if he put his nose on board."

"There is no love lost between them."

"How, then, will he stop me?"

"I did not say that he would stop you. *Something will happen.*"

A chill which ran down Stroganoff's spine at those ill-omened words, made him furious.

"Thou art a fool," he cried. "Thou thinkest that little sot almighty."

"I know him, and I fear him. I who fear few men."

Stroganoff relapsed into silence.

After all, could the Cossack be right? In his own brain there was a volcano raging, and he could hardly think in any consecutive fashion.

If the Cossack was right, it meant that all his efforts had been wasted. That all his hopes were vain.

The seven years of waiting had been accomplished; the money for the Company had been gained, no matter how;

the wolf inside him had been curbed in spite of those festering weals; he had grinned when he would have bitten; taken a hand when he was hungering to fly at a throat.

All had been done as he had planned it nearly seven years ago in that cold rage which followed his humiliation, and now he was to be baffled because "something would happen."

It seemed so utterly simple and ridiculous.

The man was the servant of the Empress; under her sanction a contract had been made; he, Stroganoff had fulfilled his share of it, must not Baranoff fulfill his? Perhaps, but still something always had happened. No one ever had gone back save those Baranoff sent. Nay, more, men said, that he, the Governor himself, had been thrice recalled, but that the recalls had never arrived.

Something had happened.

He looked out to sea and the Cossack's fancies were no longer follies.

This Baranoff did rule in the heart of Alaskan fogs, a spirit of evil, inaccessible and invulnerable.

It was that outside world where men went by rule and wherein laws bound, which was the foolish fancy, and those voices which had talked in his ears for months were real, they were not the hallucination of a drink-sodden brain, and that shadow whose outline he could never quite catch, was —

"Oh, curse it, I am going mad," he cried, and wrenching open the door he thundered down the stairs, leaving Yak-sheem gazing after him in blank astonishment.

It was cooler on the beach, and the salt air acted on him like a tonic, and there at least lay one of the realities of life, a Russian man-of-war, very real and grim, in spite of the frayed fog curtain which, shifting back and forth, at one moment hid, at the next showed her to Stroganoff.

She, at least, had nothing to do with these haunted seas; she was no company

boat, built at Resurrection Bay of green spruce, for which there was neither tar nor paint.

The day after to-morrow men would look out to that point, and she would be gone; those rigid pines would be there for ever, but she would be roaring back, following her own free will, to the noisy dockyards of the north.

And he would look back from her, and Sitka would be out of sight for ever.

He closed his eyes, and tried to picture Petersburg as it would be, but he could not do it. There had always been colour at Petersburg, and he had forgotten what that meant. It was all grey now in his scheme of the world.

He tried to hum a waltz that had been fashionable in his last year, but the mighty, insistent rhythm of the surf killed the puny tune before it could come to birth.

He tried to recall the scents of the ballroom; the smell of the stables.

In vain. Only the smell of the kelp, only the strong sea smell! There was no other smell, nor had been since the world began.

In despair he opened his eyes again, and at once they fell upon a vision such as only Alaska can produce.

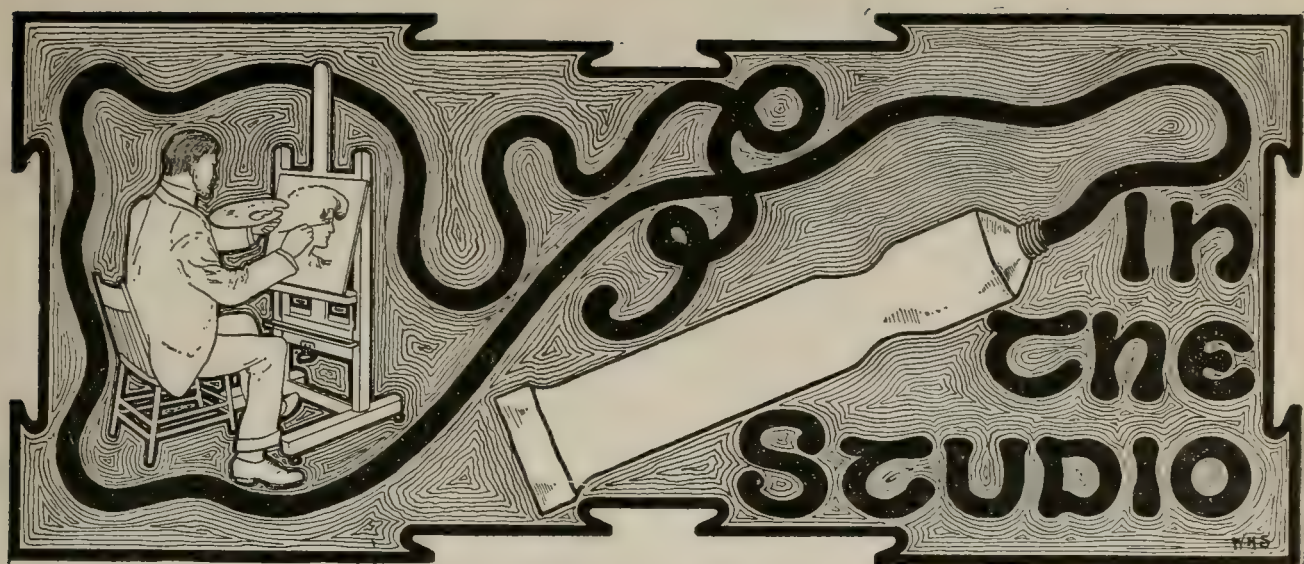
Everywhere grey fog and grey sea met, save at one point to the north.

Here lay a stretch of such ooze as the monsters of Earth's dawn crawled from, before the waters which were above the firmament were well parted from those which were below the firmament, and here the long growths waved back and forth to the slow measure of the sea, and a great winged beast with jaws agape stood guard over the Indian graveyard.

Maxim Stroganoff knew him, and knew, too the other dim figures, whose outlines showed through the fog, but the fact that they were of wood did not help him much.

He remembered that one kept guard near Shakmut, and Shakmut, they said, was a magician.

(To be continued.)



A. V. Kenah.

IT is an undeniable fact that even the simple operation of toning P. O. P. prints often gives the amateur photographer severe qualms, and notwithstanding explicit and complete directions by the manufacturers as to what to do and how to do it, satisfactory results do not always reward the tyro. Simplification of photographic processes is quite the keynote of the present-day market, and there are several excellent brands of self-toning papers procurable which do away with the bother of the separate toning solutions; but out here in British Columbia it is not always possible to get hold of them, and therefore it has occurred to me that the following process may be of some interest to my readers.

It is not my intention to introduce to your notice any combined toning-and-fixing bath, or even our old friend, ammonium sulphide, but rather to simply remind you that excellent tones can be readily obtained with the majority of the commercial brands of P. O. P. by simply putting them straight into a bath composed of: Hypo 4 oz., water 20 oz., after they have come from the printing frame.

The actual printing must be carried to double the ordinary stage, or otherwise the image will disappear once it comes in

contact with this solution, and another important point to remember is that the print must be removed from the bath before the desired tone is reached. For guidance, I may remark that six or seven minutes' immersion will produce a fine brown colour, whilst eight to ten minutes will result in a colder tone. As soon as the print is in the solution you will find that it loses density and takes on the old familiar yellow bloom, but after about five minutes it will behave more rationally, but it will not be until it is actually dry that you will see the advantages of this simple process.

After the print has remained in the hypo bath long enough, it must be thoroughly washed and care should be taken that the prints do not stick together during the "toning" operation. For some reason or other all papers do not respond to this method, and according to Mr. Crook, who contributed an article on this method in a recent number of *The Amateur Photographer*, postcards give better results than paper. Anyway, although the process is by no means new, it is certainly worth trying and is also extremely simple.

Colour - Photography. — The Autochrome process of Messrs. Lumiere still

continues to make friends, and the demonstration which was given on November 5 ultimo, at the premises of the Royal Photographic Society in London, by Mr. T. K. Grant, the representative in England of Messrs. Lumiere, as so crowded that even the oldest members were compelled to play the role of wallflowers. From the report which has come to hand of this meeting, I cannot say that many new facts were disclosed, except that Mr. Grant stated that Wynne 14 or Watkins 2 served as a rough guide for outdoor exposure, but at the same time it is as necessary to consider the subject in relation to the exposure, and that if it were found necessary to stop down to F. 22 the exposure would have to be increased by 50 per cent. over and above the time corresponding to the stop. One point I am particularly glad to note was that several of the very successful pictures shown on the screen were copies or reproductions, and Mr. Grant stated that for copying Autochromes the two plates—the Autochrome picture and the sensitive Autochrome plate—should be placed together in the camera, both filter side

downwards, and the lens pointed to a good clear north light. One of the great objections which has been taken to this wonderful process is that it has been contended that reproduction was not possible, but I confess that I have always been optimistic on this point, and the method advocated by Mr. Grant is one that should overcome this difficulty in a practical and simple manner. By the by, a full supply of all the necessary materials for taking photographs in colours by this method is stocked by Messrs. Fallowfield, 146 Charing Cross Road, London, W. (England), and I strongly advise my readers to drop them a line and get their price list. As I have previously stated, the process is not really a difficult one to work, and the results are such that they have won high praise from even such advanced critics as Royal Acadamecians. Personally, as soon as the spring comes round, I intend to send for a supply of Autochrome plates, as I can conceive of nothing more fascinating than the recording of the beauties of British Columbia scenery in all the glory of its natural colours.

Reveries of an Old Coin.

Henry Morey.

AH! That face has set me thinking. It reminded me of the Duchess; the dear, dear Duchess, whom I haven't seen for ages and ages.

I wonder how long I've been in this blamed old—— (Oh! I beg your pardon; but really, I've lived out West so long and been obliged to associate with such mean companions, that even my reveries are becoming vulgar.) I was wondering how long I had been in this musty old showcase. The antiquated penny to my left says it's only ten years. But I know better than that. It seems more like ten centuries to me. And I've been lying on my back, too, all the while; as if there were not a more comfortable

position in which to place an old coin.

No wonder we become retrospective; and my thoughts carry me back now to that day when I emerged from the mould that fashioned me, a beautiful, shimmering, brand-new thing; with the Goddess of Liberty on one side of me and the American Eagle on the other—an enviable position, indeed.

Ah! those were halcyon days which followed. Silver days I might say. And I don't see why I shouldn't say golden days, for I've heard plenty of people use the expression who hadn't a speck of gold to bless themselves with.

If variety is the spice of life, then my life has been spicy indeed. One day the

property of a gorgeously clad prince; the next, owned by a ragged street urchin. One day nestling contentedly in the perfumed recesses of my lady's purse; the next, skulking in the dirty pocket of a thief.

And as for acquaintances! I made dozens of them every day, and with two or three exceptions they all seemed willing enough to part with me.

The first of these exceptions was an old miser. I suffered dreadfully from ennui as long as he owned me, and I grew to hate him. Once a month only did I see light during those hideous three years, and then only candlelight. But retribution came at last. And even while the old miser held his light aloft and gloated over us poor, shut-up, miserable things, death claimed him. Candle in hand, he sank to the floor with a terrified groan, and I and my companions chuckled with delight.

Now would we see the end of our misery. Now would we find our way back to light and the busy streets. Now would we feel and hear again the joyous chink-chink of exchange and live the lives which those who made us intended we should live.

And even while we mused, a lurid light began to dance about us. Tiny tongues of flame shot upwards from the floor, ever increasing in size and brightness, until the whole room was a delightful mass of crackling fireworks. We ourselves shone like so many little suns, each one striving to outdo his neighbour in the gay deception.

Though exulting with glee, I was just beginning to fear for my Goddess and Eagle, when the window came in with a crash; there was a hissing, scurrying noise; I was swept swiftly from the table on to the floor and whirled ignominiously into a corner, like a naughty schoolboy. When I came to my senses, I found myself upside-down, and O, so wet! Even the Eagle was soaking.

My discomfiture was shortlived, however, for I was soon pocketed by a business-like person, who subsequently took a great liking to me. I also became very much attached to him, but more particularly to his watchchain. It took me some

time to forgive him for punching a hole in me, but as the wound gradually healed so did my feelings, and we became very fast friends. I remember distinctly how, when not otherwise particularly engaged, he would caress and fondle me, now turning me this side out and now that, so that I never suffered much from being in the same position a very long time—a thing which a respectable coin of the realm cannot bear.

Like Mary's little lamb, "everywhere that Charley went I was sure to go." And we went into some queer places, I can assure you. I could say a great deal about Charley, for I knew more about him than anyone else, not excepting his sweetheart, Polly. By-th-e-way, I heard his propose to her, too; but it wouldn't be kind to say just how he did it. It was hard work to keep quiet through it all, for the Goddess was sweet on Charley herself. She was dreadfully jealous when Polly said "yes," and the Eagle was dying to scream—not out of sympathy with the Goddess, however.

I never knew whether the wedding came off or not, for Charley and I parted company soon after the engagement. Just how it happened I don't know. But I felt that the watch chain was gradually losing its grip on me, and one night I slipped noiselessly from it as Charley was going up the street, fell to the pavement, and rolled into a gutter.

Daylight soon laid bare my hiding-place, and shortly afterwards an Italian fruit vendor picked me up. He turned me over with a grunt, swore quietly because of the hole in me, but slipped me into his pocket nevertheless, and remarked: "Gooda luck! Maka de peanuta sell fine to-day." His peanuts did sell fine that day and much to my disgust he decided to keep me. Incredible as it may seem, for five years I was forced to act as mascot to that dago.

During that time I learned all the Italian cuss words that are in existence, a few others besides, and how to sell stale fruit.

I fully expected to end my days with this man; but once, when business had been very bad for a week, he got out of patience with me. This pleased me

mightily, for I was sick of his dirty pocket and dying to have done with him. "He'll drop me now," I thought; and I was right, for I soon found myself dodging about the city again and enjoying it immensely, too, in spite of the hole in me. On account of it, many persons refused absolutely to have anything to do with me—as if I could help it.

One Sunday morning I found myself in the pocket of a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman. We were at church. I knew this by the subdued sounds of praise and prayer which reached me, and with which I was quite familiar.

During the singing of a hymn the gentleman fumbled with his fingers amongst the coins in his pocket. I knew from experience what he was feeling for—that hole which Charley punched in me. When he found it I as held in readiness for the plate, into which I was presently dropped. This was no new sensation for me, but I remember this instance particularly, as it was the beginning of a trying experience.

The janitor of the church was paid weekly, and amongst other coins I was handed over to him for his week's work. This janitor was in the habit of contributing to the church each week the sum which my face value represented, and he promptly placed me in the plate the following Sunday. To my surprise and disgust, on Monday I was again handed over to the janitor; and again, on the following Sunday, he deposited me in the plate.

I ought to be a very, very good coin, indeed, for I spent six months in this fashion before I got away from that church. I might have been there still, but the poor janitor went the way of all flesh and I went to his undertaker.

The undertaker tied a short string to me and gave me to his baby to play with. Baby had just found out the use of his teeth, and after giving me a couple of vicious bites, swallowed me, string and all! Just think of it! I, with the Goddess of Liberty on one side of me and the American Eagle on the other, swallowed by a baby! But this was no ordinary baby. No, sir. He had brains. He began his career when he swallowed me,

and he kept pegging away until he was elected President of the United States. And he deserved all the honours he got.

Solitary confinement in a dark and damp cell was my lot for some days after this, and I began to despair of ever seeing daylight again. But baby, bless his heart! overate himself one day. Nature rebelled; there was a great commotion in my neighbourhood, and, *presto pass*, up I came, smiling and brighter than ever. The baby yelled, the mystery of the lost coin was explained, and I was sent on my way rejoicing.

Another episode in my career I shall never forget. I belonged to an elderly gentleman at the time—an invalid. He had lived in America some years, and was on his way to England, intending to pass his remaining days in the land of his birth. After a splendid trip across the Atlantic, we were run down by a bungling old freighter, just within sight of land. There was the usual indescribable scene on deck. My master could do practically nothing to help himself, and his cries for assistance were painful to hear. No one heeded him, however, and he sank helplessly into the depths of the sea, taking me with him. Down, far down we went, until light and sound and hope vanished, leaving my master a corpse and me imprisoned in his trouser's pocket.

Days, weeks, months went by, and still we remained at the bottom of the ocean, held there by a portion of the wreck which lay heavily on us.

I was just beginning to give up hope of ever being rescued, when a strange thing happened. We were visited by the wierdest specimen of humanity I had ever beheld. He was clad in a rubber suit of a most clownish pattern. His feet were unnaturally large, judging from the size of his shoes, which were shod with metal soles a couple of inches thick. His head-dress (it could not be called a hat) looked more like a miniature light-house than anything else; and attached to it was a long rubber tube, which gave him the appearance of having been lately lynched. The light which emerged from the head-dress was very cheering, however. It was really a treat to be able to

see something again, and my spirits rose wonderfully.

The strangely-clad individual was at work amongst what appeared to be the shattered timbers of a sunken vessel. Surely something will come of this, I thought; and I was not mistaken. He came toward my late master's corpse, removed the object which rested upon it, and immediately it began to rise. I went up, too, and thoroughly enjoyed the sunlight and warmth that reached me through the mouth of the pocket.

The sea was rather choppy and there was a slight breeze blowing, which drove us landward. This pleased me mightily, for I was tired of being in that wet pocket, and longed to be on shore again. But disappointment awaited me. The choppy sea only served to dislodge me from my resting place, and with a zig-zag movement, bemoaning my fate, I sank towards the bottom once more. But I never reached there. A young cod spied me in my downward flight, concluded that I was a dainty tid-bit, and kindly took me in. Many times since then have I blessed that fish, for he was the means of my finding the Duchess, or rather of the Duchess finding me.

How long I remained inside of the cod I shall never know. But of this I am certain, that Jonah's record was infinitesimal in comparison with mine. The fish doubled in size during my stay with him. I became embedded in his flesh; grew up with him, so to speak; was part and parcel of him, in fact. But I never lost my identity for a minute.

He was hooked more than once, but on each occasion managed to break away. I knew that he would be caught eventually, as he was a very reckless fish, and waited as patiently as possible for the inevitable. It came at last, and just when I least expected it.

There had not been a hook in sight for many days. I was beginning to feel very despondent, when suddenly, as we turned the corner of a large rock, a most tempting bait came in view. This was too much for my cod. He was ravenously hungry and seized it at once.

Events followed thick and fast after this. There was a short, sharp struggle,

and Mr. Cod lay at the bottom of a boat, floundering about in a most ungainly fashion.

I knew now that my release was at hand, and rejoiced exceedingly. Speculations were rife in my mind as to whether the particular piece of cod in which I was embedded would be boiled or baked or salted. I prayed that it might not be the latter, for then, perhaps, it would be years before I got into circulation again; and besides this I had seen and smelt some pretty tough specimens of the article in question, and had no wish to cultivate its closer acquaintance. And then the awful thought presented itself that I might very probably be swallowed again!

I hoped for the best, however, and the best happened.

Shortly after reaching shore, we were hurried on to an express train, which whirled away to London, where we soon found ourselves lying on a marble slab in a very fashionable fish and fruit shop.

My poor cod was decapitated at once. The horrible knife came within an ace of slaying me as well. It glanced swiftly by without harming me, however, and in doing so left a small hole near me, through which I could study my surroundings.

I think that day must have been a Friday, judging from the number of people who were buying fish. But none of them asked for cod.

At last a rather pompous, middle-aged gentleman entered the shop. He had a broad, red face, brimful of jollity, and I took to him immediately.

"What have you got in the way of fish this morning?" he asked of the proprietor.

"Salmon, halibut, mack——"

"O, the Duchess is tired of all those," replied the customer with the jovial face.

This made me prick up my ears. I had never, as yet, seen a duchess, although I had often heard them spoken of. This gentleman is the butler, I thought. And how delightful it would be if he would only buy the cod. I should then have a chance of meeting the Duchess.

"This cod looks nice and fresh," he

said, coming towards us; and I was all in a flutter at once.

"Fresh as a daisy, sir. Just caught this morning."

"Well, send that up, please. What's it worth?"

"Three-and-six," replied the proprietor, lifting us out of the scales.

"Now, what in the world does three-and-six- mean?" thought I.

Whatever it as, I wanted to tell the proprietor that the cod was worth just a dime more than that, but I couldn't.

So we were sent to the Duchess's. And all the way there I wondered what she would be like, and was greatly excited. We arrived at the house, or more properly speaking, the Hall, and were taken to the kitchen.

Cook inspected the cod and decided that it should be baked, so I prepared myself for a very trying ordeal. An hour in a hot oven is no joke, I assure you, and I was very glad when it was over. Dinner was announced, and presently we were dished up and carried away to the dining-room. What a beautiful room it was, and how pretty the table looked, with its flowers and shining glass and silver. I remember it all to this day.

"And there! Ah, surely there is the Duchess," I thought, as I beheld a beautiful lady, with such a kind face, seated at one end of the table, with a large bunch of violets on either side of her.

There were only four at dinner, the Duke, the Duchess, and their two children—a little boy and girl.

The fish was served, and as luck would have it, the piece in which I was concealed was given to the Duchess. I wondered if she would see me before putting me into her mouth. She didn't, and presently I was crunched between her pretty, white teeth—and they were not false, I'm sure. The Duchess uttered a little cry of surprise, and a moment afterwards I found myself between her dainty thumb and forefinger, undergoing a critical examination. And how I did enjoy her sweet surprise.

"Why, Reggy," she said, addressing the Duke, "it's an American dime, and just the one I've been wanting so long for my collection. How very strange!"

"Very strange and very remarkable, dear," replied the Duke. "Let me see it, please."

So I went the rounds of the table, being especially admired and coveted by the children, whose loud "Ohs!" and wondering eyes amused me not a little. Dear little things! I would have given much to have been able to tell them all my adventures.

Then the Duchess took hold of me again, and a little thrill of pleasure went through me as she turned me over and over. Fancy being caressed by a Duchess! You can't imagine how nice it was. I fell in love with her at once, and began to envy the Duke and those dear little children.

The Duchess did not seem at all anxious to add me to her collection of coins, for which I was very grateful. She dropped me into her violet-perfumed purse, saying that she would have to show me to some of her friends.

Now I surmised that the friends of a duchess must be lords and ladies, princes and princesses, and probably kings and queens! and must confess that I felt a little nervous at the prospect of meeting so many grand people. You see, I had been accustomed all my life to plain American folks, with no bejewelled handles to their names, so my nervousness was quite excusable, I think.

However, they proved to be not half bad. When they heard my story, they opened their eyes and mouths just like ordinary folks would have done. This surprised me a great deal. I had expected to find them all as stiff as pokers, disdaining almost to glance at a modest little American dime, and that with a hole in it, too. But, no; they turned me over with evident interest and were glad to hear all about me. And the Princess M—— wanted to keep me altogether, but the Duchess, bless her, would not hear of it. They were all very nice, indeed, but none of them could compare with my Duchess. I was very glad when she dropped me into her purse again. I rolled as far into one corner of it as possible and buried my head, for fear the Princess M—— might get another sight of me.

Ah! I was very happy in those days, and so was the Duchess, I'm sure. I wonder where she is now? Twelve years is not such a very long time; and now that the West is developing so rapidly, who knows but what I may see her again.

One day I heard the Duchess talking very gravely about me. She was afraid of losing me, she said, and must not carry me about with her any longer. This announcement made me sigh for I knew what it meant. She took me into a room near the library, in which were all sorts of curious things. In one corner of it stood a handsome showcase containing old coins. These were not lying flat on their backs, staring at the ceiling all the time, as most old coins in collections are generally forced to do. No, indeed! Each one was standing on its edge, in a narrow slot, on a plush-covered revolving stand. And they were all clean!

The Duchess placed me in a comfortable little slot alongside of an old American quarter. This pleased me mightily, as I had not seen any of my brothers for a long, long while. I found out subsequently that all the coins in that case were American—an American colony, in fact—so I had plenty of company.

The Duchess used to come into the room every day for a half-hour or so, and give some part of it her attention. How we all waited for her coming, and watched her going about the room, dusting and arranging things. Sometimes she would open the showcase, pick each of us up in turn and rub us gently, first on one side and then on the other. On these occasions the showcase would be filled with the perfume of violets, on which we would feast for hours afterwards.

Coins don't like confinement, as a rule, but speaking for myself, I was quite content to be a prisoner of the Duchess.

An evil day came upon us, however, or night I should say. It was about six months after I had been placed in the showcase.

Everything was quite still at the Hall. Nothing broke the silence save the ticking of an old-fashioned clock which hung just above us. Presently the clock struck midnight, making a great clatter, and

then subsided into its monotonous tick-tock again. Then we heard a grating sound near the window as if someone were trying to force it open. The noise increased until the fastenings gave way.

The window went up slowly with a creak, and a man crept through it and stood in the room. He wore a mask and carried a bullseye lantern, the rays of which he directed first in one corner of the room and then in another. Presently they rested on the showcase, and our fate was sealed. Evidently this was what he had been seeking, for he came quickly towards us and in a very few moments transferred us all from the showcase into his pockets. After appropriating a few other valuable articles, he decamped hastily through the open window.

Thus I was stolen away from the dear, dear Duchess, without a chance of saying farewell or of looking into her kind face once more. This happened many years ago, but I have never forgotten it nor shall I.

The burglar sold me to a dealer in old coins, who asked no questions. I was soon sent across the Atlantic again, and spent a few months dodging about dear old New York. I found city life almost as enjoyable as ever, in spite of my long retirement from it.

A gentleman going West got hold of me, however. He knew something about old coins, and, worse luck, he also knew of a certain museum in San Francisco that wanted a coin just like me. That accounts for my being in this dusty old showcase, to escape from which I'd give many times my weight in gold, if I had it; yes, and more, too.

Ah! there's a footstep. It's only the old janitor on his usual rounds, but I'll surprise him for once if I can only summon up courage to do so. I say! Mr. Janitor; *Mr. Janitor!* We're all on strike don't you know. And you will inform the management instant that if they're going to compel us to remain in this musty old museum any longer they'll have to treat us differently. We demand, each of us, to be stood on edge, in a nice little slot, on a plush-covered, revolving stand—*revolving*, do you hear? We will not then be compelled to stare at quite

the same thing year in and year out; and the public will be enable to see our backs, which are very often much more interesting than our faces. We also demand an eight-hour day, no night work, and a warm bath at least once a year—There! he's gone; and I know he didn't hear me. All that energy and nerve force expended for nothing.

No matter: I'll endeavour to be very patient and wait and watch for a certain lady to come and rescue me from this intolerable existence. She is tall, with dark hair and blue eyes. The prettiest

and whitest of teeth peep out between her rosy lips when she smiles—and she smiles so sweetly. Her favourite perfume is violet, and her name is Emily, Duchess of I——. She has a weakness for old coins, more especially for a modest American dime of a certain date; and one day the door of this showcase will open, the air will be laden with the perfume of violets, a dainty thumb and forefinger will grasp me gently as they did long ago, and I shall be her prisoner and slave once more.

A Voice From the City.

De Courcy C. Ireland.

Sing me a song of the waste-lands,
And the life that I used to know,
A song of the wild, free spaces
In the land where the hunters go.

I'm tired of the shifting City,
And the ceaseless cry of the street,
I long for the silent pine-lands
Where the sky and the mountains meet.

Sing me a song of the ranges,
And the days when I used to ride,
Of the endless trails that ended
And the prairies far and wide.

A song of the golden bunch-grass
With the great, wide sky for a roof
And the traffic's roar forgotten
In the heat of a flying hoof.

Sing me a song of the free life
When a man is a man again
When the joy of life calls madly
And the pain is a lesser pain

And the reek of Town shall vanish
Like a troubled dream of the night
That vexed our slumbers a season
And faded away in the light.

The Thief.

Billee Glynn.

FOR SALE—A small, highly-profitable vegetable farm, in the Okanagan. An industrious, careful man can make a fortune. Ten acres, good house, accommodations: terms, \$900 cash. The owner saved twelve thousand dollars in ten years on it, and is selling only because of broken health.

Mr. Jim Snoggles, reading this advertisement to his wife in one of their two stuffy rooms in an apartment house situated in the very heart of Chicago, threw down the paper and struck his knee with his hand, enthusiastically.

"I say, Sarah, that's for us," he ejaculated. "I'll draw my thousand from the bank to-morrow mornin' and start farm-in'. I'se plum tired o' this here city life. I'se goin' to go West and grow water-melyons, that's what I'll do, and get rich. The lords o' agriculture, says Professor Crunch, are the backbone o' this here nation."

The colored porter to an educational institution, Mr. Jim Snoggles was proud of his mastery of the English language. So was Mrs. Jim Snoggles—and imitated him.

"All right, Me Lord," she returned. "Her Lady will go along with you whenever yo's say the word."

So the Snoggles went, were duly installed, and the watermelon patch was a matter-of-course.

Mr. Jim Snoggles watched it blossom and gurgled with delight; beheld the blossoms develop into green balls, and patted them with his hand; and at length when one melon nearest the sun took a spurt, promising early maturity, he forgot all the rest to hover over it exclusively.

"Oh, I'se got it in for you," he would say, coming out in the early morning and giving it a playful stroke with his hand;

"I'se got it in for yo'—yo' big, juicy temptation yo'. Just yo' wait till I put a knife in you', will yo'?"

And the melon did—all but!

The morning its owner chose to pick it was glorious—almost as glorious as the smile that cut in two his face, and almost as bright as the long knife that glittered in his hand as he took his way toward the patch. He had sized the melon up the night before, and it was "plum perfect"—he knew it! Now—he hadn't even called Aunt Sarah! He approached cautiously as becomes a man with a mighty enterprise in hand; then suddenly stood still, his eyes bulging from his head.

All that was left of the melon lay at his feet, and that only the rinds.

That he swore as becomes an educated colored man, "roiled," is not stating it. He swore as becomes the abduction of a first-born, his vocabulary drawn from the four winds of his second-hand education; and when his wife, aroused from her sleep, arrived on the scene, half-dressed, he paused only for want of breath.

"What's the matter with you', cussin' like that?" she exclaimed. "One'd think yo'd gone clean batty."

"Matta'!" He caught her rist excitedly. "Look at that thar melon, will yo'. There's no matta'—that's what the mat. ta'—it's all rinds! Some moon-faced white man has gone and stolen that melon, and I'll wring his block off—see if I don't!"

Whereupon Mr. Jim Snoggles, bereft, commenced an imaginary wringing with his hands that would have been highly dangerous to the neck of any white man or nigger either, for the matter of that.

But his wife addressing him with the very pertinent question—"How's yo'

going to get him?" he returned suddenly to fact.

"How's I going to get him, how's I going to get him, did you say? Not going to get him at all, I guess—*till next time!*" he concluded, doggedly.

Then his wrath shot over him again, and he turned quickly to the house.

"Just yo' wait," he emphasized, and Aunt Sarah followed him accordingly, to behold the old gun taken from its place in the chimney corner.

It took half a day to clean the rust-eaten locks, but he stuck to it with grim purpose and many mutterings, and having finished went outside and swung it menacingly at creation—having no neighbours within three miles!

"The first one of yo's that ever dare to meddle with another one o' them thar melons in that thar melon patch," he pronounced, "'ill be killed deader than George Washington—just yo' raickon on that!"

It was that afternoon that he fell in love with the second melon. It was the best in the patch of course, almost ripe, and he caressed it affectionately.

"They daren't touch yo', me pickan-inny," he said; "I'll protect yo' better'n Cuba. That thar old gun 'll carry to the end of the world."

And accordingly the night preceding the morning set for the feast of the second melon he took his place at the sitting-room window, which overlooked the water-melon patch, gun in hand ready for operation.

"Just another touch o' the morning dew," he said to Aunt Sarah, "to give that thar melon the right flavour and I'll guzzle her; and in the meantime she's worth watchin'."

So watch he did. But the night was long, and, during his attentions, came dreams of the morning feast that made the chair he sat on a veritable bed of roses. One last effort to keep open the closing eyelids and he fell to sleep murmuring, "Good, oosh—good!"

When he awakened it was to find himself lying on the lounge; the gun had fallen to the floor, and the morning sun was beaming in at the window.

With a start he pulled himself to-

gether and hurried out to the watermelon patch just as Aunt Sarah appeared at the top of the stairs.

She hurried down, calling after him, but on the verandah paused suddenly at what she heard. It lasted probably ten minutes, carrying a refrain of—"Rinds, rinds—rags, bones, and bottles—and nuthin' but rinds!" Then he bore down on her with a manner of grim, strained quiet.

"Yo' come here," he commanded, seizing her arm; "I wanter show yo' something!" And she went without a word.

He escorted her straight to the remains of the gouged melon. "Yo' see that?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

He drew her to another part of the patch. "And yo' see that?" pointing to a melon that the day's sun would make perfect.

"Yes," she repeated.

"Well, that thar melon 'ill be good eatin' by night—but I'se going to leave it out just for the sake o' shootin' the feller that eat the other one—dye see!"

"But fo' sure and I thought yo' did watch?"

"Fo' sure an' I did. But I was mesmerized woman I tell yo' deader'n last year."

Aunt Sarah brought her hands together with a little moan. "O—o--o, there must be ghosts around this here place," she cried.

"Maybe," commented her spouse. "But if there aint I'se going to make one fo' sure if I had to hang for it."

So it was in pursuance of which project that Jim Snoggles again took position that night at the sitting-room window, gun in hand, and determined above all things not to go to sleep.

"Sure, I couldn't wink an eye if I tried," he assured himself, "an' I'm not gwine to try."

But after midnight when the moon looked double and the scented odors of the watermelon patch wafted to him carressingly, bringing in grander luxury visions of the morning feast,—after he had twice, thrice, nodded,—he was compelled to seek protection in a pin.

"I'll just hold it thar," he said, pois-

ing it on his leg, "and the first other nod plunge her right in."

But the pin giving too much confidence proved fatal to his plans. The visions came back in greater glory and his head fell forward on his breast.

Meanwhile Aunt Sarah had a poor night of it. The thought of her husband getting hanged for shooting a man clung to her mind like a nightmare. After hours of tossing around and listening she got out of bed and dressed with the intention of going down to persuade him to put away the gun. But fancying he might be asleep, and fearing to waken him to obstinate argument, she gave it up, and sinking back on the bed again soon fell to sleep. When she awakened it was long past midnight, and, with a start, she stumbled to her feet, wondering if anything had happened. The moon was still shining, though faintly, through the window, and running over she peered out. Then the next instant thrust her hand to her mouth in a quick effort to stop a scream. The outline of a tall man was vaguely apparent standing in the garden, and she could hear distinctly the "crunch, crunch" of teeth in a watermelon.

"O—o—o, I'll have to scare him," she gasped, "or Jim'll shoot him fo' sure."

So with a quickly-beating heart she fled on tiptoe down the stairs, and letting herself out the back way, approach-

ed the thief softly, keeping out of range of the sitting-room window.

"Yo'd better get out o' thar," she hissed; "if me man wakens he'll shoot yo'."

There was no answer. A few steps closer: "Hye, yo', get out o' thar," she sibilated again, "or he'll shoot yo' shure."

Still no answer. She went a little nearer, gave a low scream, and rushing up peered into the eyes absorbed on the watermelon.

"What's the matter with yo'?" she asked trembling.

The eyes looked at her unseeing, and turned again to the watermelon. She seized the man with convulsive strength and shook him fiercely.

"What's the matter with yo' anyway?" she screamed.

Returning sense slowly lit in the eyes, giving place to a startled look, and he drew his hand across his brow.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"Yo' in your own watermelyon patch fast asleep eatin' yo' own watermelyons, Jim Snoggles," she rejoined wrathfully. "Yo' big fool yo'!"

He sank to the ground crushed by the weight of the discovery.

"O—o, I'm gwone crazy, sure," he moaned hysterically.

"No, yo' not, nuthin' o' the kind," she emphasized. "But yo' just hankered so after them thar watermelyons that yo' went and eat them in your sleep."



The Lily Shrine.

Blanche E. H. Murison.

Within an old cathedral, before a lily shrine,
I watched the jewelled glories through blazoned windows shine,
In rainbow tints of azure and deep incarnadine.

While glints and gleams of sapphire, of gold and chrysolite,
All merged and intermingled, as for some mystic rite;
A witchery of splendour, and tangled hues of light.

And like a faery fountain o'erflowing at the brim,
The sorcery of music flashed through the cloisters dim,
And woke the waiting silence with psalm and holy hymn.

A sense of benediction, a sweet serenity,
Filled all my heart with worship and solemn ecstasy;
While incense breathed petitions of pleading fragrantcy.

Strange fancies stirred within me, and sudden radiancy
Shone through the chantry window with bright effulgency,
Upon that lily altar of love and purity.

And lo! in wondrous day-dream, I watched a scene unfold;
While from the silent places a sweeter music rolled,
Like waves of silver breaking upon a shore of gold.

Methought I saw a vision of legions kneeling there,
Till every lily petal before that shrine so fair,
Seemed heavy with the burden of supplicating prayer.

They came, an eager concourse that ever onward prest,
As tired birds at even fly homeward to their nest,
As weary little children creep to a mother's breast.

They passed, a contrite pageant all incomputable,
Appealingly entreating the Grace immutable,
Confiding in the mercy of Love inscrutable.

* * * * *

Oh Mother-heart! accept the invocation
We proffer thee here at thy lily shrine;
With lowliness and humble adoration,
We bow before this altar home of thine.
Oh Mother-heart! we need thy intercession,
Dark is the way, and lone the path of pain;
Thou hast known sorrow, hear our meek confession,
Plead with thy Son our pardon to obtain.
Plead all our weakness, all our faint endeavour,
All of our frailty, all we fain would be,
Tell of the struggle,—plead that we may never

Fall from the grace of Love's sufficiency.
 Plead for the sad, the sinful and the weary,
 For overburdened heart and soul opprest,
 That, when the Dawn breaks through the shadows dreary,
 Earth's tired children may at last find Rest.
 Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!

* * * * *

Then Fancy glided onward,—beyond all things terrene,
 Above the little chapel all holy and serene,
 There gleamed another picture, a far sublimer scene.

A wonder-world of rapture unfolded to my sight,
 Where happy spirits mingled, where shone diviner light
 Throughout the endless spaces of Beauty infinite.

And in those courts of glory I saw a Figure stand,
 Whose sunbeam crown proclaimed Him the King of that bright land,
 While round Him thronged in worship a joyous angel band.

In one triumphal chorus, they hailed Him as their Lord,
 Jesus the Son of Mary, God's own incarnate Word,
 Who was, and is, and shall be, for evermore adored!

And while sweet voices chanted, "Thine is the glory—Thine"!
 Lo! Mary knelt a suppliant before her Son Divine,
 And told Him all the story of earth's fair lily shrine.

Each penitent petition, each soft repentent sigh,
 Each passionate entreaty, each low appealing cry,
 She pleadingly presented unto the King most High.

All-pitying compassion shone on His sacred face,
 The tender arms wide opened in sheltering embrace,
 In-gathering to the refuge, a weak and erring race.

Then through the fields Elysian celestial music poured,
 Ten thousand seraph voices acclaimed with one accord,
 Hosanna in the highest, hosanna to the lord!

A golden mist was falling, the last triumphant tone
 Had faded into stillness, and lo! I was alone
 In silent meditation, before the lily throne.

But brighter, clearer aspect was mine, and I could see
 The blessed consolation beyond earth's misery,
 The wonderful fulfilment of God's theocracy.

I left the little chapel within the cloister'd shade,
 I bowed before that altar home, and lily palisade,
 And took with me a vision that time can never fade.

“Our Boy.”

R. Thompson-Tinn.

SIGNS of amusement flickered on the clean cut, strong face of Capt. Charles Acton as he lounged into his wife's boudoir moved by the lightsome purpose of teasing her.

A bantering mischievous article from her pen had appeared in the columns of a ladies' society paper. It had been written against a male reader who had ventured to censure modern woman and her ways.

Capt. Acton knew that his wife's attachment to theories of women's emancipation had no further foundation than existed in an impish desire to poke fun at crusty old Conservatives who looked askance, as so many do in England, at the onward marching woman who motors, cycles, runs her club and wishes even to vote without the help and guidance of masculine wisdom.

It was an amusement of Charles Acton's to pose as a sceptical critic of the disturbance in the old time relations of man and woman. He knew that his comments would be met by witty personalities which, if he could not readily parry, he would resent with a mock gravity that drew to himself the sweetest of apologies.

Bess and he had been married over six years and odd as it may seem to those who are acquainted with English military circles, they were still deeply in love with each other.

A brother officer had failed to keep an appointment to run down into Surrey for a game of golf so he had returned to his bright luxurious home in Kensington, somewhat unexpectedly.

The boudoir was unoccupied when he entered but had evidently been momentarily and hurriedly vacated. A sheet of note paper whereon the ink was still wet attracted his attention and, expect-

ing to find more fun afoot, he took a surreptitious glance at the writing.

“What the devil!” he ejaculated, as he brought his well knit form erect with pain and bewilderment shown in his face. He gazed at the note paper in his hand and was chilled with apprehension. “What in the world can it mean,” he muttered to himself.

He strode across the room in agitation, then, looking again at the half-finished letter, he read carefully:—

“My dear Jack, do write instantly and let me know how our darling boy is now. My heart is aching for the dear little chap. You really need not have any fear that Charlie will read any of your letters. He thinks most of my correspondence is about some silly woman's franchise affair and then he is not inquisitive—the dear boy. It would break his heart if he knew. Has the fever left any permanent weakness? Now, do write and tell me everything. If our little darling is better—”

“Our darling boy,” and Bess' handwriting.” His thoughts were at this moment arrested by his wife's footsteps.

A look of astonishment quickly passed from her bonny roguish face and with anxiety in her voice she enquired: “Why do you look—what is the matter Charlie??”

“Bess, is this some unholy joke or what?” A cry of pain, and “Oh, Charlie! you didn't read that,” escaped from her lips as she snatched the letter from his hand.

“What does it mean Bess?”

“I cannot tell you. Don't—don't ask me, darling!”

“But you see Bess I have read it. I must know!”

She stood before him silent and his interpretation of the silence made suspicion grow apace now.

"Surely you see some explanation is required," and he intoned in his words the feeling of estrangement which was possessing him.

Then the look of awful sadness on her face, usually so bright and vivacious, stirred his affection and folding her in his arms he lifted her face and pleaded: "Tell me Bess, tell me."

Tears welled to her eyes as she looked into his, but her lips closed firmly on, "No, Charlie!"

A conflict of passion and suspicion gripped him. "Bess, Bess, I must know! Only tell me! God, how I love you! Whatever it is I can forgive you."

She drew away from him and stood trembling but unresponsive with her head sunk on her breast.

"You see what the letter implies," he pursued. "Is there no explanation then? Has this to come between us and—"

"Leave me Charles, leave me; I cannot possibly tell you."

With an effort he controlled himself as he saw that at present at all events no explanation would be forthcoming. He walked slowly from the room feeling the bitterness of sordid suspicion blackening a married life that had been, he had often boasted, the happiest in creation.

As the door closed behind him she threw herself on the nearest chair and gave way to tearing sorrow.

* * * * *

A few days passed and no relief came to the suspense in Capt. Acton's mind. He was possessed by what was to his straightforward character an inexplicable reticence to attempt further discussion of the subject that threatened to shred the core of their love. Think of it as he would he could not wholly convince himself that the evil import of that letter was true. Yet how restrain suspicion when she spoke of "our darling boy" and worst of all confirmed her apparent guilt by a refusal to explain.

Their only child died soon after its birth and the shock had prevented Bess accompanying him when his regiment was ordered to India.

During his three years' absence Ellen, his only sister, and Bess had lived

quietly together in a cottage among the Cumberland hills.

News of Ellen's death reached him on his way home and he feared the effect on Bess' health, but the joy at their reunion soon brought back her buoyant spirits and there had been a throbbing vivid happiness in their lives since then.

His mind went back to days in India when Mrs. Selwyn's vindictive insinuations against his wife had amused him. "Bess, you know, had been a dreadful flirt."

"Her affair with so and so was really serious," and such like things said under cover of playful solicitation for their welfare, but with an ill concealed bite behind the remarks.

Devoid of the ridiculous aspect they had worn long ago, these innuendoes came back now imbued with a sinister meaning.

"Could anything have happened during these three years of separation?" "No, impossible," he thought. Ellen was with her and assuredly she would have let me know had there been anything amiss. Yet as old schoolfellows some strange idea of loyalty to Bess may have induced Ellen to keep such a thing secret or her sudden death may have prevented a disclosure timed for his return.

Yet further consideration reproached such opinions of his sister. Like Bess, she had a roguish, mischievous temperament, but she could not be guilty of this.

Who "Jack" could be he did not know and such a cognomen afforded little guidance in any attempt at identification. Moreover, he could not bring himself to search for corroboration of an affair that would bring such misery to Bess and himself. Yet what could be worse than his present suspense, but—well Bess must explain sometime.

Ominous signs of trouble in South Africa with the probability of active service intensified the tragedy of their estrangement.

They were seated at breakfast silent and gloomy as they were wont to be now when definite news of war came upon them. He pushed an official intimation across the table to Bess. She

read the crisp brief sentence which conveyed the orders to him to join his regiment at once and be ready for active service.

She murmured "Charlie" with tearful eyes; adding, after a pause, the matter of fact question: "What train will you take." Her rapid reconciliation to the practical astonished him into a curt "noon" in reply.

During the morning his mind was well occupied with the preparation of his kit and his brown, steady eyes softened as he glanced at Bess' pathetic face overlooking his packages as they were handed into the cab.

As they kissed at parting he promised to wire when and where they could meet.

Two weeks were spent in active regimental duties before the date of embarkation was announced.

"If Bess will only own up, and if it is true, I believe I could love her as ever. But this silence, "for no explanation had been essayed, "is unbearable," he often thought. Two days later they stood together on the deck of the transport at Southampton. Men and women near them were bravely keeping up commonplace chatter, but they stood apart from the crowd silently regarding the scene around them.

There were the cries of the women on shore as they greeted their sweethearts and husbands among the smart-stepping, clean built men filing on board.

There was the forced cheeriness among the older men of the rank and file and an easy happy swagger stamped most of the youngsters.

Then as the last line filed aboard amid chaffing, joking, weeping and shouting—came the warning bell. After that the National Anthem,—the ringing cheers—and then only the Good-byes.

Bess and Charlie looked into each other's eyes for a moment and as he folded his arms around her, controlled his tumult of feeling at parting thus, and spoke his "Good-bye Bess" clearly.

She could only kiss him passionately again and again.

They parted, and she walked slowly down the gangway to the tender which steamed alongside the liner into the open

sea where the huge transport drew slowly ahead and gradually passed from the sight of the men, women and children waving their farewells from the deck of the tiny tender.

* * * * *

On the anniversary of Majuba the "Canadians," backed by the "Gordons" and "Shropshires," made the glorious rush on the Boer trenches which clinched the battle of Paardeburg and compelled Cronje to surrender.

A mauser bullet brought Capt. Acton to the ground a few feet from the first trench and as he came to himself his nostrils were assailed by the pungent smell compounded of gore, chloroform, iodoform and carbolic peculiar to the field hospital.

"Couple of weeks, old man," was the Doctor's greeting as he hurried past.

"Got to live, have I? Well, I wish Bess would own up," were his first thoughts. I wonder if that is Bess's cousin Hawley over there? Looks like him. Poor chap he has a bad look." Sleep stopped any further ruminations for a few hours.

A Cockney private of the "Gordons" with two ribs shattered by shrapnel had been laid near the officers' quarter of the tent. His voice brought Acton back to his surroundings by the enquiry as to whether they had been "tikin a bloomin Eve out of his side."

"Think you are fit enough to be moved across to Hawley," enquired the Doctor. "He wants to speak to you, Acton, something very important, he says, and I'm afraid the poor chap can't live long."

"It is Hawley then! Certainly shift me over!"

They placed their beds close together and Hawley opened his eyes and looked steadily at Acton for a few minutes before speaking.

"Charlie, I want Bess and you to take care of my boy."

"Your boy! Didn't know you were married Hawley!"

"I was, and to Ellen."

"Good God! To Ellen!"

"Yes. You'll never forgive me. But, well—we were married only three months when the boy came. Ellen made

Bess and I promise to keep it from you and as Ellen died a few weeks after the little chap came I thought it best not to tell you. But I'm going now and I want the little chap in good hands. It was all my damned wickedness—but I've paid for it, Acton."

Hawley's voice failed him for a while and Charlie saw he was going fast.

That letter had a meaning he understood now. "Jack" was a pet name Bess had given to Hawley in childhood and he could recollect reference to his presence in Cumberland in one of Bess' letters.

"Will you—take care—of the boy? It was Ellen's wish—for Bess—to do so—and Bess is willing—I know. She often wrote to me about him. Will you?"

"Yes, yes, I will."

"Thanks,—old chap."

Acton watched his head sink back on his pillow and in a few moments he gasped out his life.

* * * * *

"Hawley dying told me all. Forgive me Bess." The censor that passed that cable from Capt. Charles Acton to Mrs. Acton, Holly Drive, Kensington, London, remarked that there was nothing like a war for clearing up social messes.

This looked like one too. Men that should be married, men that wanted to unmarry and men that weren't content with one wife had their difficulties settled by well aimed mausers.

Long before the issue of the war was decided Charlie Acton found himself invalided home. His wound healed rapidly and before the transport swung alongside at Southampton he was well enough to dispense with medical assistance.

The greatest trouble of his life had vanished like a horrible dream at break of day, but another trouble that bites deep in any man had come in its place.

Before he could be distinguished from the crowd of tunics and helmets at the bulwarks of the transport he perceived the figure he looked for.

There was a new expression of passionate longing and love in those eyes that brought a gulp to his throat.

"Bess, Bess, can you forgive me?" he cried as they embraced.

"Hush, hush, you silly boy!" was the answer, as she closed his lips with a kiss. Then she started, and drew towards him a sturdily built little chap with his sister's likeness stamped on his face.

"Charlie, dear, 'Our Boy'."

A Song of the Spire.

A Reminiscence of R. L. Stevenson by Rambler.

THOSE tapering fairy towers were my baby-joy. What infinite allurements lay in their distant prospect! What rapture of awe in their near presence! They were my infant vice, my embryonic paradise, the source of many an embroglio with a sorrowful ending.

Steeple, indeed, exercised an extraordinary fascination upon me in early days. If one were anywhere within sight, my little rotund body, unless se-

curely moored to some permanent and immovable object, would assuredly drift away towards it, as if acted upon by some capillary or magnetic attraction. I used, to the best of my belief, no conscious cunning including the watchfulness of my nurse and parents. It was simply that, when not fastened down, I gravitated towards the nearest spire: in obedience to some inexplicable but none the less manifest law of my being.

And oh! the ecstasy of one of those

pilgrimages! (They were of almost daily occurrence). I thought not of pursuit. I was in a delicious pain of expectancy, till I had reached my spire. There I would stand, gazing up at it, till my little soul shared the rapt hush which dwelt about its brows. And if perchance the bells pealed, my throat throbbed in unison with the holy madness of melody, which poured from the throat of the great white Songster above me; and I wept for joy.

The neck of infancy is, I believe, curiously supple; or whence comes it that I could stand with my head thrown back at right angles to the plane of my body for an indefinite period of time in those days? Alas! I look up no more. It causes my spine to crack like a sappy pine in a winter frost. Art-gallery crick-in-the-neck is a trifle compared to this big crick of the whole body: my sole reward now for ardent spire-gazing.

My parents and nurse were kept, I fear, in a perpetual state of anxiety by reason of this unlawful wanderlust of mine; and naturally enough came to regard me as an incorrigible rogue. But paternal castigation, which left me screaming with terror and pain, and spiteful feminine slappings which wounded my self respect were of no avail. The prowess of reform wrung from my quivering mouth,—salt with the taste of tears, were broken like gossamer upon the first occasion. Repentance was not in me. I had no thought of explanation; even had I been capable of such. Children do not analyze their emotions. My infant intuition taught me that sympathy was a thing not to be expected.

But one day—oh! a glorious day!—some visitors arrived at the house; and in the ensuing hubbub my nurse forgot to attend to my moorings. Consequently I soon found myself toddling in white apron and pretty blue frock with pearl buttons (Ah! little frock it seems a long, long time since you were cast aside) down the street, chuckling in the sunlight,—a beautiful warm bath without the misery of soap, my eyes rapturously fixed on a dark delicate stroke against

the shimmering horizon,—my favourite spire.

I must have possessed a precious bump of locality in those days, for I seldom missed my way in approaching my goal. But the faculty of returning home again, became very weak in course of time from disuse. I was dragged home ignominiously, nine times out of ten, by a panting and exasperated maid. Moreover, as these return journeys were invariably performed, with my head still turned longingly towards the receding spire, and my progress was in a crab-wise and confusing fashion, I grew unaccustomed to the reverse aspect of my route.

On this particular morning, I went forward merrily down wide boulevards, and across green sunny parks; (Oh B—, thou wert a fine and spacious city thirty years ago) until I stood in delicious awe on the broad stone flags at the base of the church tower. This was my favourite. Its snowy slope shot up clear into the sky, like a chariot-path to the Gates of Pearl, of which I had heard so much. I longed to perch, like the daring gulls, upon the top. Yet I felt it would be a wicked thing to do; as bad almost as to laugh in church. Oh! the sweet music that coursed through my little brain as I gazed at the radiant Cross, that stood poised in a manner marvellous to me at the height of the pinnacle. Far away, alone, ineffably shining, gloriously golden in the clear sunlight, it seemed to dwell amongst the holy choir of angels. I knew nothing of the symbol. It was to me—God. I cannot describe that complex childish emotion. It lies beyond the delicatest concept of maturity. But earth does not hold another joy, to be compared with the joy of that baby-dream at the foot of the spire.

As I drooped my eye-lids, wet with the rapture of my tiny soul, lo! a tall, tall man stood by watching me. He wore, I thought, a big, broad-brimmed black hat and a long flowing cloak. I recognized him at once, as the "bogly-man" whom I had often met in the Parks. My head was full of wild stories about him, with which my nurse had been wont to frighten me into good be-

haviour. But I feared him not at all. There was I know not what beautiful magic in his eyes; and when he smiled, glancing now at me and now at the Cross on the spire,—I knew at once, that here was no bogey-man,” but a friend; one who could comprehend my propensity for steeples. He had a real steeple-face.

I ran towards him with a little cry of delight. I wanted so much to tell him all the lovely things I had been discovering. He met me half way; and stooping down, for he was very tall—like some beautiful black church-tower, he put me on his knee.

“Little man,” he said, “you’ve run away from your nurse again.”

The sound of his voice conquered me at once. So different to ought that I had heard before, or have heard since,—it said to my childish intuition—“I understand.” “Look,” I crowed, as I nestled back into his black coat and waved a fat fist aloft, towards the golden blaze of the Cross, hovering above the delicate white shaft of the tower,—“look— isn’t it boo’ful,—up,—away!”

“Yes,” he replied, gently, and smiling comprehension.

“Do you come from there?” I asked; for I seriously suspected him of being a kind of fairy steeple-man. He laughed,

and the laugh was so good to hear, that I laughed back in sheer delight.

“No! No!” he replied; “but I——”

Just then an angry squeal startled us both. I recognized the view-halloo of the pursuing Sarah, and tried desperately to make cover in the ample skirts of the steeple-man’s coat. Alas! I was dragged from the one comprehending bosom I had met in life, haled forth and heartily shaken by my miserable nurse.

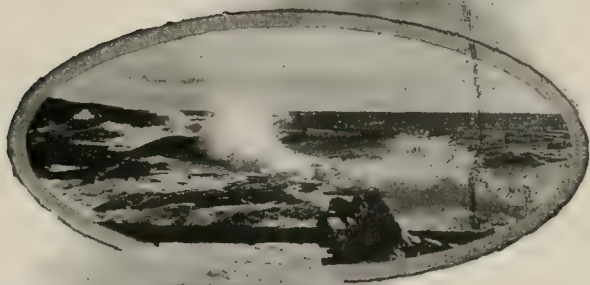
“Law! Mist’r!—’ave ’e bin a-worryin’ you, too?” began the panting pursuer to the man in black.

“Not a bit,” he replied, smiling. “Don’t take him away. Let me trot him round a bit. I’ll bring him back to lunch. I know the house.”

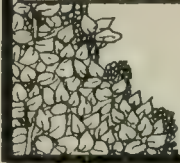
“Darn’t, mist’r,” replied the inexorable Sarah. “Why, ’e ain’t bin washed.” Before such an argumentation my new friend stood abashed. But as I was being born off crab-wise and with reverted head, he called out cheerily:

“Bye-bye, little man. We’ll go spire-gazing together some day.”

That day never came. I learned later that my steeple-man, as I always called him, was an invalid and had gone abroad; that he wrote beautiful books; and that his name was not steeple-man, but Robert Louis Stevenson.



COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

NO matter how much money you are willing and able to spend upon your home; no matter how artistic and beautiful you wish it to be; you must bear in mind that the chief end is to make it inviting, comfortable and pleasant. And, fortunately, this end may be easily reached by any home builder, no matter how limited the means at his or her disposal.

Who does not remember the gloomy and depressing interiors of houses furnished in the early Victorian manner, so popular a decade or so ago? The slippery horsehair sofa and chairs, anything but inviting in appearance, or suggestive of comfort; the tomb-like mantles of plain white or black marble, and the lace curtains, starched and stiffened beyond the semblance of drapery.

To come right down to our own time, are you not familiar with the hideous plush set of parlour furniture, the "knick-knacks" table of uncertain use and strength, the useless, dust-collecting hangings, and the conventional, often hideous, wallpapers, dear to the heart of the average decorator? Of course you are, for, more's the pity, many homes are still being furnished (?) in this manner.

It will hardly be necessary, however, to warn WESTWARD HO! readers against these common and obvious errors of taste.

They are already aware that every-

thing which smacks of the shoddy and tawdry is billed for oblivion. The purpose of this article is to suggest briefly ways and means for rendering the home cosy, comfortable, inviting and cheerful. For cheerful families will usually be found living in cheerful homes. I take it that cheerfulness depends more on light and colour than on shapes or sizes or ornaments, or even pictorial suggestion.

You can readily understand that no room finished in black could possibly be cheerful or pleasant. Nor, on the other hand, would a room decorated entirely in white be particularly inviting. In selecting the hangings for the different apartments, take their aspect seriously into consideration. You are hardly likely to make the mistake of putting a dark paper on the walls of a room where little light enters, or vice versa, and careful judgment and consideration will enable you to select a colouring that will suit the room to perfection. A shade that will give just sufficient light to be cheerful and pleasant.

It might be well for me to say a word, in passing, against the common practice of selecting wallpapers from small samples, or from patterns glanced over hurriedly in the shops. Frequently they reflect a large proportion of light, and if properly placed at the head of stairways, at the ends of halls and wherever the

walls are too dark or too solid, are great cheer bringers.

Equally important is the selection and placing of pictures. Large pictures tend to make a room look smaller, small ones to make it look larger.

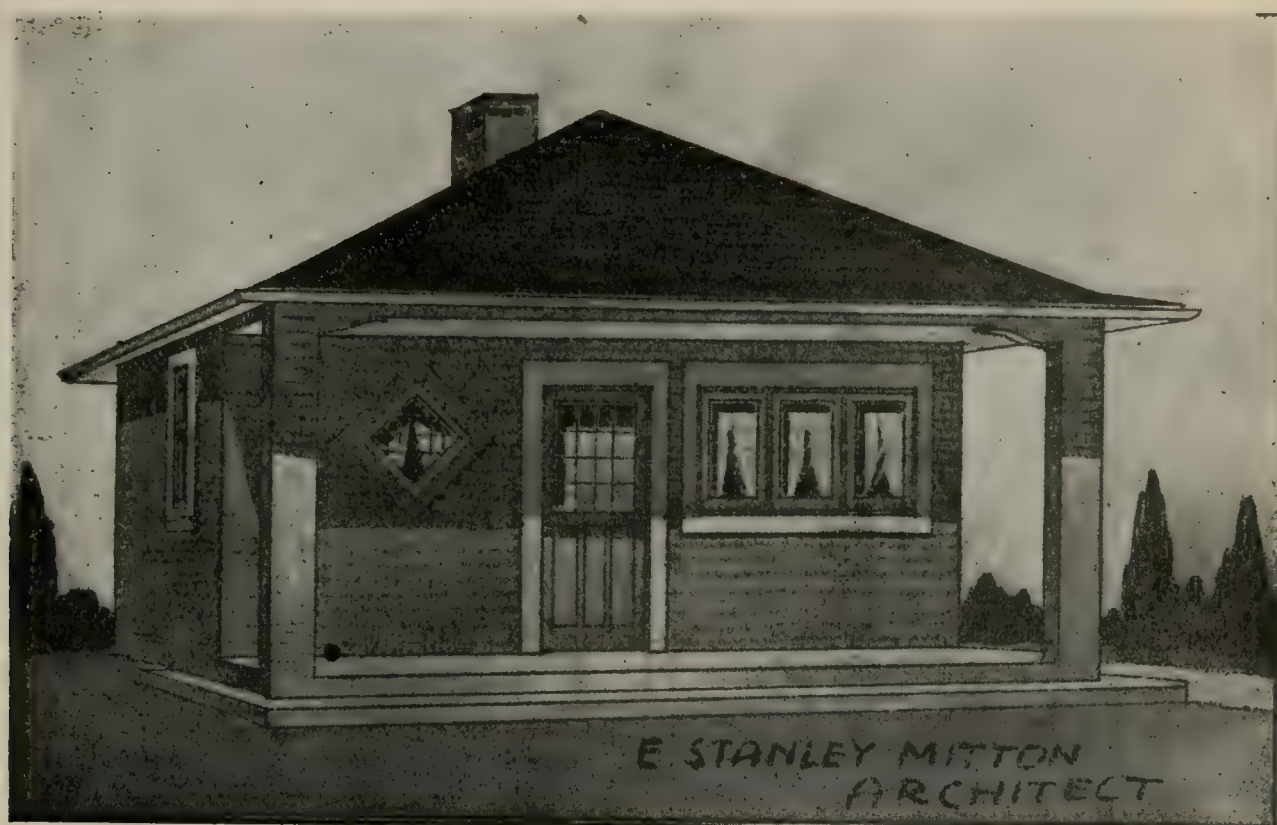
If your house is of any considerable size, by all means make provision for a den or smoking-room; a place where the head of the household may rest after the labours of the day; where he may enjoy his evening paper and smoke a pipe or cigar in comfort and seclusion.

Many men are addicted to the practice

and a cosy ingle nook provide the finishing touch of comfort

The furnishing of any home should indicate to a certain extent the personality of its inhabitants. The den is an excellent place in which to show the individuality to advantage. A pretty colour scheme is to have the walls a very pale brown, or plain canvas with a deep yellow ceiling and a frieze of pure white. With a stencilled frieze pattern this could be in dark brown with dashes of Indian red.

There should be little unnecessary bric-a-brac in the den, and no frail, unrestful



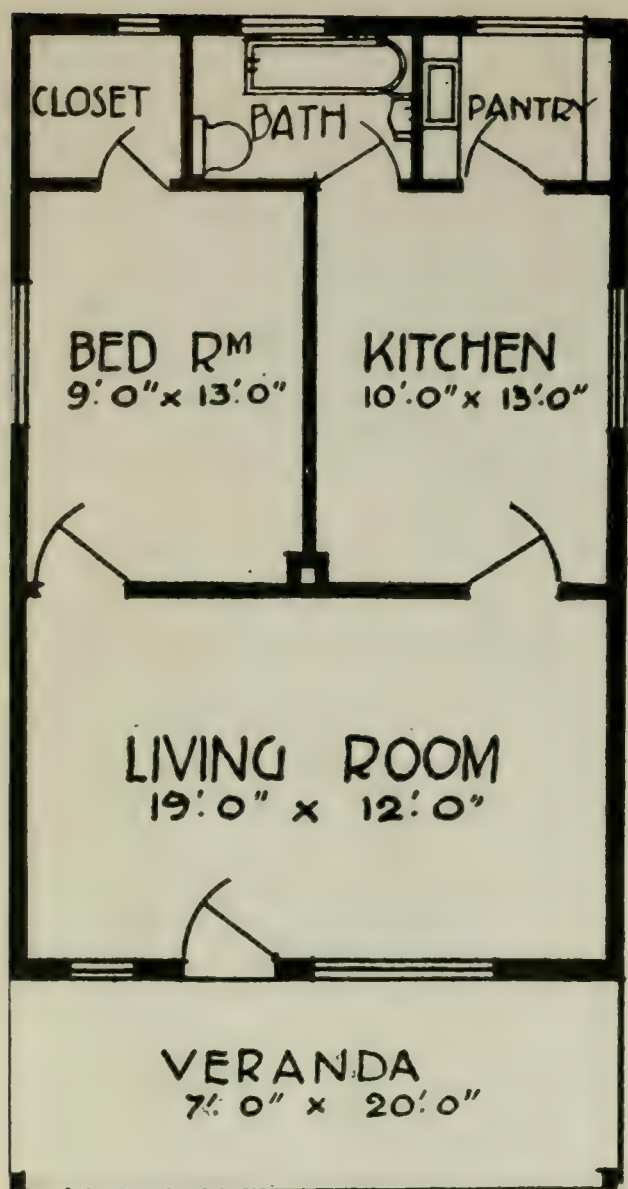
of smoking in the living-room, but frequently housekeepers feel that smoke is harmful to the surroundings, and other provision should be made. Where the space is limited, the den can be made out of the cosy corner. In a more spacious house it usually adjoins the library or dining-room, sometimes being furnished in part with Turkish hangings. Book-cases may be placed along the walls, and old china, guns, steins, or articles of metal on the shelves will furnish the necessary atmosphere. A large open fireplace with suitable wrought-iron dogs,

ornaments or hangings to catch the dust.

* * * * *

I have selected for illustration this month a fair specimen of the bungalow type of residence. A design especially suited to this climate, because, being usually built without basement, it is cheaper to build than a cottage on conventional lines.

A reason that will perhaps appeal to the woman of the family, even more than the low cost, is the fact that it is easy to keep house in, as everything is practically on one floor. It is really like living in an



apartment, without the janitor, or the neighbours on all sides.

The cost of erecting this design will range from \$650 to \$800, according to materials used. It would be extremely useful as a country cottage for the business man or as a hunting lodge.

The front would be of shingles coloured a nut brown. The flooring should be edge-grained and not wider than two and one-half inches finished. This is for polished or stained floors, which should be lightly stained, so that when finished they will show the grain of the wood. Fir is one of the best woods for interior finish in preference to cedar flat grain.

In the pantry I would recommend that a combination sink be used in place of the common sink and dirty draining board. The cost being the same, its use should be universal. Tilting bins will be convenient for flour and meal. Glass cupboards should be provided, with sliding doors, fitted inside with hooks and plate rails, etc.

A bungalow of the type illustrated will provide a most convenient, comfortable and artistic dwelling—a most popular style for a low-price country house.

The Affair at San Hueca.

John Haslette.

THE Paraguayan branch bank at San Hueca, some thirty miles from the capital, Assumpcion, is a pretentious adobe building; pretentious, that is, compared with the lesser and more humble residences that stretch away on each side of it, and opposite, forming the main street. There are six windows in the front, three above and as many below, the upper green shuttered and small, the lower guarded by iron bars to bar the way to inquisitive night prowlers. The main doorway is in the centre, its door massive and strong; to

the ordinary individual seeming to say, "Abandon hope all ye of entering here."

Ludwig Heller thought differently as he stood outside in the narrow street, his sharp eyes concealed behind a pair of green spectacles, his poncho discarded for a suit of Teutonic tweeds much frayed and old. He had some knowledge of botany and that impudence which carries off a well-acted part; in short, he looked the picture of a learned European sent out to collect botanical specimens for an equally learned society. Across his shoulders he had slung a tin collecting

case, a harmless receptacle enough, which no one would imagine contained all the implements of the burglar's craft.

He looked thoughtfully at the door, now half thrown back to admit the various bank customers who passed in and out from time to time; he studied the barred windows at each side, returning again to his scrutiny of the door. The heavy lock which fastened it lay at the back, and could not be seen from the outside, so Ludwig wandered towards it in an apparently aimless manner, stood within the doorway, looked thoughtfully behind, and entering stepped up to the bank counter.

A drowsy Spanish clerk looked up from a book in which he was writing, and bowed with indifferent and languid courtesy.

"Bueno dia, Senor, what will you?"

"I hav' come to open a small account," said Ludwig, in very bad Spanish; "I am a German, Dr. Ludwig Heller, I make here examinations of your plants—flora. I stay here perhaps a month, not in the town, you understand, but out, away with a friend in his estancia."

The clerk nodded even more languidly. "Bueno, Senor, good. What amount do you desire to deposit?"

Ludwig drew a roll of notes and made a laborious calculation, giving German marks in their Spanish equivalent. "Three hundred and fifty piastres," he said at last.

The clerk smiled politely, took the notes, and placed them in a small safe which stood behind him, which proceeding Ludwig watched closely under cover of his green spectacles. A glance was sufficient, and showed him that the safe was of an old-fashioned pattern, which an expert would have no difficulty in opening; glancing away again his eyes fell upon a brass handle that projected from the side wall of the office. He turned to the clerk:

"Donnerwetter! my money will not be safe there," he cried, fussily. "It is a sum that I cannot lose. Why is it not put in a stronger place? You hav' another safe—naturlich?"

"Truly, Senor," said the clerk, calmly.

"But it is for the very large amounts only."

"I do not wish to lose my money," Ludwig repeated, angrily.

"If the Senor desires then," said the clerk, indulgently, and reopened the safe, "his notes shall be put there."

He crossed to the side wall, inserted a key in a small keyhole hidden behind a plaster ornament, and turning it swung open the door of a large safe that was built in flush with the wall; he then placed the notes on a shelf within it while Ludwig still watched closely; he closed the door again, and going to his desk wrote out a receipt for the amount deposited, giving the pseudo botanist time to glance keenly round the room to mark its chief features.

When the clerk handed him the slip of paper, he began, in that fussy tone so much disliked by the easy-going Spaniard:

"You are certain that the notes are now safe?"

The clerk passed a hand wearily over his hair. "Ciertamente," he replied, slowly, "I sleep here and keep the keys."

"But it is not enough," fumed Ludwig. "The manager should see to it himself. Where is he?"

"To-day he is gone into the country to visit a client," replied the other, with as much amiability as he could assume.

"And will return?"

"To-morrow, Senor."

If he could have seen the quick gleam of satisfaction which came into the keen eyes behind those green spectacles, he might perhaps have suspected that his visitor's questions were ominous, but he was dull-witted by nature, and, fatigued by the excessive heat, only asked himself when this long-winded foreigner was going to take his departure.

At this moment a thin man, clad in the garb of a peon, appeared just within the door, and, advancing a pace, gazed round him with an air of intense stupidity.

"Pardon, Senores, I look for the house of a friend—it is a mistake."

"A thief—a thief!" screamed Ludwig, excitedly. "He has seen me enter, and comes to rob me."

"I see you come in——" began the peon.

"Donnerwetter! that is it," the choleric Teuton screamed again, and without further ado rushed at the still staring peon, who evaded his rush clumsily, only to fall against the half-shut door, which went to with a crash.

The clerk here interposed to prevent bloodshed, for the excited half-caste had drawn a knife and advanced towards his opponent.

"Senores, Senores!" he cried, imploringly, "not so hasty, I beg of you. Senor Heller, you have made a mistake, this man is a peon."

"How a peon?" asked Ludwig, uncomprehendingly.

"The servant of some neighbouring ranchero," the clerk explained, while the half-caste, seeing that no further assault was impending, replaced the knife in his belt with a muttered oath.

"Pardon; I hav' made a mistake," Ludwig said to him, holding out a silver coin, which he took with a mumbled "Gracias, Senor," and turned to go.

Ludwig walked before him to the door, looking at it intently as he advanced, and making a quick mental note of the position of the lock, swung it a little back that he might slip out.

"Good day, I will come again when I want money," he remarked amiably, and following on the heels of the half-caste, ambled down the street, while the tired clerk returned to his ledger, with an anathema upon all witless foreigners who wasted their energies upon such foolish inquiries, instead of taking a siesta in the shade.

When the peon left the bank, he strolled aimlessly up the "Calle Espada," as the main street was called, and coming at last to its end, struck out a little into the dry, sun-baked plain beyond. There he stood waiting until the shambling, tweed-clad figure who followed drew up to him, and greeted him smiling.

"Good, Chico," he said, softly, "you played your part well. It only remains now to draw off the Alcalde and his men upon a false scent, then the coast will be clear."

"It is so, Ludwig," said the ci-devant

no trace of dullness apparent now in his bright, close-lidded eyes, "my horse is at hand. Stay! I forgot to tell that only the Alcalde and one vigilante remain in the town. The others rode out this morning. Where? Quien sabe, who knows?"

Ludwig returned no reply, but began to dishevel the shabby suit which he wore, tore off his collar, battered into utter shapelessness his green felt hat, and finally, taking the knife from Chico's belt, made several ragged slits in his coat sleeve. This accomplished, he set up a long, sustained shriek, that echoed faintly back from the houses beyond. At the sound Chico Llanos bounded off like a panther, and soon disappeared in a belt of trees fringing the plain.

Simultaneously Ludwig began to run townwards, where already a few men appeared, startled by the cry, and scanned him interestedly as he advanced at a run; a ragged, much-gesticulating figure that caused at first some amusement, until the purport of his wild shouts was understood.

"I am robbed—robbed," he cried, as he came up to the little group which had gathered; and one man there, the Alcalde, or local chief of police, walked up with a polite bow to question him.

A few words made his meaning plain; it appeared from his rambling statement that while strolling near the town he had been attacked and robbed by a half-caste.

The Alcalde was sympathetic, but indisposed to exert himself, at first at any rate, until the mention of a considerable sum which Ludwig offered for the thief's capture set him all agog to be off.

"I hav' lost a most valuable ring—an emerald, Senor," the latter explained. "Do not fail to catch him, and the reward will be paid to you—at once."

No further time was lost; the Alcalde hurried away, and returning presently, mounted and accompanied by the sole remaining "vigilante," asked Ludwig which way the thief had taken.

"There!" Ludwig said, pointing in a direction exactly opposite to that in which Chico had gone, and watched the two horsemen gallop eagerly off, with a satisfied gleam lurking in his eyes.

When they had gone almost from

sight he turned slowly, and made his way back along the "Calle Espada," followed by a sympathetic group, who protested that such a dastardly act had never disgraced their town before. Halting at last before a "posada" or inn, he entered and sat down to console himself with a glass of aguardiente.

And there he remained until the quickly-descending night wrapped about the town, smoking a rank black Manila cheroot, to all appearance the most hardly used foreigner in that land of barbarians.

The place was at last deserted by his late sympathisers, who found that sympathy had no equivalent value in the raw spirit of the country, deserted by all save the tavern keeper and his solitary guest, who sat at a little table in the corner, sunk in a reverie from which the former's most amiable if inquisitive remarks failed to rouse him.

Whether he waited for someone to join him there was not easily apparent, but there he sat for a good half-hour after the last guest had left.

At last, however, Chico Llanos, still in the peon's garb, entered the posada, and after a moment's hesitation stepped up to the table at which Ludwig sat. His air was deferential, more humble than is customary with the lower class South American, and he removed his sombrero, saying:

"I have returned, Senor, from the business on which you sent me."

"Good," said Ludwig, heavily. "Did you find the orchid for which I sent you?"

"No, Senor."

"You are a fool, Chico," said the other. "Meantime, I have been robbed of my emerald ring."

"Caramba! But where—how, Senor?"

The inn-keeper, who had listened to the conversation, looked up quickly, and Ludwig, noticing the fact, ordered two glasses of spirits. While he turned his back to get what was required, Chico leant forward, whispering softly: "The town is quiet, the bank closed; let us go."

Ludwig nodded assent as the man brought the aguardiente, and tossing off his glass rose slowly.

"I will go out—to walk," he announced, paid the inn-keeper, strolled to the door and passed out, followed by the latter's "Bueno noche, Senor."

Chico remained, sipping his liquor, for a few minutes, then rose and followed him.

They had previously agreed to take different ways in approaching the bank, so he did not go on after Ludwig's distant footfalls, but darting behind an adjacent house made his way by a circuitous route to the end of the "Calle Espada," down which he turned stealthily.

The night was dark and starless, as only a tropical night can be, not a gloomy grey, as in more northerly latitudes, but an impenetrable curtain of blackness that defied the keenest sight.

All was still as he made his way noiselessly along the deserted street, not a light burned in the houses, no sound broke the calm. He reached the spot where the bank stood, and waited for a moment to listen.

Presently a faint sound as of something scratching came to his ears, and gazing hard into the blackness in the direction from which the sound came, he caught sight of a thin, piercing ray. He moved forward again, and in a moment was beside Ludwig, who knelt before the bank door, a dark lantern in one hand, while with the other he worked a brace, the end of which rested against his breast.

He looked up, breathed a word of caution, and returned to his work. Chico loosened the knife in his belt, and sat down to wait.

The work took some time, for the door was massive and very thick, but Ludwig worked patiently and deftly, exchanged the centre bit for one he found more useful, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing a complete circle of perforations in the hard wood around the concealed lock. He paused then for a little, but having assured himself that no interruption need be feared, took a keen, thin saw, and began to cut between the perforations.

Five minutes, and the lock was taken out, laid aside, and Chico, rising softly, followed his companion, who had pushed the door back, and stepped into the bank.

There were two windows in the room which they entered, the third on that floor lighted a small side apartment in which the clerk slept; inside they were closely shuttered, and Ludwig, after placing a cloth over the hole in the door, lighted an acetylene lamp which he carried. The dark lantern he blew out and put aside.

The two men looked at each other, blinking in the vivid light, then Ludwig directed the rays upon the door of the clerk's room, and dropped one of his tools. Chico drew his knife and held it by the point, handle downwards, in his fingers.

Quickly following the sound of the dropped saw, a stir was heard from behind the door where the clerk slept, then the sound of a footfall. Chico's grip tightened on his knife.

In a minute the slight, pyjama-clad figure of the young man appeared in the doorway, heavy-eyed, startled, a revolver hanging loosely in his hand. He blinked, looked more clearly, and caught sight of the two men. In that moment, Chico's knife, deftly thrown, whizzed through the air and stuck quivering in his shoulder. He dropped the revolver, swayed for a moment, then slipped to the floor, with a low moan.

"Dead?" whispered Ludwig, in awe.

"No, I threw high. Quick! take the key while I gag him," Chico replied, and crossing to the prostrate figure, upon whose white pyjama jacket a scarlet stain broadened, he stooped down and inserted a ball of linen in his mouth. Ludwig meanwhile entered the bedroom and secured the key from under the pillow.

Then they set to work on the safe, opened the heavy iron door, and began to examine its contents.

"Railway securities—Santa Fe railway, no good," said Ludwig, throwing the papers aside. Mortgages—hum—ach! These my notes that I deposited, and here, Du lieber! a diamond necklace; two bags of gold, more securities—this we can use—more gold——"

His gloating comments were cut short by the sound of galloping horses, distant indeed, but perceptible in the still night air.

"The Alcalde has returned. Quick, Chico, take the gold, the necklace, these papers! Hasten!"

They worked like men possessed; gathered together their booty, extinguished the lamp, and went quickly out into the night. Ten minutes later the Alcalde and his men rode hastily up the street and passed. But within the dark bank the silence was only broken by the moans of the wounded man.



To Expense--A Widow.

Howland Hoadley.

AS the door of George Thompson's law office on Castlereagh street opened to admit Joe Beach, his entrance was acknowledged as he flung, rather than seated, himself in the nearest chair. Without looking at him the barrister busied himself putting away some papers before quitting work for the day. Presently he spoke:

"What do you say to a run down to Manley for a swim, old man? The office has been so hot to-day that the flies have sizzled as they buzzed against the ceiling."

Receiving no reply, he turned. The white, haggard face of his friend, with expressionless eyes fixed upon the opposite wall met his glance, and for a moment he was too astonished—startled—to utter a word. Slowly Beach lifted his head, exclaiming, with a mocking laugh, "Well, Thornton, the Old Party has won out; her offer was too tempting to turn down. We're to be married next week."

"For heaven's sake, Joe, what do you mean? Are you drunk? Do you know what you are saying?" ejaculated the other, as he crossed the room.

"It's the gospel truth, George. You know how Mrs. Marian Hooper has been running after me this long while; well, to-day the climax came. She asked me point blank, to marry her. I'm sick and tired of the life I've been leading; I'm hopelessly in debt; and there's no possible chance that my dreams of happiness in the future can ever be realized, so I gave in. You see, by accepting her proposal—which I must say is generous enough—all my financial difficulties will be wiped out, and I shall enter upon an entirely new phase of existence. But, God! how I despise myself."

For a few moments neither of them spoke. Presently, pulling himself together, Beach walked over to the table,

lit a cigarette, and remarked: "I believe a blow on the harbor would do me good, and I can tell you the details of the marriage contract on the boat."

Rather more than two years before, Joe Beach and George Thornton began an acquaintance at a bachelor dinner, which soon ripened into a strong friendship. Beach had come to Australia, like many younger sons of good families, full of enthusiasm in the expectation of making a fortune, but the glamour of the wonderful climate, the opportunity afforded for out-of-door sports, and the fascination of the unaccustomed freedom, combined to drain his mind of all thoughts of settling down to a hum-drum life of business. He had had an adequate capital at the start with which to begin his Colonial career, but it had long since evaporated. A small allowance from a sister, married to a prosperous tea planter in Ceylon, together with occasional commissions dropped in his way by friends, afforded him a living and permitted him to keep up the necessary appearance in the social world of Sydney to which he had the entree.

At some function he had been introduced to Mrs. Marian Hooper, a widow of reputed wealth and owner of several large sheep stations in the back blocks of New South Wales. Almost immediately his bright, boyish face and winning manner attracted her attention, and on his part it was an utter impossibility to be other than courteous and obliging. Wherever he went he became a general favourite, for although he never made love, his demeanor towards all women was that of homage due without ostentation or open flattery. From the first day of their acquaintance, Mrs. Hooper made no secret of her infatuation for the young man, notwithstanding the fact that he was barely twenty-five; it being an open

secret that the lady acknowledged over forty summers.

She had invited him to call the very afternoon they met, and afterwards continually manifested her favour. She invited him to dinners and theatre parties at which he was assigned the place of honour. Yet his nature was such that, although these attentions were distasteful, he seemed unable to disappoint her by a refusal, in spite of the gossip from all quarters. Behind her back, society smiled, yet accepted Mrs. Hooper's hospitality; for her entertainments were lavish and her chef an artist. Often Beach confided to Thornton how he hated this unwelcome, though flattering, partiality, and on more than one occasion he had tried to break away, but once in the widow's toils, such a procedure proved more difficult for him to accomplish than it would have been to most men. Matters reached such a state at last that Mrs. Hooper almost openly demanded his allegiance, yet Thornton well knew that while Joe was outwardly submissive, inwardly his better nature was in open rebellion.

A cab took the friends to Circular Quay, where they were just in time to catch the boat. Securing comfortable seats, their pipes well alight, Beach related the history of his surrender. Mrs. Hooper had met him that morning and had carried him home with her to lunch. As soon as the servants had left the room, without preliminaries of any kind, she had asked him to marry her, before he realized her intention. At first he thought she must be joking, but as she proceeded, telling him how she needed his companionship, how lonely her life was at her country home, and how meaningless the future would be without him, he became convinced of her earnestness, when it was too late. For a time he tried to treat her proposal lightly, but when she became more insistent, he told her frankly that it would be impossible to entertain the proposition; while he respected her highly, he did not, and never could, love her as she would have a right to expect if he gave his assent. Still she persisted; she did not expect him to love her—that would be asking too much—

she wanted his company, his society; finally, she had bribed him, and—he had given in. She had promised that before the marriage took place she would hand him a certified check for ten thousand pounds sterling, together with the title deeds of one of the sheep stations, fully stocked, and equipped.

"I was so staggered at the valuation she placed upon me," confessed Beach, "that I had weakened and thrown up the sponge before I knew it, yet, by way of self-justification, I must tell you that my manhood and independence demanded still more before yielding completely. I stipulated that, if I consented, every three months, it would have to be distinctly understood, that I was to have my freedom, to go or do as I chose, for at least two weeks. Even to this she gave assent," added Beach, ruefully, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

For a while no further word was spoken, then the younger man continued, "I have given Mrs. Hooper your name, George, as my representative, and best man, and we are to meet at your office tomorrow at eleven o'clock to draw up the necessary papers to make the bill of sale binding, so it's up to you to protect my side of the bargain."

Half an hour before the appointed time Mrs. Hooper entered the office. Much to the relief of Thornton, Beach had not yet put in an appearance. He had determined to affect the release of his friend, if it was in any way possible, for he felt convinced that such an alliance could never result happily. As he rose to receive her, he noted the resolute, determined face, and immediately realized how futile would be any effort on his part to turn her from her purpose. Nevertheless he laid his views before her and brought to bear every argument in his power, but to no purpose; she was adamant. When at last young Beach entered, the triumphant light in her eyes proved beyond shadow of doubt the existence of a passionate love and her pride of possession.

Mrs. Hooper was of striking appearance. Decidedly tall for a woman, though of slight build, she carried her age remarkably well. Thornton had

known her by sight for some time, but had never seen her at so close a range. He noted that her cheeks were not innocent of rice powder, and that the raven gloss of her hair was a suggestive of artificiality, still he was forced to acknowledge, notwithstanding his prejudice, that she was a handsome woman.

The days which followed the drawing of the settlements dragged along somehow. Thornton was very depressed and saw little of Joe. Sometimes he fancied that his friend had been told by the lady of his efforts to break up the match yet his better judgment discarded the idea; it was more likely that he kept away by reason of a mistaken notion that he was despised. In his heart Thornton pitied his friend, for notwithstanding the fortune Joe would acquire by marrying Mrs. Hooper the young man was practically throwing his life away.

At last the wedding day came. On the appointed hour, as Thornton was struggling with a refractory tie, Joe Beach entered the room. He had aged perceptibly in one week and was sadly changed. Although he tried to appear happy his face was haggard and worn, as he greeted his friend. Only once, and but for a moment, did he let fall the mask and allow his real feelings to be seen. Just as they were about to depart grasping Thornton's arm, as if for support, he all but sobbed, "My God, Thornton, to think I should come to this." The next moment he had turned away, with a light remark that it was time for them to be moving.

At the parsonage they had not long to wait. Punctually Mrs. Hooper and a friend, who was to act as her witness, drove to the door, and, as Thornton assisted them to alight, the bride handed him an envelope, remarking, rather stiffly, that he would find she had complied with the terms of the contract. A hasty glance at the contents, as they entered the house, assured him that, as far as finances were concerned, Joe's future was secure.

The ceremony over, the party, after an elaborate breakfast, were driven to Redfern station, where Beach and his wife took the train for Mudgee, the nearest

point on the railway to their future home.

It was six weeks before any letter came from Beach, and even then he did not mention his wife, or touch on his new life as a benedict. He gave a vivid description of a kangaroo drive, and was quite enthusiastic over a probable record wool clip. He stated that their nearest neighbour lived thirty miles from the home station, and the rest of the epistle consisted of platitudes. It was not until the close that he lifted the curtain behind which he veiled his unhappy home life. "In just six weeks, old man, my first three months of running in double harness will expire. I will then be permitted to enjoy two weeks of freedom in your company. You will receive a wire when to expect me. How I long for the bustle, noise, lights and smells, of the city. Country life may suit some people, but for me the monotony is fearful. It seems years since I saw a street car, or an electric light, and when I think of the theatres I become positively giddy. My holiday will last but two weeks, so be prepared; I mean to make the most of every moment."

Thornton had regularly forwarded Joe's mail; but a few days before he expected him to arrive, two letters from England came, which he determined to retain, thinking that his friend would receive them the sooner. The following day a wire announced that Beach had started for Sydney.

If Joe was the hen-pecked husband, his appearance did not bear out the forebodings of his friend, and it was some time after his arrival before the exuberance of his greeting subsided. He reminded Thornton of a schoolboy home for the holidays more than anything else. For several days following his return Joe made good his promise to enjoy every moment of his time, and they were constantly on the go. Although it was late in the season, many of Beach's old set were still in town, and he received several invitations, but he declined them all, and as far as possible seemed to shun the society of women. Every afternoon they went to the races, dining together afterwards either at the club or wherever chance found them. All the

music halls and theatres were visited in turn, while the card room of the club claimed Joe's spare time, as his newly acquired wealth had fostered a passion for high play hitherto unsuspected.

One evening toward the end of his first week, after a game of billiards, as Beach headed upstairs to take a hand in a poker game, then in progress, Thornton remarked that he would go to the office for an hour or so to look up some papers and to write letters, and would return later. To this the other assented, but urged him to go home, when he had finished his work, for he did not expect the game would be late. While Thornton was tidying his desk, he came across two letters addressed to Beach, which had not been opened. They were the ones that had arrived just prior to Joe's coming, which he had put away and forgotten. He hurried back to the club, and was rather surprised to learn that Beach had left some time before. Entering his diggings, all was in darkness, but as the light was switched on, Joe's voice called to him from the balcony. Handing him the letters, Thornton explained why they had not been produced sooner, but the other, cutting short his apologies, saying that they were probably of no consequence, thrust them into his pocket. For a while they chatted in the moonlight, but presently separated, and Thornton went to his room, leaving Joe, who promised to go to bed as soon as he had finished his smoke. How long he had been asleep Thornton never knew; he was roughly aroused by his friend shaking him violently by the shoulder, and crying out: "Wake up, I say, can't you! Man alive! I've had the worts of news! Wake up!"

The tone of his voice, as well as his entreaties, was sufficient to thoroughly arouse the sleeper, and, throwing on a dressing-gown, he hastened into the sitting-room, where he found his friend pacing hurriedly up and down the floor, his drawn face displaying the mental agony under which he laboured. Without speaking, Thornton drew him to the lounge, and laying a hand on his shoulder, waited patiently for him to regain his composure. Minutes slipped by, but

Beach did not move. It was not until the postoffice clock chimed the hour, followed by the boom of the bell, which seemed to penetrate his dazed brain, that he was fully conscious of his surroundings. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but no sound came. Thornton went to the side table and poured out a stiff drink, which he forced him to swallow, and, in a few moments, Joe began:

"George, we have been very intimate ever since we met, and you know most of my history. One of the letters which you gave me to-night brought me such news that I will have to tell you something of which I have never before spoken. I was engaged to be married when I left England, and I'm still bound to the dearest girl in all the Midland Counties; for I have never written to anyone at home of my marriage."

He rose and began pacing slowly up and down the apartment as he continued his narrative. "Ruth and I grew up together, and as far back as I can remember, she was always my best girl. It was the most natural thing in the world for us to consider our lives bound together, although there was never any lovemaking or spooning. We often discussed a time in the indefinite future when we were to be married, for neither of us were rich, though Ruth and her mother, who was a confirmed invalid, had a very comfortable income. Then an old uncle of mine died and left me two thousand pounds, which seemed a fortune, and I wanted to marry at once, but Ruth refused. She told me that she could never marry so long as her mother lived, as she needed her constant care and attention."

He paused in his monotonous tramp, and, helping himself to another drink, sat down, his elbow on the table so that his hand shaded his eyes. Then he continued: "For several weeks I coaxed and begged, but to no purpose. We had often talked of Australia as our possible future home, but when I pointed out how comfortably and safely the journey could be made, she only shook her head. 'Joe,' she would say, 'you cannot overpersuade me. I love you dearly, and hope to be your wife, but I owe everything to my

mother, and your happiness and mine must be sacrificed for her.' One evening after I had exhausted every argument, Ruth suggested that I should go to Australia alone, assuring me that she would surely join me. Perhaps I was nettled, perhaps—well, anyway, before I saw her again I had booked my passage and was to sail in a fortnight.

"When the time came to say 'good-bye,' Ruth whispered, as she clung to me: 'Joe, dear, have a home for me when I come; it may not be long before I can be your wife, perhaps sooner than we now think.' Oh! Ruth, Ruth! If you knew what I have done, how you would despise me! What a faithless lover I have proved myself!" moaned the poor lad in his despair, burying his head in his arms.

Thornton felt very uncomfortable, and knew not what to say to express his sympathy. His companion's story was sad enough, but it was nothing new; the denouement which had so upset his companion would be found in the contents of the letter; this he would have to learn; and presently, as Joe remained silent, "Tell me what the letter said, Joe," he asked, gently.

At the sound of his voice Beach raised his head in a dazed way, then as the meaning of the request dawned upon him, "Of course," he muttered, "how stupid of me; I did not tell you. Ruth is coming to Australia, in fact she must have already sailed. Her mother is dead; and she is looking forward to being married as soon as she reaches Sydney."

Sharing his trouble with another seemed to ease the burden somewhat, for Joe became calm, and for an hour the two discussed the situation, but arrived at no satisfactory conclusion, when at last they separated. Beach was sleeping peacefully on the lounge, fully dressed, when Thornton looked into the sitting-room next morning. The table was littered with time-tables and travelling guides. As he tiptoed across the floor, the sleeping man heard his step and was on his feet in a moment.

"Thornton," he exclaimed, "I thought it all out after you left me, and I know what to do. I must head Ruth off. To-

morrow I shall take the train for Adelaide, catch the *Ophir* there before she sails; and I will reach Colombo in plenty of time to intercept Ruth on her way to Australia. She can stop with my sister, who lives there, for a time, and I can make up some excuse—trust me—why I will have to return without her. What do you think of my plan?"

"That's not a bad scheme," replied the barrister; "but what about yourself, if you take that long trip? There'll be no end of a fuss when you fail to show up at the end of your holiday. What do you think Mrs. Hoop—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Beach will have to say to your playing the defaulter?"

"No doubt she'll be very angry," was the reply. "But I can't afford to borrow trouble at this stage of the game. Hang it! what do I care, anyway? It will be time enough to think of that when I return."

So it was settled; and the next day Joe Beach took the train for South Australia, and three days later a telegram from Adelaide informed his friend that he had caught the steamer.

As might have been expected, when the allotted holiday time had expired, and Beach did not return, a wire from the anxious wife came to the office, which Thornton did not hesitate to open. The message was brief and to the point. He chuckled with unholy glee as he read these words: "Must I come to town or will you return immediately?"

Shortly after the noon hour, a day or so later, the lawyer heard a heavy step in the outer office, and opening the door was confronted by an elderly man of enormous stature and built in proportion. Notwithstanding his evident great physical strength, his manner was ludicrously timid and diffident, which was further heightened by the weak treble of his whining voice. "Excuse me, sir," he stammered, "if you are the lawyer, as the sign on the door says, perhaps you can put me right about something that's worrying me some."

Assuring his visitor that he was a legal practitioner, Thornton ushered him into the inner office, and motioned toward a seat. The stranger coiled his long limbs

about the legs of the chair, and for some moments sat staring alternately at the floor with blinking eyes, or peering into the crown of his hat, which he nursed upon his knees. By way of encouragement, the lawyer suggested that if he explained the nature of his difficulty it would expedite matters.

"Well, Mr.—Thornton, thank you," he began, in a hesitating voice, "I don't know just how to explain myself, as I never was much of a talker, but to get to my point I'll have to begin 'way back a good many years." Thornton nodded encouragingly. "I'm getting on in years now, sir, and it's about time I was settling down. I've knocked about the world a good bit during the last fifteen years, but the time has come when I should be in my own home." Dubiously he glanced at his listener for approval, and then continued: "I came to the colonies when the rush to Bendigo was in full swing and from the very first had luck at the diggings. With a sack of nuggets I returned to the city and presently got married. My wife and I started a public-house, but, although we made money fast enough and did a big business, we did not get along together somehow. I put up with her nonsense as long as I could, but one day, after a hard quarrel, I cleared out, bag and baggage. She was too ambitious; she wanted to own a sheep station and rise in the world, while I was easy going and content as we were. I never minded to come back, sir, but, a while ago, I kind of wanted to see the old woman again, so started to hunt her up."

He paused, and again began to study the lining of his hat. "I made a good deal of money," he continued, "while travelling about, quite a tidy sum, so was not hampered for funds in my search. On reaching Melbourne, I learned that my wife had sold out the hotel shortly after I left and had gone to New South Wales. It was stated, she had gone in for raising wool and had bought a sheep run. Two days ago I reached here, and from some wool brokers heard that she was the owner of one or more of the best stations in the country, and was a very rich woman. I hoped to have found

her hard up, or at least not rich, for, as I've got money, had she needed help that way, sir, my coming back would have been, perhaps, more welcome."

Again Thornton heard footsteps in the other room, followed by a sharp knock at his door. Excusing himself he entered the outer office to find himself face to face with Mrs. Beach, whose angry glances and flushed cheeks gave promise of a stormy interview. Without giving her an opportunity of speaking, Thornton hurriedly exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Beach, so glad to see you. Please take a seat. I'm very busy for a few moments; I will be with you presently." But as quickly as he retreated, while closing the door, her voice was distinctly heard demanding the whereabouts of her husband. As he resumed his chair the old man was slowly uncoiling his great length to assume an upright position. Pointing a trembling finger towards the outer room he demanded, excitedly: "Who's that in there? I know that voice! That was the way Marian spoke to me when she was angry."

"What did you say?" asked Thornton, catching at the name.

"I thought I heard the voice of my wife in the other room, but perhaps I am wrong," quavered the old man, sinking into his seat.

"By the way, my friend," said Thornton, "it has just struck me that I do not know your name, nor have you told me yet in what particular I can be of assistance to you."

"My name is Hooper, and——"

"What's that?" ejaculated Thornton, springing to his feet.

"I said my name was Hooper, and I want to know the law. Can I go back to my wife, seeing as I left her fifteen years ago? I'm an old man, and I want my wife."

Suddenly the door of the office burst open to admit a very angry woman. "Where is my husband——" but the words froze on her tongue as the huge frame of the old man towered above her.

"Dan Hooper!" she shrieked.

Ten minutes later Thornton was inquiring at the cable office for the rate on a message to Colombo.



THE development of a country depends upon the extent and character of its transportation facilities. The development of the West has been coincident with the development of its railroad and steamship lines. The hardy pioneers, who forced their way across the prairies and over the mountains and populated the Western shores, found little to encourage them—aside from the natural advantages of the country—until the railroads from the East opened up avenues of communication over which millions now living on the Coast were enabled to come. Yet little has been done on the Coast, in comparison to what has been done in the East in the way of transportation development. Aside from the great transcontinental lines running into the larger cities, there is scarcely any development; consequently the population of the Coast has been naturally drawn toward the larger cities to the exclusion of the smaller centres and rural districts. The cost of living, the cost of doing business in territories not fully developed in transportation is always abnormally large, and this excessive cost is always a deterring element in the growth of such territories. The difficulty of communication and the difficulty of transportation are the two great drawbacks in the growth of population. When these problems are solved on our Coast we shall see a development unprecedented.

Business conditions of the past century have undergone almost constant changes. Competition, itself, which is the basis of our commercial life, has been undergoing an almost continuous change in form. In

the early history of competition, when the means of transportation and communication were scanty, we find that the rivalry existing between two merchants in a small village constituted the only form of competition for public favour. With no means of getting to other markets, the residents of such a locality were forced to trade at the local stores. As means of transportation increased and the ability to get to a nearby town to trade came, the field of competition was extended so that the residents of that little village were able to draw into competition with the local merchants the stores of an adjoining village, and relieve themselves of the grasping tendencies of their home stores. As transportation facilities have increased from time to time during the past fifty years, and as the mail and telegraph and telephone have added to the facility of communication, competition has become more widespread until to-day we find almost the entire world to be in active competition. It is not the store next door which to-day is the keenest rival for business that a merchant has, but it is the entire mercantile world—wherever situated. This condition is particularly true with respect to rural trade. The Rural Free Delivery service of the United States mails, the extensive farm-line telephones throughout the country, and the ever-present trolley going by the farmer's door, have all tended to bring into active competition for the rural trade the great business centres of the country. The farmer is no longer isolated; he is no longer compelled to barter his products with the crossroads merchant, taking such prices for his

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goods as the merchant chose to fix upon them, and paying such prices for those things which he might purchase as the merchant demanded. Now, he finds a ready cash market for his products; he finds instantaneous communication with the entire world at his very hand, and in places where transportation has been well developed, he finds the utmost ease in having brought to his very door, goods from any part of the world.

As the development of the electric road continues in this country—as one city after another has radiating from it electric lines running into the agricultural districts surrounding it, the rural districts will build up more rapidly and will furnish an added support to the already greater centres of population. The vast Puget Sound country may be said to be an almost undeveloped territory in this regard. Where you would find in Indiana, Ohio, or any other middle-western state from three to five, and even ten interurban electric lines radiating in every direction from any city of fifty to sixty thousand population upward, we find that in the entire length of the Puget Sound district there is but one electric road to-day—that connecting the cities of Seattle and Tacoma. It seems as though this one element of development, which the world generally recognizes as being the most potent of all, has been sadly overlooked by those seeking to develop our Pacific Coast. Puget Sound has Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Vancouver, Victoria, Everett, Bellingham and Port Angeles, a group of cities unrivalled in opportunity, unequalled in location and facility for water communication, each of which is growing and increasing in population with greater rapidity than any other city of its class in the world. These cities have about them the richest soil, most productive lands, and, were they properly supplied with electric railroad service between them and radiating from them to their dependent agricultural districts, would receive enormous impetus above that which they now have.

Interurban and suburban trolley development has reached highest development in the State of Indiana. The sight which greets one at the Indianapolis terminus of

the Electric Traction System of Indiana is indeed a revelation. There, in the train shed accommodating eight or ten tracks side by side, are to be found the interurban trains leaving every few minutes for points in every direction from Indianapolis, some of the lines extending for hundreds of miles. The patronage which these roads enjoy is enormous. Millions of passengers are transported annually over the trolley lines of Indiana, and yet, in spite of this fact, an examination of the Railroad Commissioner's Report for that state for the past several years shows that this enormous patronage has not cut into the business of the steam roads of that state one particle. The number of passengers carried by the steam roads in Indiana has increased every year, showing that the electric service has developed its own patronage—that it has taught millions of people to travel who had not theretofore travelled. All this means increased advantage, increased business, increased development in every line for the cities which are the centres of these radiating systems of electric roads. It is undeniably true that the increases and improvements in methods of transportation and communication have worked to the detriment of the small country village and the local crossroads store in the rural districts, in that they have taken to the larger cities people who otherwise would have been forced to trade in the smaller stores. Nevertheless, the rural sections served by these roads have been greatly improved as a whole, for the residents of those districts are by such means enabled not only to reach a better market in which to purchase, but a much better market in which to dispose of their goods.

The mail-order business may be termed the latest method of competition. To-day the great catalogues of these wonderful institutions are to be found in every farmhouse. Several of these great mail-order houses have a patronage that extends round the world. On account of the ease with which business may be done by mail, statistics show that in all communities where means of passenger transportation are scant, and where electric transportation is not developed, that at

least the bulk of the trading done by the rural residents is done with these mail-order houses. This mail-order trading generally goes to the largest cities in the country, to the detriment of the natural base of supplies. There is no factor so potent in overcoming this competition between the stores and business houses of what might be called "local cities," and the great mail-order houses of New York and Chicago, as the development of the electric-railway services radiating from those "local cities." Purchasers prefer to buy where they can see their purchases before them. Where means of transportation at reasonable rates are at hand so the people may visit cities for the purpose of buying, they will make the trip rather than buy by mail.

It will therefore be seen that it is not only to the advantage of the rural community that it have its means of getting to its market with its products to sell and to a favourable market in which to buy, but that it is also of vital importance to the city that is the natural centre of that

rural community, that the means of getting to its market should be afforded to the rural district dependent upon it. The full development of any state cannot take place until the cities of that state are, through its transportation facilities, enabled not only to serve, but to be served by the rural districts dependent upon them.

The encouragement of electric railroad projects on the Pacific Coast is of vital importance to every city and to every rural community. The development of electric railway systems of the Pacific Coast will mean the development of thousands of millions of dollars' worth of assets now unmarketable. The building of electric-railroad systems will mean the creation of billions of dollars' worth of new values, which in turn will mean an unprecedented prosperity for all within the territory.

The destiny of the Puget Sound district is manifest to all who have been students of its history and its geography. Seattle and Tacoma have, by reason of

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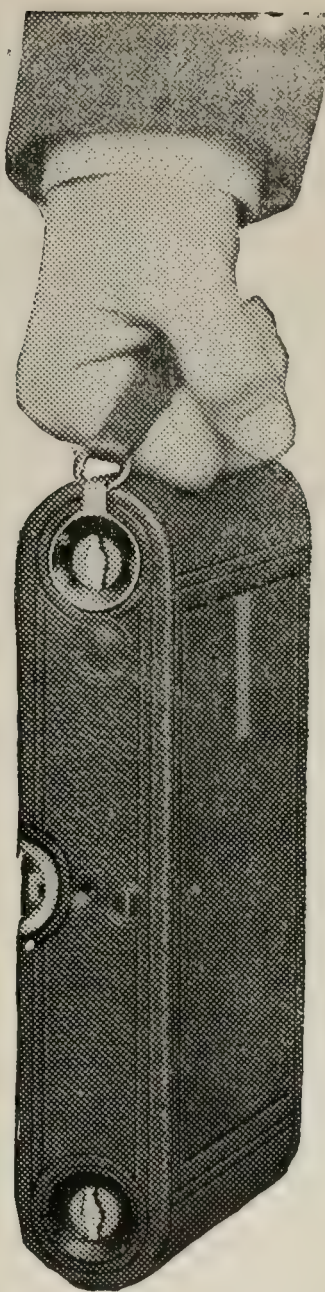
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the transcontinental service extended to them in the early days and improved in recent years, become the two great cities of the Sound district. Beyond all question, another thirty years will see these two cities absolutely grown together, providing the intervening distance is properly served with electric railways. The natural tendency of two large cities so close together is to grow toward each other, providing there are proper means of communication. As the population increases, the demand for communication increases. As the demand increases, the demand for location between the two increases, and so the development of the intervening country follows. With its present Puget Sound Interurban System serving this territory between these two cities, and with The Seattle-Tacoma Short Line service with its line connecting the two cities by almost a straight route along the shore of the Sound, a fair start toward the ultimate destiny of the territory has been made—yet there is room for other similar projects, not only between these cities, but radiating from each of these cities and connecting the other cities of the Sound in one splendid system.

The building of the Seattle-Tacoma Short Line is being watched with much interest, as its completion will mark a new era in the history of interurban railway promotion. Hitherto such roads have been built by funds received from the sale of bonds on franchises and rights of way. This plan of construction necessitated the raising of large sums of money, generally in the great financial centres and at almost prohibitive rates of interest and bonuses. To these factors has been due the difficulty of financing interurban-railway propositions. In the construction of The Short Line an entirely new system of finance has been adopted. A plan has been devised by which transportation of freight and passengers over the road may be paid in advance, so that those who would be benefited by the construction of the road might assist in the construction by merely anticipating their freight and passenger bills. This has been done by a provision in the by-laws of the company, whereby the stock of the company, which is sold



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Vancouver, B. C.

for construction purposes, is made redeemable at par in transportation, either of passengers or of freight, at the option of the purchaser at any time after the road is in operation. Thus, those who would use the road for freight purposes, as well as those who would use it for passenger service, are enabled to subscribe to the construction fund and then receive the amount of their subscription in the commodity which they choose to use later. The stock of the company is thus made readily saleable to the general public because of the guarantee that it can be exchanged for transportation at the option of the holder at its par value, thereby giving the purchaser an assurance that he may make his investment, watch the construction and development of his road, ascertain the earning capacity of his stock, with the assurance that he may exchange his stock at any time he chooses for a commodity which will be readily saleable upon the public market at a price higher than he is asked to pay for it.

The successful financing and construction of The Short Line upon these terms would open up an era of interurban railroad construction upon the Pacific Coast which promises to bring to its full development in the shortest possible time, that wonderfully rich and fertile land, and to assure to the cities which now adorn it, a future prosperity unrivalled by any other cities in the world.

"M. T. CO."

Elsewhere we present several photographs of horses belonging to the Mainland Transfer Company, Limited, the principal firm of truck and dray-men in Vancouver, B. C. When it is considered that the company is the cartage agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway and contractor for His Majesty's mails, besides having connections with different forwarding companies in Europe, Eastern Canada and the United States, it will easily be seen that its plant must necessarily be very large.

The initials "M. T. Co." seen on the numerous vehicles in every part of Vancouver, are familiar to all. The company does its own horse-shoeing, harness-

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VICTORIA - - VANCOUVER

making and dray-building—all these industries being carried on at its own shops, and in addition also operates a wharf on False Creek, adjoining the stables. The company owns 110 horses, most of them being heavy dray horses, and is one of the largest employers of white labour in the city, having over 60 men on the payroll.

In connection with the M. T. Co. is a large storage warehouse, which has 55,000 feet floor space, the building being situated on a siding of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the heart of the city. The manager of the company, Mr. F. D. Gross, and the secretary, Mr. Willie Dalton, as is to be expected, take great interest in the forthcoming Horse Show. The company has presented two cups for competition, and also made many entries in the different classes.

SALES STABLES.

J. H. Brooks, the leading horseman of Vancouver, B.C., has on hand at all times the best assortment of draft horses that can be found in any part of Canada. He handled twenty-six carloads last year, and is looking forward to handle twice as many this year. He has men on the road who are expert horse buyers, and have strict orders to buy nothing but the best. Mr. Brooks takes pride in handling good stock; he encourages stockmen to breed nothing but blooded stock. When Mr. Brooks tells you a horse is sound and a good worker, you can rely upon his word. He has an eye like an eagle, and if there is a blemish on a horse it does not escape him. He is without exception one of the best judges of horses in Canada or the United States. Anyone looking for first-class brood mares or draft horses should consult him before buying elsewhere. His sales stables are in the rear of 975 Westminster Avenue.

ENGINE MAKERS.

Letson & Burpee, Limited, manufacturers for three years of the two cycle gasoline engines, have demonstrated beyond question its high efficiency. This engine in open competition with others of the same rating has easily proved its immense advantages and has developed

superior horse-power. They are made in four sizes, ranging from three to twelve h.p., and are constantly growing in popularity. An important departure for heavier launches is their four-cycle engine. While of slower speed, and ranging from one to four cylinders, they are capable of producing from ten to forty horse-power. Where actual power boats are required, these engines should not be overlooked. The firm's offices are at 152 Alexander Street, Vancouver, B. C.

POWER DORY BUILDERS.

The modern power dory is the natural evolution of the old rowing dory so generally used by fishermen on the Atlantic seaboard, which was a narrow crank craft capable of being "nested" on the deck of fishing schooners. Later masts and sails were introduced by the more venturesome, which proved so successful that this style of boat was much sought after by the yachting fraternity. But the innovation of the gasoline engine has become even more popular, and to-day the power dory has almost exclusively

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High speed—3 to 12 h.p. 2 Cycle.

Heavy duty—4 cycle. 10 to 40 h.p.

Catalogues on application.

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Vancouver, B. C.

usurped the former types, and the Atlantic fishermen will frequently remain in the open ocean for days, in all sorts of weather, in these light but seaworthy boats. As a pleasure craft, the power dory in the East to-day is gradually taking the place of the more expensive launch—torpedo or compromise—varying in length from 16 feet to 35 feet, owing to their comparative cheapness and greater stability. Recognizing these good qualities and the demands there would be for such a boat, the B. C. Boat & Engine Co. have secured the services of an Eastern expert dory builder, and are now turning out these crafts at a figure so moderate as to bring them within the range of every enthusiast in boating. The B. C. Boat & Engine Co. are the agents for several of the very best gasoline engines, among which should be mentioned the "Ferro Auto" and the "Lamb," both of which have a world-wide reputation and are peculiarly adapted to the growing popularity of the power dory. For those who require heavier motors for commercial purposes, no gasoline engine will more highly commend itself than the "Automatic Marine," for which this enterprising Vancouver firm of boat and launch builders are also agents.

THE NEW PAPER MILL.

WITHIN thirty days Messrs. Mellon & Kolts, the fiscal agents of the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Company, Limited, of Vancouver, disposed of the first 100,000 preference shares of the company, and the second allotment is now open for subscription. The sale of so large a block of industrial stock in such a comparatively short time, has been a matter of much comment in Western financial circles, and serves to demonstrate that even in apparent hard times people are prepared to back up an institution that has for its object the development of the country's resources. Upon the advent of the company, some fear was expressed

that owing to the condition of the money market, sufficient capital could not be secured to float the enterprise, but the directors went boldly ahead, purchased their land, secured the water rights of Rainy River, on Howe Sound, twenty-five miles from Vancouver, let the contract for the clearing of the property, and began the purchase of machinery, etc., in a way that at once inspired confidence, and the fact that within thirty days sufficient capital had already been subscribed to build the first unit of the plant is a compliment to the directors of the company. From present indications, the first unit of the plant, with a capacity of forty tons of wrapping paper per week, will be in operation within four months. The company are now arranging for the immediate shipment of a 72-inch cylinder machine, which will be capable of turning out sixty tons of paper per week. Col. T. H. Tracy, former City Engineer of Vancouver, and Mr. J. C. W. Stanley, of London, an old, experienced paper mill architect, are directing the erection of the first unit.

The company originally offered the first 100,000 7 per cent. preference shares of the company in blocks of 100 at \$1 per share, each 100 shares entitled to a bonus of 25 shares of preferred. Now that the first allotment is disposed of, the fiscal agents offer the second 100,000 preference shares at the same price, the only difference being that each 100 shares are only entitled to a bonus of 15 shares of preferred stock, while the first 100,000 carried 25. The payments for the stock are the same as on the first allotment, 10 per cent. on application, 15 per cent. on allotment; balance in eight calls of thirty days each, extending over eight months.

The company are still operating their demonstrating plant at 313 Cordova Street, Vancouver, which the public are cordially invited to visit and witness the manufacture of wood pulp and paper from refuse of the local saw and shingle mills.



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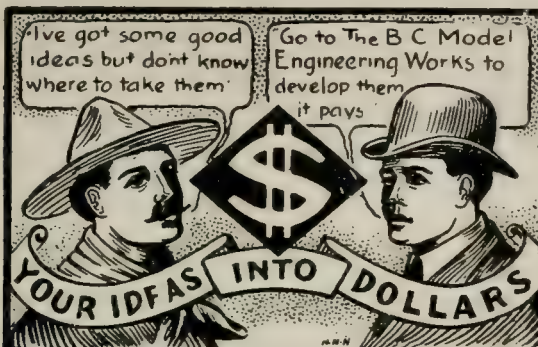
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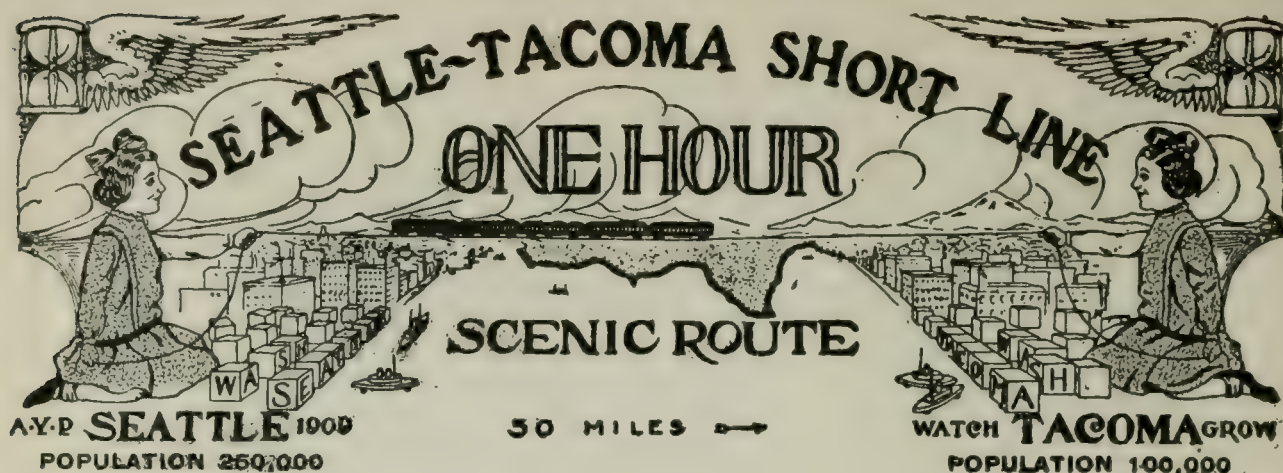
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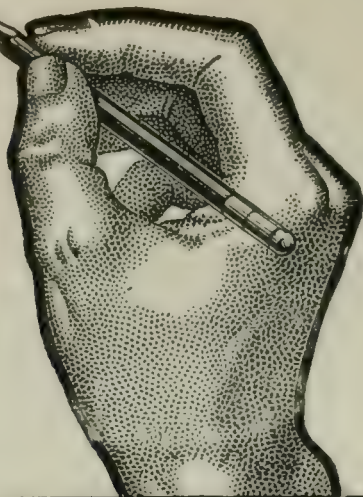
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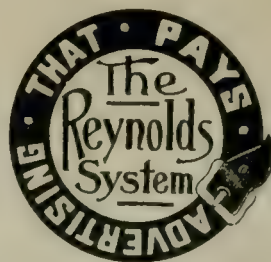
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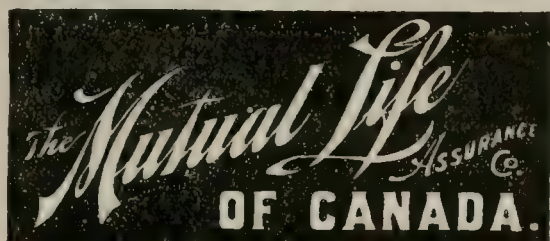
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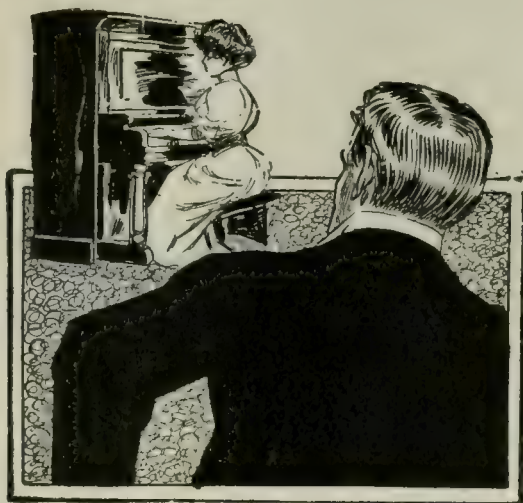
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MARCH 19, 20, 21 1908.

DESIGNED BY THE DOMINION PUBLISHING CO. VANCOUVER B.C.

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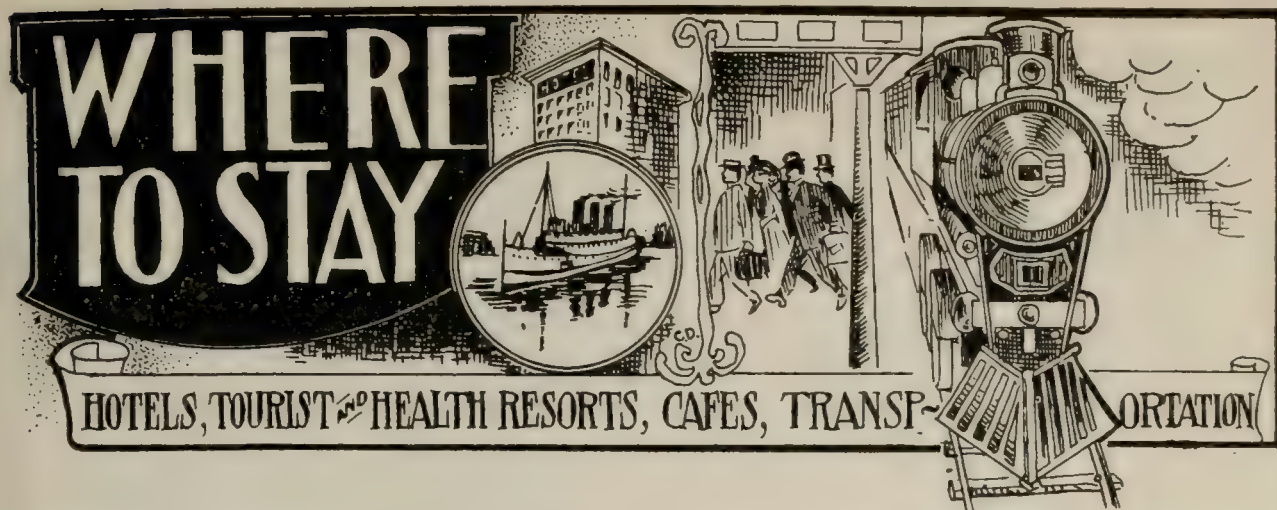
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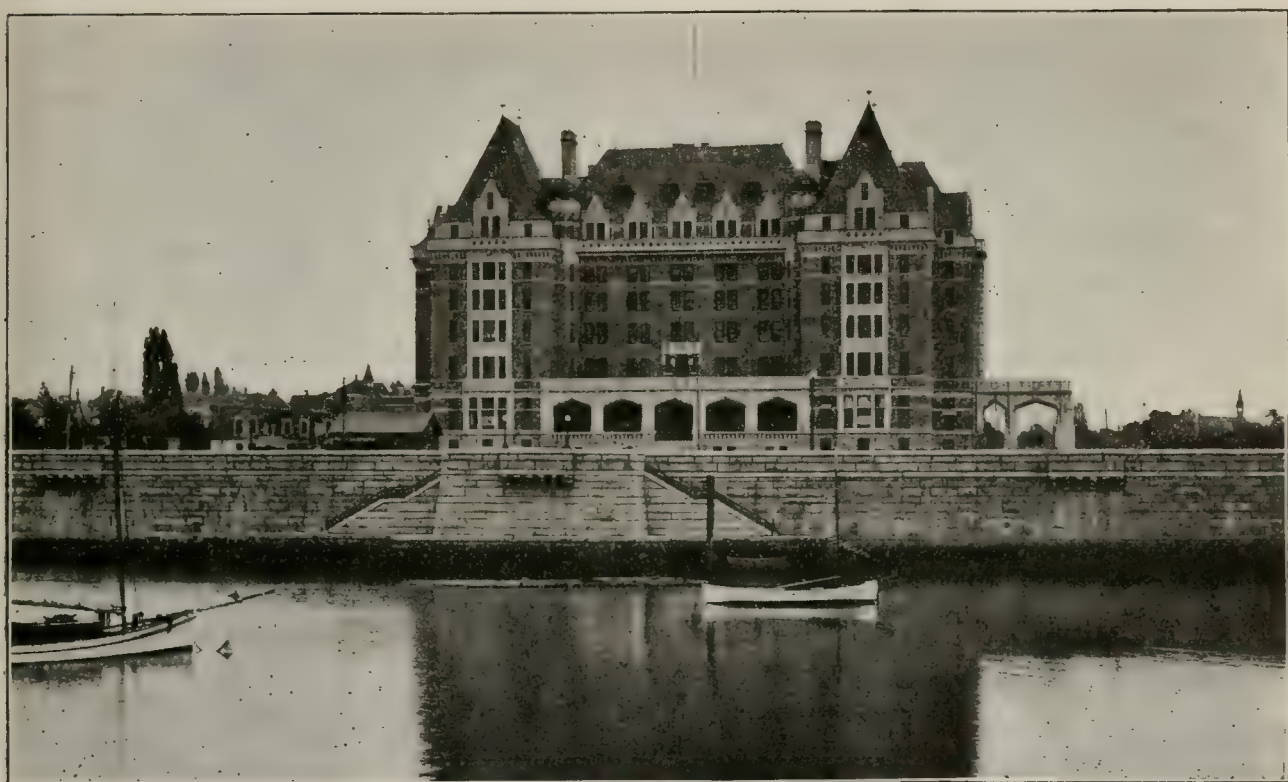
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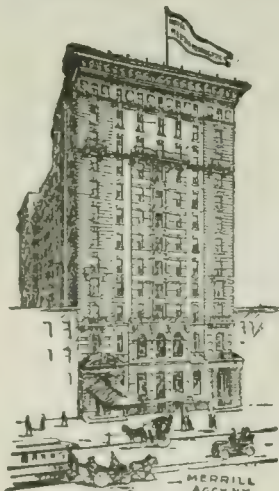
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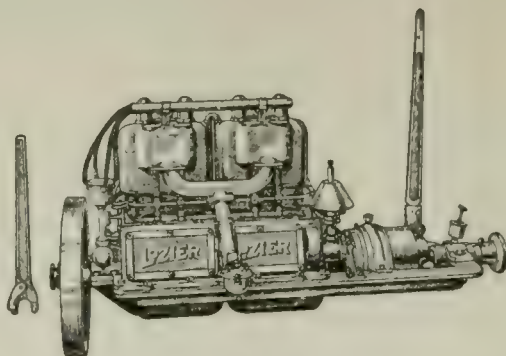


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Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,

Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,

Business Manager



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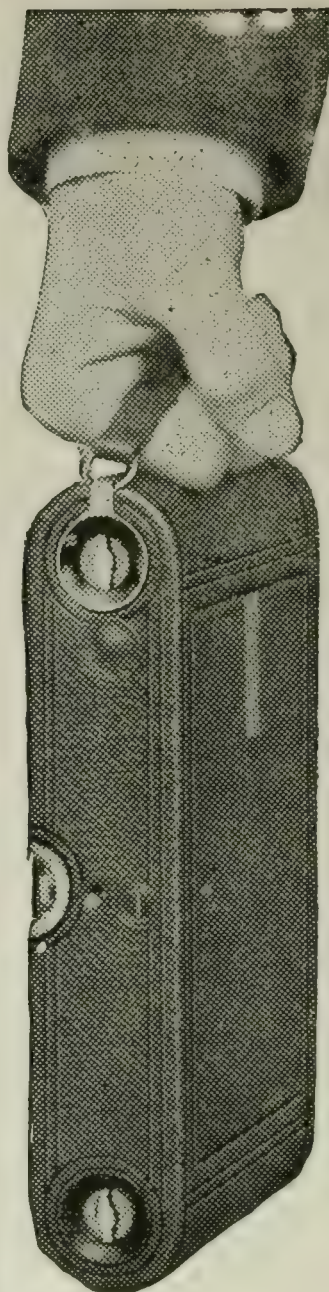
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Vol. II.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 4

**Nation
Building.**

Canada is a young country. It is only forty years since its scattered provinces were gathered together in one family group, and less than five years since the Northwest Provinces were admitted to the family circle. Even now less than one-fourth of the vast territory comprised within the Dominion has been traversed, except by the native Indians and the brave servants of the great company of adventurers, known as the Hudson's Bay Company. One ancient colony still holds aloof, so that in every sense of the word, Canada is new and still in the making. But Canada is also old with those rich and invaluable traditions which are written in the pages of her history, and which are handed down from generation to generation by the sitters around her camp fires and the scarred pioneer at her hearthstone. The most glorious of all these traditions is the story of the storming of the heights at Quebec and the valour of the immortal Wolfe and his not less intrepid contemporary, Montcalm.

It is the possession of such cherished memories which constitutes the real strength of the yearning for nationhood which has recently found voice in Canada. For years men have been thinking and writing of the future of the Domin-

ion. They have had fair visions and lofty ambitions. They have confidently looked forward to the time when the suggestion of colony, dependence, or apranage would be a thing of the past. Without desiring to sever or even weaken the links which bind her to the Mother Country, the people of Canada have felt within their veins the throbbing of an impulse to greater life and to wider destiny. Kipling, with his hand on the pulse of our people and his ear attuned to the music of Greater Britain, voiced the awakened desire of Canada when he boldly declared that she must become a nation, and that the time had arrived for marshalling her forces to that end.

The impulse had its birth in the heroic deeds of the men who won the Dominion for the Empire, and among those men the heroes of Quebec were the greatest. Nothing could be more fitting, especially at such a time, than that the Dominion and the Empire should wish to perpetuate in a conspicuous manner the traditions of the ancient capital and the deeds of valour which it witnessed. The movement to acquire for the nation and consecrate to its use the Plains of Abraham is significant and epoch-making. It focuses the attention of the world upon the glorious deeds of the past, whilst the monument erected there will not only like that

upon Dufferin Terrace, sacred to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, but sacred to the new cause of Nationhood which has seized the imagination of our people and towards the attainment of which we are sweeping with gigantic strides. The movement and the widespread acclamation with which it has been received proves that in the last issue Canadian sentiment is not all material, and not all sordid, but that its foundation rests upon that same appreciation of and pride in the deeds which won the Empire as characterises the dwellers in the Motherland.

Newspaper Enterprise. Mr. A. J. Dawson, who visited Canada last year in company with other British journalists on the invitation of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, has returned. Beforetime he was availing himself of the privilege of travel and hospitality in order to study the country. This time he has a definite and serious mission. Briefly stated, it is to secure financial backing for a Canadian supplement to the London Standard. The supplement is to consist of sixteen pages, to be edited by Mr. Dawson, and to be circulated weekly among all the subscribers of the Standard. This supplement will consist entirely of Canadian news, comments, and, presumably, advertisements, the object being to tell England "the truth about Canada." The idea is excellent from several standpoints. In the first place, the position of the Standard will entitle any enterprise with which it is associated to respect. In the next place, the promoter, Mr. Dawson, is a competent and accomplished journalist, who already has the ear of his fellow-countrymen, and again it may fairly be assumed that he is too wise a man to accept financial aid with any "strings" on it. If he is under the slightest obligation to further the special interests of the various Canadian governments and corporations from whom he is seeking aid, his scheme is foredoomed to failure, because his supplement would degenerate into a paid advertising sheet, whether the advertisements were set in display type or ordinary letterpress. After lis-

tening to Mr. Dawson's address in Victoria, one cannot avoid the conclusion that he is tinged with commercialism, and that in this respect he strongly resembles the Pearsons and Harmsworths, who have imported American commercial methods into the English newspaper world. But against this must be set Mr. Dawson's proved capacity as a writer and a propagandist, and if this side of his nature is not outweighed by the other, the project may effect much for Canada. It is quite conceivable that the Federal and Provincial governments, and many of the largest corporations, may be willing to give financial aid to such an enterprise upon general principles, and for the sake of the good it will do to the country on broad lines. If this is Mr. Dawson's ideal, and if he is able to live up to it, he will deserve, and will no doubt receive, the support of all who have the welfare of the Dominion at heart. One could have wished, however, that his project had been allied with some other paper than the Standard, which is so distinctively the organ of the Conservative party and the upper classes that it will not reach the great democracy to whom Mr. Dawson's work must appeal if it is to be effective. What Canada wants is men. Through the Standard, the appeal will be rather addressed to money. Allied to the Telegraph, the Chronicle, or the Daily News, it would have reached the masses. To this objection Mr. Dawson may have an answer and one which leaves his scheme unimpaired. On general principles it is a good one, and if carried out with wisdom and honesty of purpose, as it is certain to be, the result cannot fail to be of immense benefit to Canada. If it should fall short of the growing requirements of the times, it will, at any rate, be the pioneer of a great movement.

Party Government. Toronto Saturday Night, in a recent issue, has a very interesting editorial on the subject of the party press.

Referring to a recent incident in Ottawa, it quotes alternately from the Mail and Empire and the Globe, in order to show how two leading organs will prosti-

tute themselves to party purposes to such an extent that their comments upon the same incident are an insult to human intelligence. Of course, the point of the editorial is that the exigencies of party demand that truth, justice, and fair play shall be ruthlessly sacrificed in order if possible to make a little capital out of the other side. This is the kind of thing which disgusts every man with a particle of sense. The game is played out; none, not even the politicians themselves, believe what they say when they denounce the opposition as the embodiment of all the vices, and applaud their own party as representing all the virtues. Saturday Night, in commenting on this journalistic attitude, makes some very emphatic statements. It declares that party lines are breaking down, at any rate in the city; that people are beginning to see that party strife is a joke, and that statesmen and journalists have been "kidding" them. As a further proof of the hollowness of party pretensions, it points to the fact that Premier Whitney was twice offered a portfolio by the opposition if he would join their ranks, yet for years he had been a stalwart leader of the Conservatives. All that Saturday Night says is no doubt true, but to reiterate accepted facts is neither very original nor very helpful, especially when they are such distressing facts as these. Saturday Night should go further and throw some light upon the important question as to whether party principles have, as many people claim, been submerged in the race for power or whether there are still some fundamental lines of cleavage which differentiate Liberal from Conservative. If these remain, their permanence and their vitality cannot be affected by the infidelity or indifference of present-day politicians. The detached observer of public affairs on this continent, whether in the United States or Canada, is quite well aware that opportunism has run rampant and that graft is king; but this is only a passing phase, and there is more than a little evidence that already a new era is at hand. After all, the rule of the politician is but temporary, and in the end it is the sound

common sense of the people which prevails. Party rule is not a failure because it has been abused; it has had a long trial in England, and no substitute has been found. It has had but a short trial in Canada yet, and in spite of its defects has proved an efficient system through the medium of which the people have been able to attain their ends. Purged of its weaknesses and excesses, as it will be, party government is likely to continue and to extend, if for no other reason than because it appears to be the only system amenable to discipline as the result of organization. It would be interesting if the accomplished editor of Saturday Night would pursue his study a little further along these lines. He may make up his mind that it is an accepted truism that no one any longer believes what party organs say of the opposition.

The Horse Show.

It is doubtful if from the standpoint of a successful function and a first class advertisement Vancouver has ever witnessed anything superior to the recent Horse Show. In point of attendance, of splendid exhibits, of financial success, and popularity it transcended the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. Moreover, it was a new departure, and the response made by the exhibitors only shows how ready they were to avail themselves of the opportunity once it was offered. Credit belongs to every member of the Committee, but the lion's share must go to Mr. F. M. Logan, who is responsible not only for the inception of the scheme but for the energy and skill which he devoted to carrying it out. It was a good day for the Province when Mr. Logan came west. Since his advent two years ago a tremendous impetus has been given to stock raising, and high class dairy work, the results of which are already manifest. His latest achievement demonstrates that a good Horse Show can be made the biggest drawing card in the West, as it has long been in the East.

Shakmut.

Clive Phillips Wooley.

CHAPTER IV.

NO! No more here. It is forbidden," and Yaksheem took the black bottle by the neck, and moved it out of his comrade's reach.

"If you are cold change your shirt. You do such things when you are bidden to a feast. For my part I could never see sense in the custom. The Governor, you know, has sent for us."

"Sent for me! Why?"

"For us, I said. That we may drink vodka with him, I suppose. It is to be a praznik tonight, as Gleb prophesied, and I want to keep your wits in you as long as possible. You may want them."

"I won't go."

"You must. Your term is not up yet. But hurry, we are due there already."

A very few minutes sufficed even for Stroganoff's toilet, for in those days no great ceremony was observed at the Governor's table in the matter of dress. Thigh boots and high-smelling sheepskins were good enough for marriage garments, and in such, Yaksheem at least, presented himself.

But considering that the promishleniki; Cossack thieves originally from the Volga, had in the last hundred years pushed their way by the edge of the Arctic, through hardships incredible, and that this was a gathering of promishleniki at their goal, it was a strangely luxurious scene which confronted them.

True, there was a rattle of arms and ring of steel as every man laid down his weapons, where, drunk or sober, he could reach them, but though the very man who presided as their host, had won his position by an indifference to hardship which was matter for marvel even in Siberia, and amongst men who had

waded across a continent, thigh deep in blood and ice, the tables he set before them shone with silver, glittered with cut glass, and groaned beneath such food and wines as men serve in royal cities.

The flickering light from the cressets and the strong light of the great wood fire, fell upon floors of polished hard wood, and vases of flowers forced in an artificial heat, and whilst outside, beyond the stockade, the Kalushes gorged upon whale blubber and thought it Earth's best, their masters sat down to caviar and Limberg cheese, looked coldly upon bottles of Champagne and Crimean wines, and filled themselves to the neck with vodka, a spirit more in keeping with their own than the juice of the Crimean grape.

At the upper end of the long table, were a few women, mute figures and spiritless, intended perhaps like the silver, for ornament, but if so, failing miserably in their mission.

These took no part in the conversation, and only a half-hearted interest in the meal. One of them had been in trouble already that day about the vodka.

At the head of the table sat Baranoff, his bald head sunk between his shoulders, but his bright, restless eyes marking each man as he came in.

Those eyes glittered with satisfaction as the Cossack stood back for Maxim Stroganoff to precede him.

"Now welcome Maxim Petovitch," the Governor cried rising, "we began to think that Petersburg was so near that you would not condescend to our poor table. Sit here beside me even if it be for the last time," and he bundled one of the women unceremoniously from her seat to make room for this other guest.

"We shall have you next us always Anna," he said with a sour grin.

Stroganoff apologized to the woman, and hesitated to take her place, but seeing that he frightened her, and angered his host, he took it, and with an effort called up the best smile he could command.

It was the last time that he would be obliged to act this miserable role, and in the future he would repay.

Used to the ways of the world, Stroganoff played his part better than his adversary, who was too clumsy to hide his malice, but the ease of the man of fashion only served to enrage the brute, who glared at him like a caged tiger, and snarled when he meant to smile.

Suddenly he reached across his guest, and laid hands on a great decanter of vodka.

"Let us drink to our next merry meeting," he said. "It has been long between drinks for us, Maxim Petrovitch. Nearly seven years, I think."

The allusion was not lost, but in spite of his whitening face, Stroganoff managed to keep his temper, merely covering his glass with his hand and replying:

"You must pardon me, your Excellency, I will drink it in Crimean wine if you will allow me."

"How? Crimean wine? That is no *man's* drink! We will drink it in vodka," and then seeing that the other's glass remained covered, he deliberately poured the liquor over his guest's hand, adding, changing the personal pronoun, and speaking very slowly: "Thou art still in our service, I believe, for another twenty-four hours."

Stroganoff withdrew his hand and with a supreme effort answered quietly:

"Twelve, your Excellency."

"Dost count the hours then? Others have not been so anxious to leave us," and he pointed with his fork towards the bottom of the table, where two feeble faced men were industriously drinking away such remnants of intelligence as fourteen years in Alaska had left to them.

Stroganoff was surprised to see them there. He had imagined that they were no longer of enough importance to be soaked, but he knew who they had been, and why they had stayed.

"It is well that some should return, your Excellency, to tell how the Company prospers."

"The dividends do that. But doubtless thou wilt take a good account of us to Her Majesty."

The account that he would take was so vividly before Stroganoff's mind that for a moment the right words would not come to him.

Baranoff, who read men like books, needed no answer.

Pushing his plate from him, he leant back in his chair and laughed, and then bending forward suddenly, laid his hand on the other's shoulder, whilst his small eyes glittered savagely.

"When thou goest back, thou wilt report of us and of the Company, as we would have thee report. Drink hearty," and again he pledged his guest in a brimming beaker.

Against his will, and in silence, Stroganoff drank, and felt the hot stuff mount to his brain.

It was that perhaps which dictated his next words.

"There are others, it may be, to whom your Excellency would wish to send messages."

"Others?"

"You forget a lady we both knew."

The purple face looked puzzled and blinked angrily. The people he had known were not the people Maxim Stroganoff knew.

"I don't understand thee."

"I shall have the pleasure of taking your Excellency's compliments to the Oozinskara Pereoulouk."

"Ha! So! So! I had forgotten. Thou dost not drink, but thou playest, and little Katia sent thee to us with her recommendation. Now by God well thought of. If thou wilt not drink thou shalt play. I will give thee thy revenge."

"I have given up cards."

"In the last twenty-four hours? Thou hearest Anadirski? Ho! musicians!"

At the end of the long room sat a group in sheep-skins, with gaudy sashes round their waists.

At the Governor's voice these rose, and standing at attention began to roar out

a deep sea chanty. There was no attempt at an accompaniment, but the voices were in themselves sufficient, such deep basses as are the glory of Russian church services.

"Oh! Bering sea, grey Bering sea," they sang.

"Thou art the Cossacks nursery
No sailor man true salt can be
Who has not sailed on Bering sea.

And if its true, as poets tell
Our fate in heaven assured will be
They'll say we've had our share of hell
In sailing on the Bering sea."

The swing of the chanty was but the echo of the great surges, and the voices were fitted well to the rugged words.

At the first notes of the song, the women rose, it was their signal, and bowing to Baranoff, crept out of the room.

After they had gone and the song had ceased, the roar of many tongues arose, and minute by minute the effects of the vodka became more and more obvious.

Only upon Baranoff it made no sign. As he had sat at first, he sat still, pushing the food from him, and incessantly filling his glass and his neighbour's, until Maxim Stroganoff in spite of himself felt helpless under the fascination of those beady, watchful eyes.

At last, when the fire had burned low, and the last candle guttered itself out, Stroganoff essayed to leave.

There were vast leather boots protruding from under the table, there was a knot of men quarrelling in their cups in one corner of the room, and two with their arms round each other's necks crying and embracing in another corner of it.

Only Anadirski and two others still seemed capable of finding their way to the door.

For the last hour Baranoff had hardly spoken. If his eyes had not been so incessantly vigilant, Stroganoff would have fancied that his enemy slept.

"Goodnight your Excellency and perhaps goodbye."

"Nay, not yet," said the huddled figure suddenly straightening itself. "It is

quiet now, and we can play our little game. Hast thou forgotten? Anadirski, bring the cards and thou Glottof and Stepan come and watch the play."

The two who, in spite of Anadirski's efforts, had passed the bottle oftener than a Cossack cares to, had not forgotten where they had laid their weapons.

Picking them up, they marched to the Governor's table, and sat down, placing their rifles again carefully beside them.

If the evil ring of the steel had not been sufficient for Stroganoff, a warning glance from the Cossack would have made his position clear to him.

There was to be no way out of it for him. Whether he wished to or not, he had to play that game of cards.

Except for the firelight, the only light left in the long salon, came from a taper, floating before an ikon or holy picture just over Baranoff's head.

There are such in every living room in Russia, and for the most part the pictures themselves are as tawdry as the frames of cut gilt and paste jewels in which they are contained, but this saint of Sitka was better drawn, though infinitely more brazen than most of them.

Baranoff's mascotte men called it, and who had an eye for a chance resemblance, swore that it was a portrait of Katia Mouklin.

Dazed as he was with liquor, and with nerves on edge, Maxim Stroganoff saw in it the very Katia Monkhin who had watched his last fatal game of cards, watching him again with the same malicious interest, and he crossed himself as he sat down to shelter himself against her.

At first he played nervously. If he could win ever so little, he could discharge his debts without touching his share of Shakmut's loot.

But the cards were against him, and that chance of avoiding the use of the blood money was lost.

Then he played recklessly, whilst the stakes grew, and the pitiless devil in front of him, blinked and drank, drank and blinked, whilst the pile of his roubles mounted higher and higher.

Stroganoff saw ruin staring him in the face, and felt his nerve giving way.

His opponent's silence was breaking him down, and the restless shadow which the flames sent dancing on the walls distracted his attention.

He was at his old trick of glancing over his shoulder again.

"This is too slow," he cried at last, "we play a tradesman's game. Will you cover that?" and he pushed before him all that he had left, nearly the half of his original store.

Baranoff said nothing, but his eyes glowed as he shoved a pile of roubles to the front, and he glanced once up at the ikon, but this may have been to see whether the taper would hold out.

It was all that it would do, for though the great room was well built it accounted for the extraordinary antics of the shadows which, as the men bent over the cards seemed to gather more thickly round the ikon, as if they would obliterate it.

Maxim Stroganoff was now playing for his life. If he lost, it would mean to him another seven years in the service of the Company, and he felt that after another seven years there would no longer be a Maxim Stroganoff for whom Petersburg would mean anything.

Well if he lost, there was always—— He did not finish his thought, but the shadows dipped and bowed until one of them just touched the crown of Baranoff's bald head.

And then the players began to cut, and for the first time that evening Stroganoff felt master of himself. The vodka left him, and but for the flickering of that cursed taper, he could see clearly.

They were cutting and the cards were exposed upon the table as they cut. The queen of clubs lay in front of Baranoff, a knave of diamonds in front of Maxim.

The evil purple face seemed to come an inch or two closer, and the beady eyes glow with a little more of hell fire, as the Governor laid the Queen of Spades beside the Queen of Clubs.

"A pair of Queens," he hissed. Stroganoff smiled coolly, and taking out his cigarette case, deliberately rolled himself a cigarette and lit it.

The little devil had spoken at last. Was he growing anxious?

He seemed to be for he looked again at the taper above his head.

"You can smoke afterwards," he said, "there will be lots of time and the light fails."

Stroganoff took two or three whiffs, knocked off the ashes, and then turned up a card.

"Pardon," he said, "but you should never hurry a good game. Knave of hearts. Your pair is still the best."

"Ten of diamonds. Hurry man."

"The six of clubs. Is your Excellency sleepy?"

"Ten of spades."

"Two pair. Your Excellency is hard to beat, but—and very slowly the man of Eylau turned up another knave: "That does it, I think."

Baranoff glanced above him.

"Not yet, curse you, my queen of diamonds wins," and he laid upon the table a card, the picture of which might have been taken from the frame above his head.

Before Baranoff lay three queens and a pair of tens. Before Stroganoff three knaves and a six of diamonds.

Only one card could save the Russian noble, and that was the curse of his race.

"Who dost thou seek? Play man," cried Baranoff, "there is no one behind thee."

At that moment there was a sputtering in the oil, and the taper of the ikon went out.

As it did so Stroganoff turned up the knave of spades.

Four knaves beat three of a kind and a pair. The curse of his house had saved him.

"Thou playest well in the dark," muttered Baranoff, and then his head sank forward upon his chest, his limbs became limp and the whole man collapsed in his chair, *as he would have done had not the Knave of Spades turned up.*

Baranoff's mascotte had failed him, and Stroganoff glancing over his shoulder as he gathered in the pile of roubles which meant so much to him, saw a great shadow rise, and bend over him even as he bent over the table.

What was it? His mascotte?

"Pocket the roubles and come quick—

ly," whispered Anadirski at his elbow, and even the Cossack's voice shook a little.

Without staying to count them, Stroganoff crushed the dirty slips of paper into his pocket, and turning, stole noiselessly from the room, whilst Stepan and Glottof watched for a sign from the figure below the unlit ikon, and Yaksheem because he too was pure Russian

perhaps, or because rats know when a ship's prosperity is over, watched Baranoff's satellites, carrying his rifle curiously for a man who knew from a life's experience which was the business end of it.

But Baranoff made no sign.

He slept, and the Cossack followed his comrade out into the darkness.

(To be continued)

Evening at the Narrows.

John Barrow.

The upborne haze from the distant town.
The notes of a far-off band,
Vague shapes of mountains dim descried,
Like clouds o'er the listening land.
The vanishing liner's league—long smoke,
As it flies o'er a sunset sea.
The gleam of a sail
Or a sea-bird's wail;
Are the chords of memory.

The Soul of the Earth broods over all.
We gaze in a wandering dream,
At the sleeping mountains o'er the way.
Whose pearly night caps gleam,—
At the fir-clad slope where silence reigns,
The rippling coast from bay to bay.
Where dead logs lie
Like the wrecks of Time,
Pale hopes of a long-dead day.

The evening church-bells far away,
And the hollow moan of the sea.
The sigh of the trees.
In the long land-breeze.
And the Soul of Memory.

The Wild Rice Harvest of the Mississaugas.

Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author.

STANDING on the summit of Maple Sugar Island the changeful beauties of the great wild rice beds were seen to their best advantage.

As far as the eye could reach, mile after mile, the waving golden fields of grain tossed and rolled in midlake before the light fragrant air of the south wind. The great grassy looking fields were cut up by many a winding channel of water, channels that keep their course and delimitation year after year, keep it to our intense wonder through the fall winds, keep it although the ice shoves many drift and move the seed. As we first saw the beds they were a golden glory under the brilliant sun, bright shining beds of yellow grain standing in a clear blue lake. Passing clouds instantly painted the scene in all the varying shades of deeper green, deepest where the grain grew heaviest, lighter where the growth was thinner, all growing in a lake now turned to olive green. Then a heavy thunderstorm, so common in this region of high lying Canadian lakes, rolled up mighty masses of clouds, cumulous clouds, all piled in shadow casting mountain ranges. Again the ever changeful wild rice beds took anew the colouring, now the green merged into blacks and the wind-ruffled channels looked dark and dangerous beneath the angry sky. Soon the storm rolled off muttering towards the east, and once more the lake glittered in all of its summer glory of bright blue waters and golden grain fields, with cedar clothed islands set amidst-like emeralds in brightest metal.

Hawk, the Mississaugan guide, point-

ed out the flashing paddles of his tribesmen, and through the glasses we could make out the canoes amid the tall standing grain. Soon our craft too was afloat and we studied the work at close range. As we passed through the rustling stalks that reached above our heads we could hear the Indians singing as they gathered in their wild harvest, singing to strange words the sweet old Morning Hymn, "Awake my Soul and with the sun." The deep gutturals of the braves, the light quavering voices of the squaws; blended in one sweet wind borne melody:

"Um ba o nesh kon nin je chong,
Kuh ba kee zhig suh uh no keen;
Wa be nun ke te me shke win,
Kuh ge zhaib dush nah te be doon."

A changing wind bore the rest of the familiar words off over the distant beds and we paddled on to watch the harvesters, often landing into so thick a bit of tangled growth that we were forced to reach out and grasp the heavy stalks of standing wild rice and literally draw the canoe over the bending slowly yielding mass. As we drew near we pictured four of the young hunters gathering the black grain; these were mere youths and the spirit of their age showed in the protruding muzzles of the ancient guns that lay in front of each Bowman.

Our dusky guide stopped the canoe beside a fine looking Indian and his wife. for all of these tribes believe in the solemn sacrament of marriage. He showed in the high cheek bones, the reddish hue of the skin, the large brown eyes, some of the traits of the parent Ojibway tribe. The woman was comely.

At our suggestion he held aloft a stalk of the wild rice to show the length of this aquatic plant's growth.

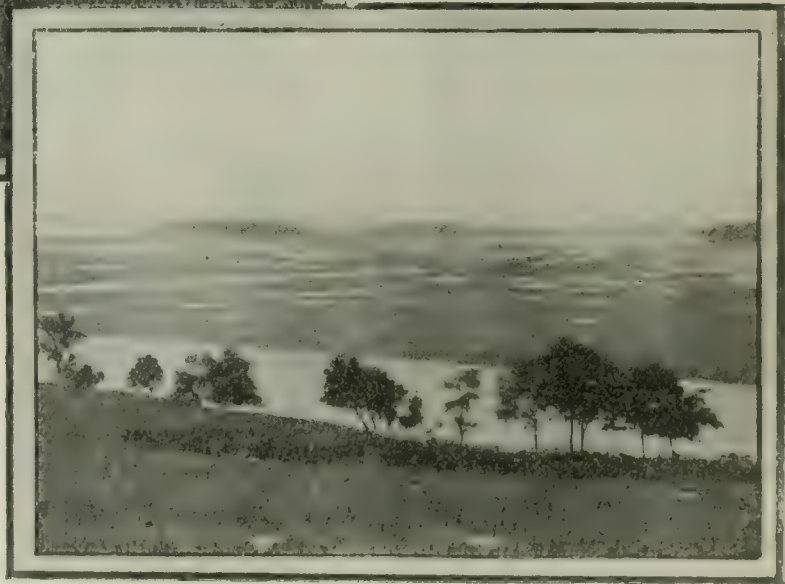
Zazania aquatica L. grows here in about ten feet of water, to fifteen feet in some places. The rich mud that supports it has been formed by the falling and decaying of the heavy straw of the plants for centuries. The straw gradually bends over before the heavy winds

an annual but a very hardy one. The chief difficulty in transplanting the long black seeds lies in the fact that nature has decreed that the grain must not be dried before it is planted. In its wild state it is detached from the stem by the wind, the point of attachment strikes the water first and the seed sinks into the submerged mud beds while still moist and remains wet all the winter. So



Showing the Length of a Rice Stalk.

View of Rice Fields



of the autumn and most of it lies beneath the surface of the water ere the ice of December seals these lakes. Under the warm sun of April and May the seed lying beneath the straw starts to germinate, its peculiar vitality keeping it in perfect condition even if it lies too deep for the heat of the water-conveyed rays to reach it. Another year, or even two or three years, it may lie, until conditions are right for its growth, as it is

to replant it a condition of wet storage, as well as cold storage, must be obtained. This accounts for the numerous failures in planting the seed in other lakes, as the seed becomes dried when exposed to air and is almost without vitality when thoroughly dry.

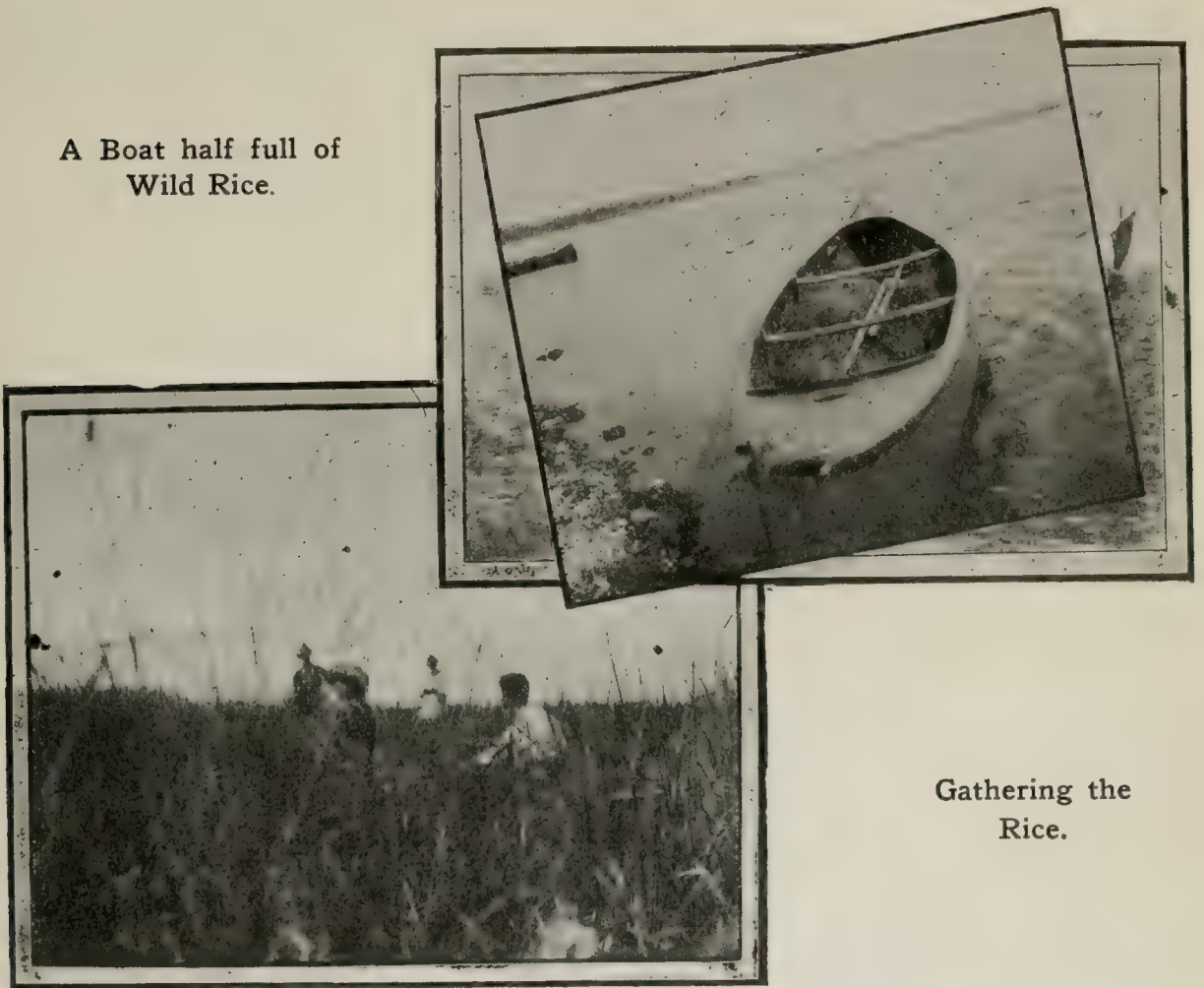
The ribbons of the plant sprout early in May, forcing their way through the overlying straw, reaching the surface of the water about the first of June. Here

the long green ribbons lie, gradually increasing in length, stretched out upon the water; changing their position and swinging to every point of the compass before the varying winds. Towards the first of July the stems have strength enough to stand erect and bear the uppermost leaves—or ribbons—with them. Now, if the water stands at a fair level or decreases slowly enough, the crop is safe. Rising water spells

formation process. Then the wild rice is ripe, and every dugout, basswood and cedar canoe that will float—and some it seems to me that will not—are struggling up and down the beds amid the heavy rice.

We sat deeply interested, the half-breed that was passing us, knelt half erect in the bow, dragging hard on his heavy maple paddle, forcing the canoe through or hauling it over the thickly

A Boat half full of
Wild Rice.



Gathering the
Rice.

danger. The panticles are seen late in the same month. Then the grass-green colour of the lake changes to all the garnet and yellow glories of the blossoming time and all the lake's surface wears a strange reddish haze. After fertilization the transparent envelopes gradually fill. Now comes a strange condition, although this plant grows in the water it fails to produce heavy seed if the month of August is unusually dry. It needs rain as much as do the land-growing plants and grains. About twenty days are consumed in this seed

growing grain. The good-looking squaw in the stern deftly bent the heavily laden stalks into the canoe with a light cedar stick, and as deftly tapped them with another. A steady rain of half-dried green coated rice fell distal end up into the canoe, forming a cushion of unusual beauty. The wind was blowing hard by now, adding to the toil and sweeping a large portion of the ripe grain into the water. The songs had ceased as the work was intensely hard now. Within two hours this pair of harvesters had gathered sufficient to heap up the center

of the craft, so we paddled after them and pictured it with its load of wild grain, with the light cedar sticks they use lying on top, later we pictured their canvass homes and watched the primitive methods of parching and winnowing.

The grain was spread upon the shore to allow the sun to thoroughly dry it; as all of this was intended for food; the Indians never use any for replanting purposes, old Mother Nature does that regularly for them—and we often blunder when we endeavour to assist her in untried fields. Sometimes they parch the grain for immediate consumption in great iron kettles, slowly stirring the contents until the long black seeds, resembling an inch long portion of lead from a pencil, are most thoroughly parched. Hour after hour the old men and women of the tribe stir the rice kettles, humming and crooning old Ojibway songs the meanwhile; then, after it has cooled, comes the tiresome work of hulling the grain, stamping on it, pounding it with long clubs—it is the sight of a lifetime to see an ancient hag performing a monotonous dance in a heap of shifting grain. At last the envelope is separated, now the broken grain is thrown aloft from light baskets, and the northwest wind does the work of separating the chaff from the black parched seed.

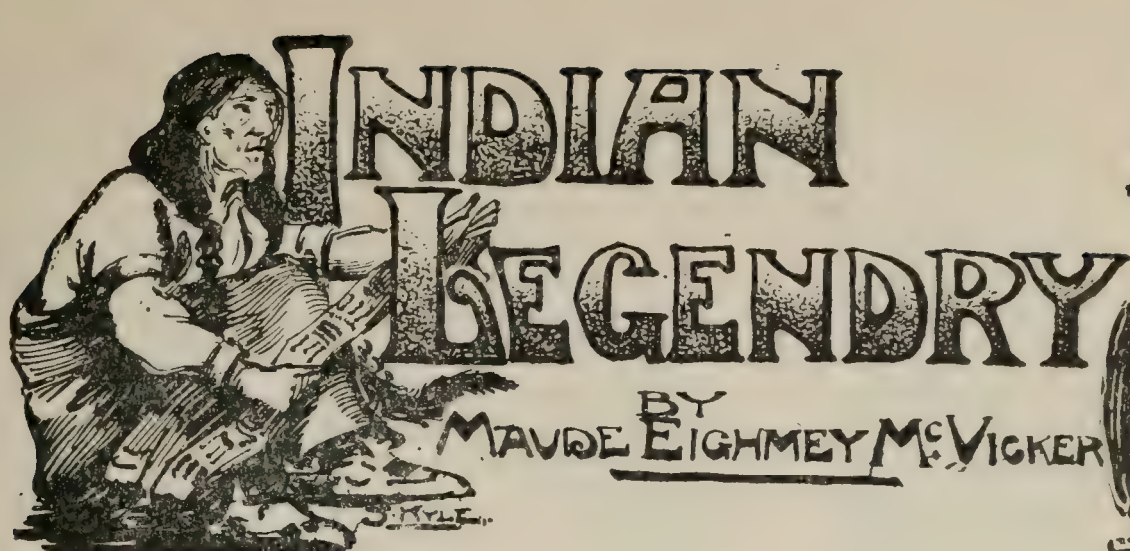
It is a source of constant wonder to us how this plant flourishes against all of its enemies. Man, with the changing purposes of the lumber industry to attend to, causing the water to rise and fall, is certainly the worst. The one field we have pictured is the largest in Rice Lake, Ontario, there are many others, in all containing some five thousand acres. This one five-hundred-acre patch in front of Maple Sugar Island supports ten to twenty thousand red-wing blackbirds. In its deeply hidden places lurk hundreds of mudhens, many families of Virginia rail, crakes, and other rail. At night

some five to twenty thousand ducks wing into it—all feeding on the dainty creamy seeds. Then come the Indians in regular flotilla and gather steadily for two weeks. The mighty equinoxial gales now take a hand and hurl the remainder of the seeds from the stems to sink beneath the water. Even now it is not safe. Innumerable ducks, passing up and down the great migration from October to December and March to May, stop and dive and feed upon it; yet all these various despoilers do not obtain more than half of the crop. Truly, we might say, slightly changing the words of that great nature student, Bryant—

These are the gardens of the waters,
These the untilled fields, bounteous and
beautiful.

As the night fell, and the camp-fires of the rice gatherers gleamed across the water, and the myriad wild ducks gabbled in the dark beds, Hawk, sitting in the shadows, where the blaze from our pine-knot fire was divided by a giant pine, told us the Legend of the Wild Rice:

"Many, many years ago, when our tribe outnumbered all our enemies, there lived a great chief, Ksis-wass-chie. His lodge was the largest, his slain the greatest, his the mighty pile of beaver-skins his the many scalplocks of his enemies, so strong that none could stand before him. Wild with fighting, he pointed his arrows at the sun, dared the Fire God, who sent a mighty chief to battle for him. All day Ksis-wass-chie hard assailed him, showered his arrows on him, strove with axe and knife around him. Late at sunset, when the air grew cold and the Fire God weaker, Ksis-wass-chie overcame him, exchanging for his life this promise: 'In the harvest time of every year grain shall be in plenty, without labour, without sowing.' And in the New Moon the Wild Rice filled the waters of the lake."



The Legend of the Bear Totem.

TRADITIONS of all primitive races show fixed ideas of immortality. Not so common are those of evolution.

The following curious Indian legend, recorded as related by one well versed in his tribal lore, also illustrated in carved stone, is worthy of more than passing interest to the student of modern thought. All Indians take great pride in recounting the wonderful deeds of their forefathers, and so deeply is this story rooted in the traditions of this tribe, that it proves conclusively their belief, if not positive knowledge of psychic forces. The incompleteness of the written word destroys much of the charm of the narrative, which, owing to the poverty of Indian imagination, must necessarily be brief.

Many, many moons ago, there lived on the Northern shore, near the present village of Skidegate, an enthusiastic fisherman named Hoo-hoo. On one of his fishing expeditions he was accompanied by his klooohman, who, as the story runs, was very beautiful. She had many brothers and other blood relatives, and was much loved by all. Hoo-hoo, contrary to our ideas of Indian husbands, not only loved his wife, but was positively devoted to her.

One long August day they pitched their rude tent on the beach. Hoo-hoo, much against his will, left his wife and went some distance to set his nets. While he was absent, his wife made ready their meagre meal, and being tired laid down to rest in the great dugout canoe. She slept, and when Hoo-hoo returned he could find no trace of her. Darkness fell, and exhausted with his fruitless search he slept. Morning showed him the marks of a huge bear's claw on the side of the dugout. Then he knew that his wife would not return to him, and his grief was terrible. He remained near the place for days, then in despair he sought the Indian village and related what had happened. A council was held, when it was decided that the woman was dead. The tribe mourned for her with all its usual ceremonies.



Seasons came and went, but Hoo-hoo strong in the belief that his wife would return, refused to be comforted. He would not take another wife, and aban-



Double Totem

doned his fishing—taking long trips alone in his canoe—doing nothing and shunning everyone, until some believed his mind had gone from him.

His wife's brothers were afraid for him, and organized a bear hunt to prove if possible that the lost one was really dead. Armed with all sorts of weapons and accompanied by a large pack of dogs the hunters started.

The hunt continued for weeks. At evening one day, they came upon a she-bear with two cubs. A splendid fight was expected. The dogs gave chase and much excitement prevailed. At last the bear and her cubs were treed. The hunters formed a circle around the tree and prepared to shoot. When they were ready to fire, the bear raised her paws and beckoned to the men, as if pleading for mercy. So impressed were they with the old bear's peculiar motions that one of their number suggested that she had once been a human being.

Immediately the dogs were called off and secured where they could not bite nor annoy the bears. Slowly the mother bear brought her cubs to the ground. The three acted in a friendly way toward the hunters, who took them all back to the Indian village. The whole tribe listened to the story, and they, too, believed the bear to be the missing kloochman.

The medicine man came with his charms and ordered a monster bonfire built. Before this he placed the bear. He then commanded the people to make offerings and prayers to the God of Rain. The god heard and answered by pouring a great shower on the bear as she sat by the fire. Gradually her fur fell away, leaving her skin soft and clean like a woman's. She then stood up and began to assume the form of a woman. In time she could talk and told them



Single Totem.

many strange tales of her wanderings and experiences while she was a bear.

A feast, of which all the tribe partook, was spread, and there was much rejoic-

ing. Hoo-hoo was beside himself for joy for the restoration of his wife.

During this great excitement of dancing and feasting the two cubs were forgotten. They left their shelter and were at play in the sunshine. It happened that the dogs scented them and before assistance arrived they were torn to pieces.

carries the two cubs, for the love of whom she died. In the double figure is seen the hunter or man, the woman and the cubs.

It must be admitted that the manner in which the native workman has traced in stone the legend of his family totem



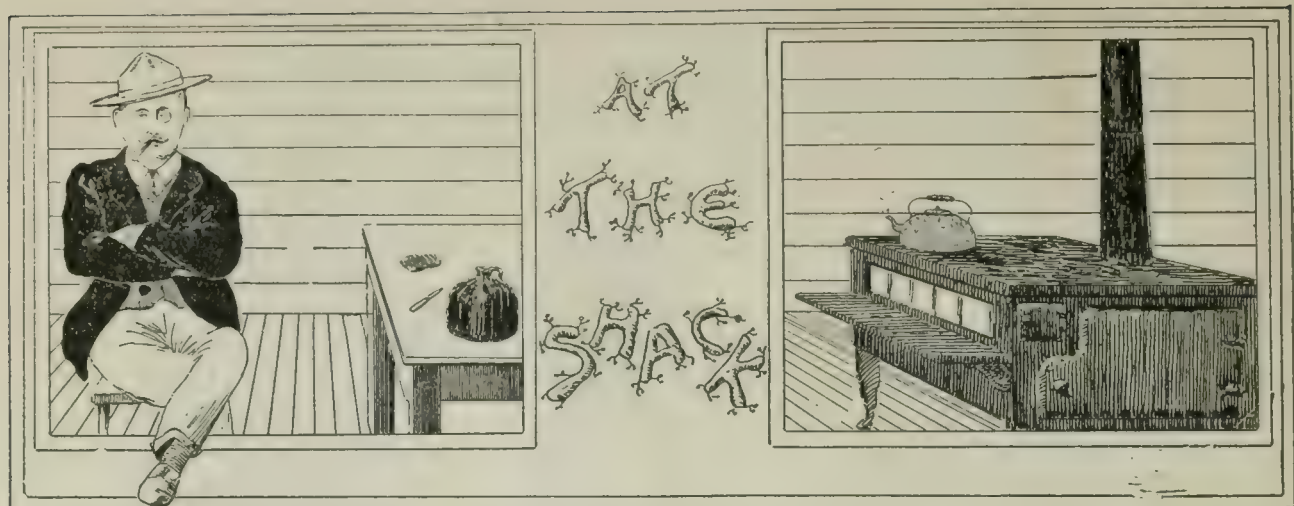
Bear as Portrayed by Indian Totem.

When the woman saw her dead offspring, her mother-heart broke and she died of grief. Thus the rejoicing was turned to sorrow.

The single figure in the illustration represents the woman, the bear into which she was turned, while in her arms she

shows marked ingenuity, if not real genius.

As the bear occupies such a prominent place in the pictures and carvings of the Alaskan Indians, an illustration is given showing its usual form as drawn by native artists.



Percy Flage.

No more? Then fill your pipe—Here's T. and B.
 Sliced by a well-ground axe. No Sheffield knife
 Or patent shaving tool will peel a curl
 So thinly fine. Nay, never strike a match!
 This red hot coal that once was rugged bark
 Will do the trick—So! press it slowly home
 (Not with your thumb, as I, your skin is soft)
 But hold it gently with a chip of wood
 And breathe, and taste the sap of Douglas Fir
 Far filtered through the magic nicotine
 And slow distilled to dreams of woodland peace,
 Of summer nights on moonlit mountain lakes,
 Of Autumn's hazy morn and drowsy noon
 That shortens to a frosty twilight time
 When camp fire warmth is good—

So smoke away.

I'll rinse the dishes off and talk a while
 As one is prone to talk whose solitude
 At rare long intervals is looped apart
 With links of friendly intercourse—Tis strange
 How strong the yearning of the human soul
 For confidence—reciprocal perhaps,
 But more inclined to give than to receive,
 As more inclined to utter than to hear
 The word of others. When the mind is such
 One pours and pours, nor heeds the weary nod
 Of him whose listening ear is overfilled
 And numbed with sounding volume—
 Pity—but so it is. 'Twere better much
 To use no tongue at all, but write in ink
 For those to read who would what you would say.
 Then might the listener hold the helm and steer
 His course at will among the sandy shoals

Of your opinions—shun the tide-topped rocks
 Of half your argument, and ware the reefs
 Of jagged merriment that you call wit.
 Yea, close the covers down and end the cruise
 When lee shores threatened or the doldrums bored.

Unless by chance

Somewhere between the islands he espy
 An open vista shaping out to sea
 Blue in the skylight, silver in the sun
 And flashing all with breezy dancing waves,
 Not ink at all but living language where
 Apt word and happy thought across the page
 Go arm in arm, each helping each along—

There's the great charm of books.

You browse among
 The margined chapters, scarcely taking pains
 To cut the leaves or probs a tangled phrase
 For fruits half hidden by the underbrush
 Of literary style and verbiage

Till—at your feet

While stooping for a berry you perceive
 A ruby, diamond—something that you know
 Is all your own, and recognise as yours
 Though larger, brighten, maybe than before.
 "It's mine!" you cry, and then "How came it here?"
 And then you seek for more, and read again
 And yet again, to find and touch the heart
 Of him who all unknown, from the outworld
 Stole in and deftly pricked your silent soul

Oh—books!

Yes, books are good—and camp-fire warmth is good—
 But differing so far, I sometimes think
 As North from South.

One represents the pole

Of man's mentality, aloof from laws
 Of time and space—The azimuth of life
 In that rare void of four dimensioned planes
 Where oneness ranges to infinity
 And you and I may multiply our moons
 Of slow experience, by all the years
 Of our ancestral selves and living kin—

The other surely marks

The hedgeway bounds of Now—the sense complete
 Of physical *I am* in kind repose
 Of self won affluence and well-earned joy!
 The wood burns brightly, (which your muscles bore
 From yon great Tamarac your axe has hewn)
 And in the yellow compass of that heat
 Your art has kindled—not the fire of Mars
 The galaxy of Ursus, no, nor all
 The eye confusion of the milky way
 Shall lure you from the fulness of the hour.

Each pulsing beat,

The diastole and systole of your heart
 Rings like a coin new minted from the gold

Of your expansive soul; each second passed
 Is as the painless death of one whose life
 Was all complete of work, ease, sorrow, bliss
 Distress and joy—There seems no farther need
 Of mental stress—The sphynx of wherefore so?
 Is answered by the welfare of what is—

Oh, blessed are the campfires I have known—
 Across a thousand leagues of rugged hills
 The dancing shadows of their phantom flames
 Still find me ill content—and leave me tamed
 (A moment) to the harmony of things
 That somehow seem discordant.

So, again

I see them now, vivid and dazzling near
 In shapeless hemispheres of shifting heat
 And irised deep in darkness undescribed
 To central pupils of a purple hue
 Where all the cold that killed our pallid moon
 And all the night that bides the death of day
 And all the depth that mocks our mountain heights
 And all the end of all things that shall end
 Are dimly, wanly visioned without fear—
 So wide a halo lends immortal strength
 To timid sight—so hot the ruddy rays
 Strike waves of living crimson to the cheek
 So swift the blood ebbs back the tidal flow
 Of sparkling fumes and skyward snapping smoke,
 Like sunset clouds all yellow in the west,
 That man mounts reckless to the hill of life
 And calmly scans the prospect, nor unbends
 His tautened sinews to the bale of years
 Nor hearkens once to catch amidst the cheer
 Of springsong music humming in the glow.
 An echo of delusions taunting cry—

For all was well

In those good nights when, warm with mucking toil
 We flung our scanty blankets by a stream
 And notched the leaning bull pine to its fall
 For one full cord, to rear a blazing pyre
 Of daylight doubts—The tumult of tossed hopes
 And fading troubles lulled to their last sleep
 Passed suttee through the burning ghast—to bliss—

How fresh were we to wake

Perhaps at midnight, or towards the dawn—
 Our fireward feet not scorching now, but chill
 With warning of spent fuel. High o'erhead
 The winking stars danced mockingly and stabled
 Cold daggers through the ether when we rose
 To fumble in the gloom—

How wide the night

Encompassed and enthralled us till we hurled
 Fresh forest tribute on the charring heap
 And fanned the dying coal to leaping life

How tense the shade

That crept about us as new warmth inspired!

A wall of black—close curving to the reach
 Of radiant flame—full domed and folding in
 Our little world of solitude once more—
 Deep velvet black, the garb of Mother Night
 Soft gowned, low whispering, and holding us,
 The children of her trust—the wander kind—
 Embosomed in maternal amplitude—

But here!

Why, here you sit and watch me puff
 My half-formed thoughts like broken rings of smoke
 And prate of fires and this and that, the while
 We let our little stove go dead black out!
 Here, reach the axe across. I'll fix some chips
 And keep my mouth closed—Come! you tell me now
 What's doing at the Coast?

Mexico.

C. M. Shepherd.

FOREMOST among all the sports and amusements of Mexico is the bull ring, a relic of barbarism that remains amidst the most refined civilization of the twentieth century. From time to time attempts have been made to put an end to this cruel sport, but these are of no avail. The love of the bull ring is engrained in the nature of every Mexican from the lowest peon to the most aristocratic hidalgo.

New bull rings are being erected every year and no matter what the financial state of the country is, the home of the toreador is certain to be well patronized.

Although bull-fighting of a sort goes on nearly all the year, the season proper begins in October, when the cleverest fighters from Spain, having finished their season in that country, come to Mexico and are welcomed with a warmth worthy of a better cause, and remain for about six months.

In many of the smaller towns and villages the bull rings consist merely of a circular palisade of strong stakes, but

those of the more important cities are elaborate and expensive structures. The arena which is simply earth covered with a thick layer of sand, measures from 200 feet to 300 feet in diameter. It is surrounded by a stout wooden wall about six feet high, from which the seats rise tier upon tier.

The performance commences with a promenade of the artists, who with the exception of the toreadors, who open the ball, then retire. The bull enters the ring, and as he does so, a spiked rosette is driven into his back, as a gentle hint of what is coming. There is a flare of trumpets, and the enraged bull charges madly across the arena, bellowing, snorting, and pawing up the sand in his course. Calmly awaiting him in the centre of the ring stands the toreador, who, waving his cloak of scarlet and purple, waits until the bull is within a foot or so, then steps nimbly to one side, and the bull rushes blindly on.

Half a dozen toreadors now surround him, and he charges first at one, and then at another with always the same result, until at length finding his effort



Interior of Rancher's Home.

vain, he ceases his mad rushes, a bugle sounds, and the first part of the performance is over. Then come the banderillos, men armed with barbed darts, decorated with multi-coloured streamers, and sometimes with lighted fireworks.

Once again the bull charges, and as he thunders by, the banderillo plants a dart on each side of his neck, which he tries in vain to shake off. Maddened with the pain, and the exploding crackers, he turns first in one direction and then in another, receiving fresh darts in his bleeding neck at every step until once again he stands sullen and exhausted. Again the bugle sounds and the banderillos give place to the picadores, who, armed with lances, are mounted on blindfolded horses, which are, needless to say, generally worn out old hacks fit only for the knackers yard.

Now comes the cruellest part of the whole performance. Seeing a fresh opponent, the bull once more dashes across the arena and in spite of the lance thrust in his back, plunges his horns into the frightened horse, and in a second picador horse and bull are struggling in

a confused mass on the ground. To the stranger, death appears certain to the rider, who, unable to extricate himself from the melee, lies apparently crushed and helpless.

But the crushing is more apparent than real, and although unable to rise, it is not on account of his injuries, but because of the heavy armour in which he is encased. Falling always on the side away from the bull, the picador is rarely hurt. It is the poor horse that is bored and torn, until a lance thrust from another horseman diverts the bull's animosity into new channels, and the scene is repeated until five or six horses have been butchered.

Then the final scene in this disgusting exhibition begins, and the matador enters the arena. Armed with a long sword, he coolly faces the exhausted bull, and as it staggers towards him, drives the sword through his heart, or rather attempts to do so, for as a rule several thrusts are necessary to end the poor animal's suffering.

Usually there are six bulls and from ten to twenty horses killed at each fight.

It is seldom that any of the bull fighter are injured, and although a vast amount of coolness and a good deal of skill are necessary, the combat is much too one-sided to appeal to any fair-minded sportsman. A few years ago horses which had been wounded were patched up and made to face another bull, whereas now they are immediately killed. Nothing, however, can alter the fact that to the average Englishman the whole show is brutal and disgusting, and although most visitors to Mexico see one fight, but few care to see another.

In the smaller towns there are fights of a milder description. No horses are killed, and the bull, which is usually minus horns, after being lassoed, thrown, and ridden, is allowed to depart unharmed. This is not done from any spirit of mercy, but simply from the fact that bulls are expensive luxuries. The bull-ring, however, in spite of its many objections, is certainly the home of daring and bravery, if risking one's life for a few dollars can be called such. Ladies (?) sometimes enter the ring, and many of them can despatch the fiercest bull with coolness and dexterity.

Instead of horses, bicycles are occasionally used. Toreadors will stand upon

chairs, which the bull smashes to match-wood, as its late occupier leaps nimbly over its head. An expert performer will stand upon a handkerchief and will gauge the charge of the bull so accurately that he will remain standing upon it, merely swaying his body to avoid the mad onrush of his four-legged opponent, or will entice the bull near the wall of the arena and stand calmly erect while the bull buries his horns in the wood on either side of him.

Such men are rare, and command fabulous prices, several thousand dollars being frequently paid for a single performance. The greatest danger lies in a slip on the blood-stained sand, in which case the unlucky man lies perfectly still, in the hope that his confreres will entice the bull away, which they invariably try to do. Apart from the fight itself, a bull-ring is well worth a visit, if only to watch the spectators, who, with scarcely an exception, go wild with excitement, shout, scream, gesticulate, and even throw their hats, cloaks and jewelry to the performers. This generosity is, however, merely Spanish, and the attendants quickly leap into the ring and return the articles to their owners.

Bull-fighting is far from being the



Restored Stairway and Entrance at Mitla.



The Plaza, Guanajuato.

only sport to be had in Mexico City. There are first-class cricket, football, tennis, and polo clubs, which are, needless to say, mainly supported by the English residents. Motoring is rapidly increasing in popularity, and several first-class roads to cities a good distance away are in course of construction. Luna Park, with its skating rink and numerous other attractions, is always well patronized and in short no city could be better supplied with sport and amusements to suit all tastes than Mexico City.

Situated at an altitude of 7,348 feet, on a plateau nearly midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, Mexico City is easily reached from either coast.

From the town of Salina Cruz, on the Pacific side, the Teharantepec railway goes as far as Santa Lucrecia. This line, which was built by Messrs. Pearson & Son, was completed only last year. The first place of interest is Tehuantepec, the chief town of the Tewaina Indians, a race which has remained distinct from the Mexicans from time immemorial. The difference in the men is not nearly as marked as in the women, who are

finer in every way than their Mexican sisters. Their dress also is worthy of notice. The headdress of starched muslin is from two to three feet in diameter. The dress itself, although of simple design, is of the gaudiest material: crimson, gold, and purple being the favourite colours. Boots and stocking are conspicuous by their absence, the feet being encased in leather sandals, which are, however, by no means a mark of poverty, many of the sandal-clad ladies being adorned with gold chains and ornaments of great value.

The country surrounding the town of Tehuantepec is flat and sandy, and with the exception of the cocoanut palm, vegetation is scarce. But this soon changes. Farther on the sandy waste gives place to stretches of rich fertile land. Cocoanut palms still flourish, but are intermixed with limes, mangoes and manans.

The country, however, is but sparsely populated. Possibly the Spanish hidalgo of olden times found this part of the country too far away from his beloved Mexico City. At all events, haciendas and plantations are few and far between,

and the railway stations consist, as a rule, of a crude platform, a Wells-Fargo delivery shed, and a telegraph office. The station officials generally begin and end with a vacant-looking youth, whose accomplishments in life never get beyond smoking cigarettes and saying "Quien sabe?" (who knows) to all questions asked him.

From San Geronimo there is a branch line running to the borders of Guatem-



Type of Mexican Peon.

ala. Some day, in the dim and distant future, this line may be of great importance, but just at present the amount of traffic does not call for special mention.

The most important town on the line is Rincon Antonio. There are situated the workshops of the railway. There is a comparatively large white population, and some modern dwelling houses, which

are anything but an ornament in this quaint and picturesque country.

From Rincon Antonio the line, with but slight variation, runs through a dense jungle. Vegetation is thick and luxuriant, and grows to within a few feet of the track.

Every known tropical tree and plant struggles for an existence. The undergrowth is a dense mass of foliage, and the palms, wild rubber and mahogany trees almost exclude the light from above. Parrots screech, and monkeys scamper away as the train wends its way through this vast forest. Game of every sort is abundant, and the land is in every way a hunter's paradise.

Rubber is the chief product of this part of the country, and no town of any size or importance is to be met with for a great distance.

Santa Lucrecia is the junction where the Tehuantepec railway joins the Vera Cruz al Pacific railway. It consists of three small hotels and a few stores, and the traveller will do well to continue his journey with as little delay as possible.

The run from Santa Lucrecia to Cordova is certainly the most interesting part of the whole journey. After the first hundred miles or so, the jungle begins to thin out, and from there onward the line winds in and out amongst coffee groves, bananas, oranges, dates, pineapples, limes, cocoanuts, and every tropical fruit that grows, including numbers that the reader has probably never heard of, and as the train ascends, patches of native corn and the palmleaf hut of the owner appear more frequently.

Cordova, where the Vera Cruz al Pacific railway connects with the Mexican railway, is a flourishing old town and well worth a visit. The climate hereabouts is almost if not quite as perfect as nature can make it. The excessive heat of the low lands is past, and the sharp tinge occasionally felt in Mexico City and the higher altitudes is never experienced there.

The fruits and flowers of the lower regions still flourish; in fact, Cordova and the neighbouring vicinity produce more flowers than any other part of the republic. In places the fields of gar-



Street Scene, Vera Cruz.

denias look almost like snow, hibiscii of every shade and colour mingle with the scarlet pointsettae, and the endless varieties of curious and valuable orchids tend to make this spot a veritable garden of Eden, the whole scene being enhanced by an uninterrupted view of that magnificent snow-clad volcano, Mr. Orizaba.

Cordova, which is one hundred and ninety-eight miles from Mexico City, is novel and picturesque to a degree, and is only a foretaste of what is to follow. Every little station has something to please and interest, and the traveller will indeed be busy who sees half of the magnificence of the scenery thereabouts.

At Sumidero there is a tunnel leading to a ravine, where there is a magnificent cascade and a disappearing river, which are very beautiful, but cannot be seen from the train. But along this part of the line are other cascades that can be seen from the train, and after passing a short tunnel, the ascent to the Metlac Gorge begins, and here are some of the finest views of the line, and of the world.

Orizaba, which is the next town of any size, is situated at the foot of the volcano of that name, and the traveller is strongly recommended to spend a short time

there before proceeding to Maltrata, through the "Canon de Infiernillo," "the ravine of the little hell," which, barring the cascades and roaring mountain torrents, is quite an appropriate name.

Maltrata, which next claims the traveller's attention, is a delightful little town, lying in a valley. The railway station is usually lined with Indians selling fruits, flowers and other local dainties. As the train leaves the station, these Indians scamper up the hill to the station at "Alta Luz," and will be on the platform when the train arrives, thus securing a second chance of disposing of their wares. These Indians had run 2,500 feet up the mountain side, while the train was going nine miles, across iron bridges spanning fathomless chasms, crawling through tunnels, and sweeping around numberless dizzy points.

From Alta Luz a delightful view of Maltrata is obtained, as it lies like a liliptian city thousands of feet below, spread out on a green carpet, with its white-washed churches, inevitable plaza, thatched cottages, mazelike streets, and surrounding fields and orchards.

Esperanza, which is the next town of any importance, is situated at the edge



Government Palace at Jalapa.

of the terrace where the drop begins into the "hot country." From there a train line runs to Tehuacan, a city famed throughout all Mexico as a health resort.

The journey through the tropical part of the country is now past, and the line runs through a fertile agricultural district to Apizaco, where the highest point (8,310 feet) is reached, and from there

the train descends gradually into the valley of the City of Mexico, and the famous maguey, or century plant, makes its appearance. This plant, which is really the *Agave Americano*, deserves more than a passing mention.

The maguey is propagated by means of offshoots which are removed from the parent plant; these offshoots are



New Harbour at Vera Cruz.



Fountain of Lacatecas.

planted in what is termed a school, a foot or so only being allowed between each plant.

The young plants remain in these schools for about two years, when they are uprooted and thrown out in the sun to dry for three months, after which they are planted out permanently in long rows, about three yards apart, from which time they require but little or no care, or at least receive none, until they are on the verge of flowering, which occurs usually when the plant is about eight or ten years old.

Then the heart of the plant is cut out so as to leave a hollow space about a foot in diameter amidst the thick, succulent leaves, which constitute the mass of the plant. The sap which flows into this cavity is collected twice daily, and consists of a thick, sweet, milky fluid, called *agua miel* (honey water). This liquid is placed in a pigskin vat, to ferment, which occurs in a very short time, and pulque, the national drink of the inhabitants of Mexico City, is the result.

A maguey plant, in full bearing, yields as much as a gallon of pulque a day, the average duration of the supply being five to six months. The plant dies after it

ceases to yield pulque, and is usually replaced by another, which has been planted alongside some time previously.

The production of pulque is not the only use of the maguey plant. The fibre from the leaves is used for making rope. The spikes with which the plant is armed are used as needles by the peones, and in the whole state the leaves are used for thatching. In short, the maguey plant is a treasure of inestimable value to the Mexican.

Pulque is drunk not only by the peon, but is found on the table of the rich. It is a more or less acquired taste, strangers usually preferring it in the semi-fermented state.

From Apizaco to Mexico City the scenery is not particularly interesting. Vast plains stretch away in all directions, and the only break in the seemingly endless rows of magueys is an occasional nopal cactus.

San Juan Teotihuacan is famed for its two pyramids, which can be plainly seen from the train. Their history and origin are unknown. They are being explored at the present time by the Mexican Government, and to the antiquarian should prove a source of unbounded delight.

The approaches to Mexico City are anything but imposing. Flat-roofed, one-storeyed houses, painted usually a pale blue, and looking decidedly the worse for wear, give the place a poverty-stricken appearance. Windows are invariably heavily barred, streets are none too clean, and the peons, as the lower class natives are called, are dirty, ill-clad, and far from prepossessing.

Upon leaving the railway terminus, the usual crowd of hotel touts surround the traveller. Although overflowing with hotels of every nationality, Mexico City has none that are really first class. Rates are fairly reasonable, and the conveniences such as are met with in any modern city.

Although to the well-educated traveller in search of change or recreation, Mexico City offers a wealth of attractions, the holiday seeker who expects a Coney Island had better stay away.

There are a number of attractive theatres, but the plays are almost invariably in Spanish. There are no music halls, cafe chantants or public dancing rooms, and after 7 o'clock at night the streets are almost deserted.

On the other hand there are numberless places of historic interest to visit. The cathedral alone is worth coming

many miles to see, and apart from the city proper, every little suburb is worth a visit to those who are interested in the quaint and the antique. An excellent service of tram cars run to all these suburbs, most of which have changed but little for many generations past.

In the city itself there are scores of up-to-date buildings, the streets are well paved and lighted. Shops display the latest novelties from London, Paris and New York, contrasting strangely with the native markets which are to be found dotted about in most unexpected places.

Of the climate of Mexico City, not even the most difficult to please can find a fault. For 360 days, on an average, every year the sun rises in a cloudless sky. The air is fresh and cool enough for any sort of exercise, and it is only for an hour or two during the middle of the day that one is glad to walk on the shady side of the street, and even then the heat is not excessive. During the rainy season, which lasts from May to September, sharp showers are experienced nearly every afternoon, but they are of short duration, and the steady, ceaseless drizzle of the British Columbian winter is unknown. The average rainfall is slightly over 20 inches, less than a third of what falls in Western Canada.



A Street in the Village of Hercules.

Storm Song.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

The war-lords of the air
Have left their hidden lair,
And with a grand fanfare,
They thunder on their way:
Unseen of mortal eye,
They sound their battle-cry,
And all the world defy,
In threatening array!

Their banners they unfurl,
And with a rush and whirl,
Their legions onward hurl,
Invincible and free:
Where mighty forces meet,
In savage skirmish fleet,
They rally and retreat
In martial majesty.

On snow-drift chargers white,
They hasten to the fight,
Rejoicing in their might,
Unconquerably vast:
They toss the angry wind
At everything they find,
And bear away behind,
The trophies of the blast.

They seethe and twist and flash,
And with a roar and dash,
Their squadrons merge and clash,
In conflict fierce and long:
They laugh in fiendish glee,
And howl their mockery
At man's weak liberty,
In wild and boist'rous song.

O-ho! O-ho! their trumps they blow,
And speed their armies to and fro,
But Whence and Whither, who shall
know?



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

BY PATRICK
.. VAUX.

AT 8.50 on the fifth night of the world war of the Anglo-Saxon League against Japan and Germany, the British tug, Swiftsure, was swashing through the head seas, to the height of her stump pole-mast. Thirty-five miles south by east of the mouth of the Humber, she was making slow progress against the weight of the north-easterly gale scouring the wild North Sea.

Her master edged out of shelter from behind the wheel-house. For a second or two he stared up-wind. But again the flying scud and spindrift and fine ice in the gale blinded his eyes. Wiping the wet off his shaggy face, he turned to leeward.

Torrents of sea deluged the wheel, and gushed between the skipper's feet, to drain over the bridge. Forward where the two lookouts, two oilskin effigies, held fast for dear life's sake to rail and lifeline, the forecastle was white with frozen spray. With an impatient, excited gesture of his head, Anson turned to his mate at the wheel.

"Can't see aught o' that cruiser o' ours," he roared. "Mayhap, she's gone derelict. There's a fortune in her then!"

"A mighty poor time to be out at sea," came the gusty rejoinder. "Comin' dirtier up wind'ard. Not much chance of pickin' up the cruiser. T'other craft Admiralty ha' asked to go out 'll be handlin' her."

Anson dodged a fillip of sea. He yelled out some words, then on the squall drowning them, flung out his hand in answer.

"Not scared, are ye?" he repeated, worry and suspense vibrant in his voice. "If she's derelict, an' the enemy come up, she's ours—if we can take her in."

"Scared? Me scared? I ain't that sort, Jack!" snorted the mate. "It's the short stores of ours I'm thinkin' o'."

The next instant he had to edge the vessel dexterously away from a rising hill of water that, piling up its many tossing heads off the starboard bow, came tumbling down over the staggering tug.

Ice coated her forecastle, capstan, and towing-horse. Her funnel and engine-room casing were white with salt. Wildly was she being thrown about by the hammering seas. At one second her bows were high in the air; the next, they were sinking deep into a yawning sea-pit, and her stern, with racing screws, bared itself on the summit above.

Suddenly Anson thrust himself far over the weather-cloth. The port lookout hailed the bridge.

"Ay, ay," the master shouted. "I saw 'em. There's more."

Away in the northward, two threads of fire had shot up into the darkness. Then the two rockets burst in immediate succession into stars, red, white and blue.

Down stormed the gale in fresh force, twisting off the crests of the billows, and hurling water and hail and spindrift before it obscured all vision.

"It's her," bawled the mate.

"It's her. Burn a couple o' blue lights, an' follow wi' a green. She'll know then we're for her. Look sharp, lads."

When the armoured cruiser was sighted, she was lying broadside-on among the

huge precipices of sea. Suddenly she was swaying from side to side. She lurched back to windward, and a mountainous surge breaking down on her port quarter, poured over the after-deck and its battered barbette.

"She'll go under. I'm backin' in for a handline, mate. Round her up under an' for'ard a bit of her 'midships," bellowed Anson, ringing his engines half-speed astern.

Just then the moon blinked out upon the leagues of toppling white-capped seas.

Anson stared at the Raleigh.

She was now but a ragged mass. Her bridges, charthouse and upper-works had been hammered out of shape. A gap in her deck amidships, battened down with collision mats and tarpaulins, was all that remained of her starboard amidships casemate. In the fight with the enemy's two cruisers it had been literally punched to pieces; the screen and protection deck in its rear much ruptured, and the engine-room disabled.

It was a miracle she kept afloat.

As the Swiftsure edged into her lee, Anson picked out someone in shelter on her upper deck, and energetically waving a lantern; then his keen eyes saw specks beside the officer—men standing ready to throw the handlines.

His fingers tightened on the engine-room telegraph. Closely he watched the long tall wall of steel lean toward his vessel, then slowly heave away to starboard again—one monster see-saw. If wreckage jammed the tug's screws, or she loitered on a sea, that great mass of steel, canting again to the impulse of the invincible waters, would crunch his vessel under.

Cool and confident rang the skipper's voice in the ears of his deckhands.

"Stand by to catch handline."

On board the cruiser, the officer shouted impetuously, and waved his lantern; then, along her shell-eaten deck, hands shot out; and, of the lines thrown, two were caught on board the tug and held fast. Shrieking on her syren, the Swiftsure leapt away, just as the cruiser's immense shoulder, with a sickening

squash, smote the trough of the sea behind her.

"Heave in; smart with the hawsers, lads. We've got her, we've got her," was Anson's exultant shout.

The next minute or two, however, he was wrinkling his brows.

Indistinct hails came on his ear, from the Raleigh. A lantern was waved on her after-deck away to eastward.

"Hawsers, right and fast. What do she want?" bawled the mate, at the foot of the ladder.

"Can't say," shouted back the skipper. "She's tootin' two short, one long, 'stand-in' in danger.' Don't think that; no . . . She's 'mazed a bit, mebbe. We'll take her home."

Cheerfully the tug hooted back assurance.

Combers to port sallied down upon her. They spouted shoulder-deep across her foredeck, and carried away some of her lashed fixings. But steadily she drew ahead, with flames twining among her smoke, steam screeching from her escapes, and her hull almost shaken to pieces by her fast-thumping engines.

About thirty minutes later, the mate crawled on the bridge from his post beside the catch-block. With a hoarse, incoherent call he drew the skipper's attention.

"A steamer o' some sort comin' up sou'-west'ard," he cried in Anson's ear, and thrust his arm in that direction.

As Anson's eye fell upon the plumes of flame streaming from the hostile cruiser's funnels, she first let fly a shot with her bow gun. But to him the clap of the great gun ringing down a lull in the gale came as the clamant note, not of failure, but high success.

"By G—d, the cruiser's mine now," he growled triumphantly to himself.

"She must ha' guessed it. She must ha' guessed it," clamoured the mate. "She's got to go."

"No!" thundered the skipper. "I take her in or sink with her. Not a man's to knock up the catch-block. The cruiser's mine."

Snatching the syren-lanyard, he hooted, "I understand."

"Poor kind o' comfort for her though,"

quoth he. "Get up the red box, mate, and the rockets from the cabin. We'll fire them from the bridge. Mayhap, some coast defence craft'll see them."

* * * * *

A few minutes later, just on two bells of the first watch, certain aching eyes in the northward noted faint balls of fire, five in number, and bursting into stars, red, white, and blue, dot the darkness away south. The lookouts of the Flying Squadron hailed their bridges. Signal lanterns twinkled and flashed their message to the flagship.

"Yes," said the Commodore to his commander, "quite right, Pakenham. It'll be a tug with the Raleigh in tow. Five balls—'Enemy coming up.' Sound off 'quarters.'"

Less than two leagues away, the Swift-

He shot out his right arm at the far-away foe as if to smite her.

"D——n ye," he yelled, "d——n ye. Ye're keeping at it, but I'll spite ye yet."

A smudged-faced stoker, in filthy and ragged undershirt and trousers, crept on the bridge.

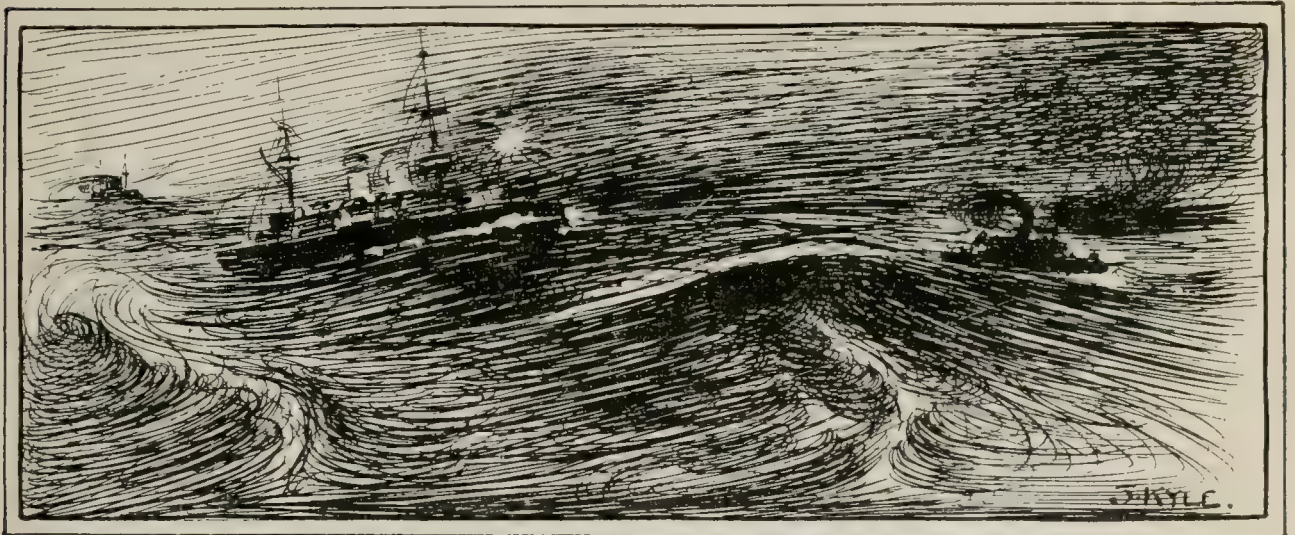
Anson put down his head.

"What? Bunkers swept clean," he roared. "Break up the fittings and burn 'em. Keep her going. We sink or swim with the tow."

Louring deck hands in shelter of the port alley-way heard his words. They stared fiercely at each other. Were they to lose life as well as liberty.

Their voices reached the bridge. For a second he held in his breath, trying to control his fury.

"Not a man 'o ye touches hook or



Astern of Her the Cruiser was now hove up.

sure was crawling over the seas.

Astern of her, the cruiser was now hove up on the cresting waters, now hidden from sight in a gulf. Her after-barbette was booming out slowly at the Germania, that, fast overhauling them was pitching her projectiles with increasing accuracy of aim.

Anson brushed the spray out of his eyes. Yet to no end did he strain them, till streaks of fire danced in their focus. Out of the darkness came no answering signal.

His teeth were set, his lips hard as iron. The will of the man was inflexible.

But the crashing of the guns jarred on his nerves.

hawser," he roared hoarsely. "She's mine. Hear that, ye swine?"

Now the enemy had at last found her real objective; she tried a long-sighting shot. The shell burst a little to port, and it threw up a heavy head of brine deluging the Swiftsure. It was this close acquaintanceship of the murder of war that made the hands act with surprising promptitude.

One of them ran aft to the towing hook, from the twanging hawser stretched over the stern. He hit the mate under the left ear, and dropped him like a lump of lead, than felt for the hammer to knock up the catch.

But Anson had swung his cramped

body over the bridge rail. With madness in his eyes he reeled aft.

As he felled the hand, who was fumbling for the hammer, the next shell exploded overhead.

Jags of white-hot metal zipped through the gale. The tug's funnel and engine-room casing were smashed and torn. Moans and screams burst from agonised men; two of them slid sideway into the lee scuppers to the heaving of the tug, and fell overboard. Beside the towing horse lay Anson, huddled across the mate.

Ahead, two goutts of fire flamed into the darkness, and 450-pounder projectiles screamed out on their awful errand. As the Flying Squadron in formation of column line ahead filed past the enemy's

cruiser, their guns pealed out in a terrible crescendo.

* * *

"Yes-e-, it wasn't bad work," said Anson, in a meditative voice to his mate, sitting five weeks later by his bedside in number five ward, Hull Hospital. "It's a poor war somebody don't make something out o'."

"The newspapers put the wuth of your bringing in the cruiser at £11,000 to £12,000, skipper," rejoined the mate in an awed voice.

Anson shook his head in an equivocal manner, then on noticing the nurse coming down the ward he snuggled deeper beneath the bedclothes.

"I reckon, anyhow, Joey, we don't work no more, this life," he replied. "Good old Navy, 'sides saving the nation, it pulls a heap o' folk through!"

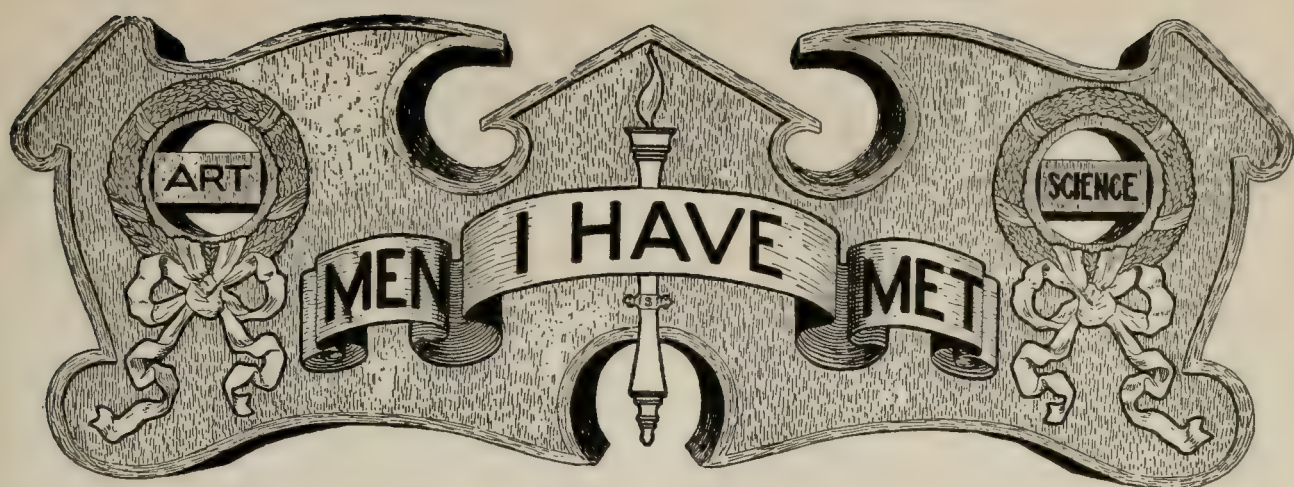
The Chinook Wind.

De Courcy C. Ireland.

Big dark clouds, in the south-west banking,
Herald the moan of a storm to be;
Warm, wet columns of mist are flanking
The far-flung vistas of crag and tree;
Weird tones are crying
And winds are flying
In from the verge of the Western Sea.

The shy deer seeks in the woods, a haven;
Trees bow low to the fierce Chinook.
Just the shriek of the questing raven
Comes from the hill that the deer forsook.
Silently swaying,
Gaunt and decaying,
Last summer's grasses wave by the brook.

Soon shall the sound of waters roaring
Awaken the world to life again;
Never now shall the north-winds, warring,
Blast the mountain and ravage the plain,
For life is springing
And Nature's singing,
And green woods echo the glad refrain.



Dr. Morley Punshon.

William Blakemore

I CANNOT remember the time when oratory did not attract me. No doubt I inherited a love for it, for my father was a great admirer of good speaking, and under his guidance I enjoyed opportunities in my earliest days such as fell to the lot of few. This deeply-implanted love for the higher forms of expression has remained with me, and in the flight of years has lost none of its keenness. The features and gestures of all the great English orators of the last forty years are photographed on my memory; I recall their little tricks of manner, and can often hear the tones of their voices. My taste has been cosmopolitan. It mattered not whether the man were statesman, politician, publicist, theologian, socialist, or demagogue, if he had the gift of speech I was bound to hear him sooner or later.

Just how cosmopolitan my taste has been may be gathered from the following list of great speakers, if not all orators, whom I have had the privilege of hearing. At the Church Congress in Wolverhampton, in 1868, I heard the great Bishop Wilberforce, subsequently Gavazzi, Bishop Magee of Peterborough, Sir Robert Peel, Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Lightfoot, Disraeli, Gladstone, John Bright, Joseph Cowen, Henry Vincent, James Arthur Roebuck, Leon Gam-

betta, Lord Randolph Churchill, Thomas Sexton, Hugh Price Hughes, Lloyd George, and many others who escape my memory just now, but who perhaps should be in fairness added to this list. I think, however, that in many respects, Morley Punshon was more truly an orator than any of them. This is not the place to institute a detailed comparison, but I love to recall those conspicuous features of Dr. Punshon's great gifts which have always impressed me as determining his right to be regarded as the prince of modern orators.

I first heard him in Birmingham Town Hall about 1870, when he delivered his brilliant lecture on "The Men of the Mayflower." The hall was packed, and he had a great reception, for his fame had preceded him. I think Alderman White presided, and I know that the platform was filled with prominent men identified with religious and public work. At that time Dr. Punshon was in his physical prime, and indeed was a magnificent looking man. He was big, tall and broad, slightly inclined to stoutness, with a leonine head and a wealth of chestnut hair, which had a slight tendency to curl. His head had that rare dome shape which is majestic without being heavy. He was clean shaven, and his face at once suggested a resemblance to the great Bishop

of Oxford whom I have already mentioned. It was by no means as heavy, and there was no trace of that peculiar contraction of the eyebrows and forehead which gave to the expression of Wilberforce an habitual scowl. It was only when Punshon's face was in repose that any resemblance could be detected, but when he began to speak his hazel eye flashed and his whole face lit up, and from the first word to the last, with gesture and look, as well as with voice, the whole man was alive and thrilling with energy and emotion.

One can never forget his dignified bearing. He stood up with the very air of distinction and nobility; every movement was both natural and graceful; his gestures, all unstudied, were at once the most natural and effective I have ever seen. He used his hands and arms freely but never jerkily; he had solved the problem of subduing his whole body to the uses of oratory. Then his voice! After all, I think that was the most marvellous thing about him. For the first few sentences it sounded rough, with the faintest suspicion of huskiness, but soon melted into the most musical of organs, and thereafter, attuned to the exquisite and perfect expression of every thought, it held the audience. I never heard a voice so rich and musical, with such a range. Naturally it was a tenor voice, somewhat rough and unmusical, but trained through years of careful exercise to become the obedient servant of its master.

It can never be questioned that among all the necessary equipments of an orator the voice is the chief; mastery over an audience can never be achieved by an inferior voice. I have heard many men intellectually far more brilliant than Punshon, but none who could produce so profound an influence. At the declamatory flights in which Mr. Gladstone or Lord Randolph Churchill would indulge, men would be raised to a pitch of excitement bordering on frenzy, and would cheer themselves hoarse, but under the spell of Dr. Punshon's oratory, I have seen an audience moved and swayed like the waving of a field of grain in summertime. I have seen men gripping the seat

hard, while with glittering eyes and quick breath they unconsciously attested the power of the orator as he played on their emotions. I have heard women by the score sigh and sob, and not because there was the slightest vestige of the sensational in Punshon's matter or manner, but because a true orator had with the marvellous thrill of his voice "pierced the white" and "sounded the depths."

Like every orator, Punshon had daring flights of fancy; some of his illustrations were superb and the narrative power with which he sketched them inimitable. He was a luminous speaker; everything he touched was clearer when he left it. In a few sentences he would limn the portrait of some great historic character, and for the first time his hearers would see the man in his true colours. Punshon had strong artistic tendencies and was a great lover of nature, of books, and of pictures; his tastes were literary, and his long series of popular lectures dealt chiefly with men who had distinguished themselves in the world of letters.

No one ever loved Savonarola as he did, and no one has done so much to make the character and lifework of the great monk of Venice known in modern times. His lecture on "The Men of the Mayflower" admirably demonstrated his catholicity of spirit and his sympathy with the great Puritan ideals which are so inwoven with British sentiment.

For twenty years Dr. Punshon held an unrivalled and almost an unchallenged position as pulpit and platform orator. Of this time he spent some six years in Canada, and in those religious circles of Ontario which were honoured by his services, his memory is fondly cherished. Dr. Punshon was essentially a lovable man. I do not think he ever made an enemy. I doubt if he ever spoke a harsh word. I know that his life was transfigured with kindly deeds.

The end came all too soon. During the later years of his life it was my privilege to see much of him, and no man more than he has impressed me with the fact that true greatness is always humble and always kind. His lifelong friendship with Dr. Gervase Smith and Wil-

liam Hirst survives as a tradition; they were indeed like three brothers.

For some years before Dr. Punshon's death it was obvious to his most intimate friends that his great powers were failing. I have always considered that this was due to overwork, not of the ordinary but of a special kind. No one can read his lectures and sermons without realizing that their exquisite finish and polish are due to memoritor work. Every sermon and every lecture which Dr. Punshon ever delivered was written out verbatim, altered, revised, and rewritten in almost exactly the same manner as Robert Louis Stevenson performed his literary work, and then committed to memory. Is it not a marvel that any man could have continued to do this for more than thirty years? And is it any marvel that while yet in his prime Dr. Punshon broke down under the strain?

I have often compared him with Liddon, who, when Canon of St. Paul's, was in residence one month in the year, preached only on Sunday afternoons under the great dome, and was rarely heard anywhere else during the rest of the year. He, too, was a memoritor speaker, but what was his work in comparison with Punshon's? No wonder that, especially in this busy age, memoritor speaking has fallen into desuetude; with it has passed the perfection of form, beauty of phraseology and exquisite diction which are possible only under such a system. Alas, however, men have gone to the other extreme; they hardly allow themselves time for preparation. Oratory is a thing of the past, and all the succeeding generations will know of this lost art is that "there were giants in those days."

I will conclude this brief and very inadequate sketch of my ideal orator by relating, in detail which has not before been given to the public, the incident which led up to Dr. Punshon's death. I had secured him to deliver his lecture on "Florentine Men and Memories," in the Corn Exchange, Wolverhampton; the lecture was to take place on a Monday night. On the Sunday previous he was to preach at Walsall. During his visit to the saddlery town he was the guest of

his old friend, Alderman John Brewer. He arrived on Saturday evening, and was more than usually fatigued with his railway journey; declining dinner, he had some light refreshment and retired early. In the middle of the night Mr. Brewer was disturbed by an unusual noise. Hastily getting up and passing out of his room, he heard stertorous breathing in Dr. Punshon's room. He opened the door and found the doctor in a state of collapse. Medical aid was summoned, and for some hours his condition was desperate. Towards morning he rallied and as the day wore on improved noticeably. On Monday morning he was so much better that he insisted on getting up.

Meanwhile the news had spread like wildfire that Dr. Punshon was ill. His first thought was for his wife, and he insisted on sending a telegram to her, lest she should receive a shock by learning of his illness through some press despatch. His next thought was for his engagement to lecture on the Monday night, and he telegraphed asking me to go over and see him. I shall never forget that interview, and after the lapse of so many years am still loth to dwell upon it. I prefer to think of him as I had known him in all his strength and majesty as the foremost orator of his time rather than as the stricken giant whose cord of life had snapped and whose hand trembled, as if palsied, when he took mine.

He expressed great concern for the disappointment of the people who would be expecting to hear him lecture that night, and asked if there was anything he could possibly do. It occurred to me on the instant that, as it was too late to announce the cancelling of the lecture, it might be better to carry out the arrangement as far as practicable, and knowing that his manuscript would be perfect, I ventured to ask whether under the circumstances he would lend it and I would arrange for a suitable person to read it. He gladly acquiesced, and seemed relieved that he could do even so much. The plan was carried out, and there was nothing but sympathy for the august

sufferer, and appreciation of his thoughtfulness.

As we parted, I tried to cheer him up and expressed the hope that he would soon recover, but he knew better, and did

not for a moment attempt to deceive himself. He shook his head, grasped my hand, and in very quiet but self-possessed tones, said: "My lad, this is good-bye." And so it proved.

The Birds of Spring.

J. Lambie.

The soft, Favonian breeze,
That ushers in the Spring,
Has set the sombre trees
In new life revelling.
And buds with hope are swelling,
While birds their love are telling—
Ecstatic joy is welling
In every woodland thing.

Yet, ere the Spring was flush
With largesse of warm rain,
The towhees in the brush
Had built their nests again.
Then, as the days felt milder,
Our winter birds grew wilder,
Till, farther through the alder,
Had flown the little wren.

Now, at the close of day,
The faller at his tree,
May hear from far away
A voice call peevishly.
Then nearer, clear and steady;
Then round him in an eddy,
That call flits: "Tea—s ready";
'Tis the little chickadee.

And soon from Southern parts
Shall come a vocal train,
With music in their hearts,—
A balm for human pain.
While some are Northward making,
And all their rapture taking,
The junco stays, still shaking
His little, tinkling chain.

COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

THIS is a utilitarian and practical age; an epoch of hustle and bustle, and it is perhaps little to be wondered at that the family of moderate means pays scant attention to the artistic side of the home building problem. Frequently, having calculated the amount at his disposal, the head of the family hies to the nearest contractor and selecting a conventional cut-and-dried design, orders it executed as soon as possible, and pays ten per cent. more for the building than he should. One can on an average make a saving by getting a good set of drawings and a full specification, and by submitting them to several builders, thus making competition and thereby obtaining an estimate far lower than if he gave the job to one man to carry out.

It is a lamentable feature of the age, but a noteworthy one notwithstanding, that the man who would balk at wearing a ready-made suit of clothes, the woman who would hesitate before donning a second-hand gown, will select a design for their home with a total disregard of its artistic merit or lack of merit. This accounts in great part for the depressing and dismal rows of cottages frequently seen in the suburbs of towns and cities—each house bearing a family resemblance to its neighbour; a grotesque medley of Grecian, Gothic and Moorish architecture; rich in useless and inelegant orna-

mentation; monotonously alike, and sunk in a drear dead level of mediocrity.

Referring to houses of this type, some writer has said that he could “hardly imagine anyone being born in them, or married in them, or dying in them.” No interesting or romantic event would be associated with them in the mind. They possess no individuality, no souls.

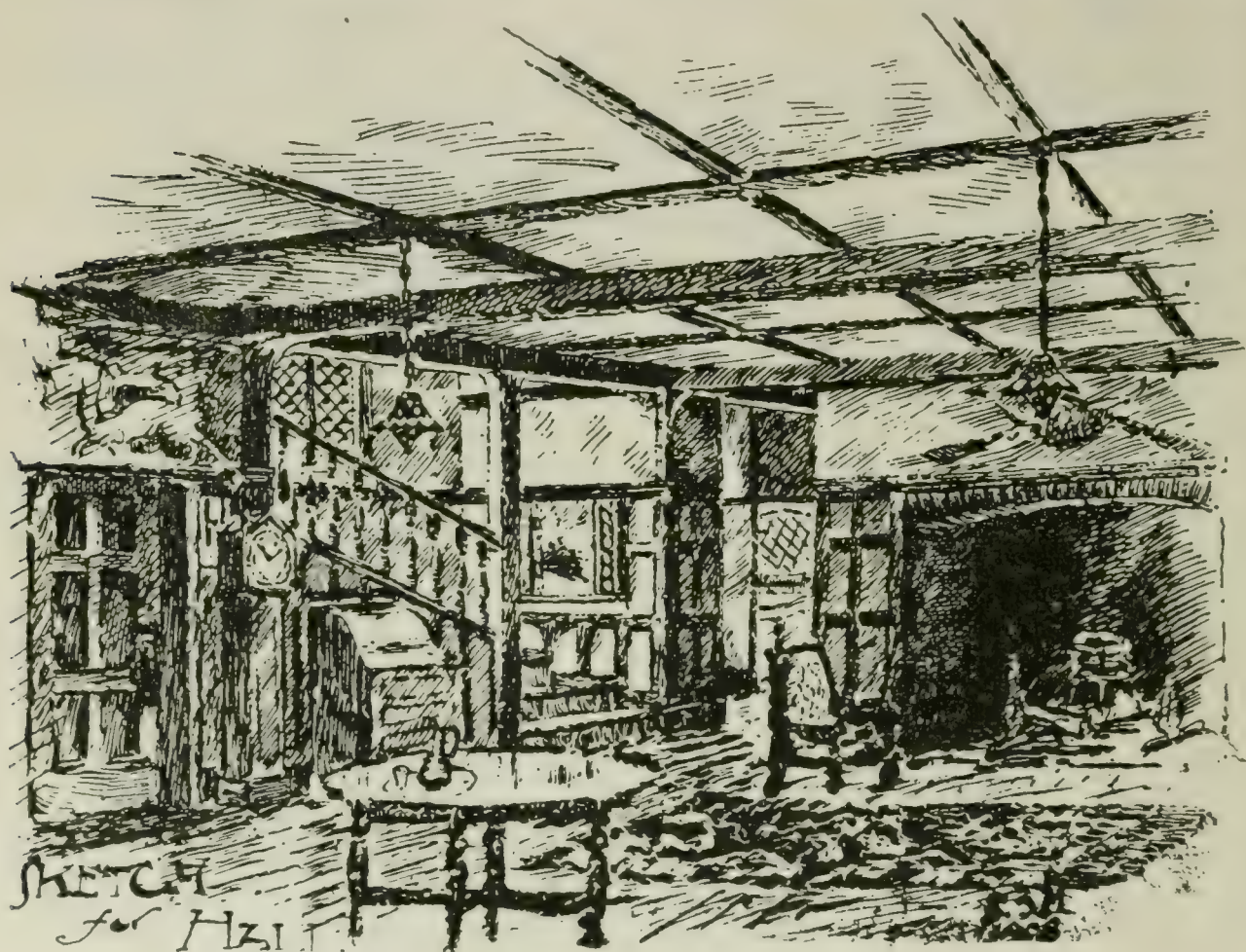
The purpose of these preliminary remarks is to urge upon readers of *WESTWARD HO!* who propose building houses in the near future, the desirability of giving a freer rein to their personal likes and dislikes. To devote a little more time and thought to the “beauty of simplicity” in architecture. To avoid the commonplace and the tawdry. Much of the filigree and so-called “ornamental” work of these conventional homes is a delusion and a snare, having two distinct disadvantages: it adds considerably to the cost of the building, and being exposed to the action of the weather rapidly decays, creating a continual bill of expense. So that my plea for homes built on simpler lines, has, in addition to the artistic question involved, the additional strength of tending toward economy.

It costs not a penny more to build a refined, artistic dwelling than it does to erect a house from a conventional design. Frequently it costs less. On the one hand, you own a home of real value that will please you as long as it lasts, a house

that you can readily re-sell should you wish to do so at any time. On the other hand, you possess a house very much like your neighbours; without any salient features; devoid of individuality; a dwelling place you will probably weary of in a few years' time.

There is yet another and important feature of the matter that demands attention. The home builder is, commonly enough, a man with a family and anxious that his children be brought up with com-

After moving into the house, "we studied the matter seriously," she says, "while looking at the ugly rough surface plaster which the builder had left at our request. All manner of wall covering, from tapestry and burlap to patent fresco washes, and from plain cartridge paper to sprigged and striped effects to correspond with the Colonial furniture, were discussed. Nothing seemed suitable. The plain colours were warranted to fade, and the fresco tints were pale and lifeless.



fort and in the best surroundings. Children are impressionable, and their environment has an undoubted influence in shaping their lives. What more than the home in which they live be, as Ruskin quaintly says, "built to last and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without."

* * * * *

A writer in a recent number of "Country Life in America" describes a novel and excellent method of securing attractive, harmonious and permanent colours for walls, at the price of good wallpaper.

We wanted to solve the problem for durability as well as for suitability. The idea came to use oil paints upon the rough walls; these would not fade and they would have a sufficient body. But oil colours were shiny, and that would not do. The walls would look like those of a hotel kitchen. But by using paint that has been mixed with turpentine instead of oil a dull surface is obtained—known as a 'flatted' finish. Instead of mixing our own lead and turpentine, as a matter of convenience we decided to try the experiment of taking from the cans of

ready-mixed paint that could be bought near by as much of the oil as possible and replacing it by turpentine. Fortunately we found that we could secure pails of paint that had been standing upon the shelves of the paint shop without being disturbed for some time. The lead, of course, had settled to the bottom, leaving the oil on top. This oil was carefully poured off, and enough turpentine was stirred into the residue to make the mixture flow well from the brush. The walls had by this time settled enough for cracks to appear. These were carefully filled in

to bring on melancholia, and how yellow walls gave the suggestion of great riches. We decided to have a great deal of yellow, especially in the reception hall. The mixing of colours could not be trusted to a workman who knew nothing of the result consequent upon putting blue and yellow together, or yellow and red, or of warm or cold tones. Having had some experience with colours on the palette, we attempted the mixing ourselves.

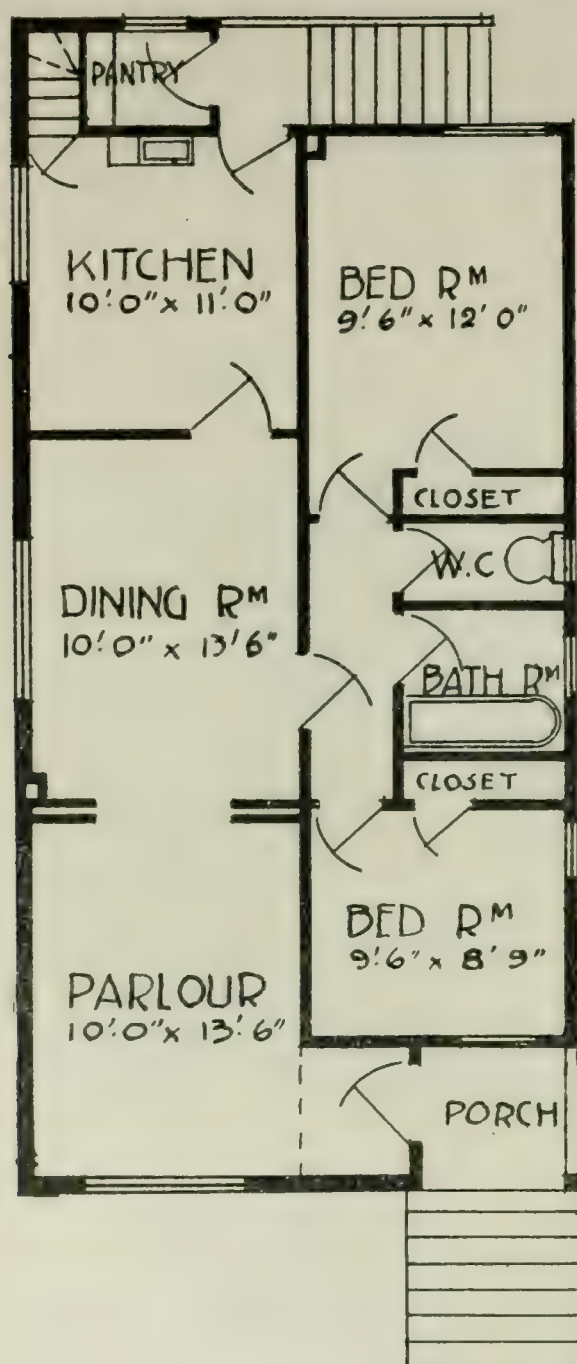
"The yellow selected for the reception hall looked pale and lifeless when put by the side of the dark oak woodwork, but



with plaster of paris, and the walls were covered with a sizing of glue. This was allowed to dry thoroughly. The reason for sizing the wall is to secure an even finish. If the glue is not applied, the wall will have a patchy appearance, caused by the fact that the paint will soak into some parts of the plaster, while on other parts it will stay on the surface. Then came the all-important question of colour. The colours of the trade looked raw and crude, and did not harmonize with the woodwork. We had read of the seriousness of wall colourings upon the mind—how insanity was produced by living in red rooms, how cold blue north rooms helped

a dash of vermillion gave the desired result. This mixture was put upon the walls of the hall, up the stairway, and through the upper hall. The woodwork and floor of the living room had been finished in a forest-green colour, so the wall covering of that room must be a lighter green, of the same shade. It was not an easy matter to get this, but by a judicious mixture of green, yellow and white the correct shade was found. In rooms where beam ceilings did not solve the ceiling question, the ceilings were painted the same colour as the side walls, with white enough in the mixture to lighten it considerably. This is in accordance with

the rule that from the floor the eye should be carried up to lighter tones. With slight changes in the mixtures, these colours were used for ail of the rooms in the house. Two coats of the paint were necessary in order to get a perfectly even surface. The result is a wall covering of



dull finish in exactly the shades needed to harmonize with the woodwork, and to make an unobtrusive and effective background for furnishings. When soiled the walls can be washed with soap and water. After a trial of eight years, the colours are as fresh and satisfactory to-day as when first applied, and when pictures are rehung there are no dark spots of unfaded colour behind them.

Nail holes are more obtrusive, perhaps than in walls covered with paper, but hanging pictures by wires from a molding is a better method anyway."

The expense of this decoration is about the same as that of paper of good quality. The experiment has proven a success both from an artistic and utilitarian point of view.

I am illustrating this month another form of bungalow, somewhat different to that described in my last paper. It is larger and very roomy even for its size yet can be built (important consideration) upon a small lot. A lot thirty-three feet by one hundred feet will take a bungalow like this and yet leave plenty of room on all sides.

I would suggest that a basement be built under the back part. This tends to keep the house dry and is of great service in storing wood, coal and provisions.

The cost being taken into consideration, a bungalow of this size gives splendid accommodation. It will have a pleasing appearance when finished and provide a singularly comfortable and convenient home.

In planning this house the aim has been to have the rooms conveniently arranged for the necessary furniture, to have light everywhere, and to simplify the plumbing by keeping the soil and supply pipes vertical and on an inside partition, though not enclosed by it, so that almost every foot of the pipes may be seen without tearing off either woodwork or plastering.

These remarks do not apply to the interior illustrated herewith. This is a suggestion for a more expensive house and is given to interest the man with larger means. A hall like this should be at least twelve feet square and finished in dull oak or cedar; a house with a hall of this size would cost about \$3,000 to \$5,000. I will illustrate the plans and elevations in a future number.

In conclusion, I would like to say that any inquiries coming from WESTWARD HO! readers, regarding the problems and difficulties confronting them, will be welcomed by me and answered as carefully as possible. Address me care WESTWARD HO!, Vancouver, B. C.

Motor-Boating in B. C. Waters.

THERE are many respects in which the asperities and privations of pioneer life are tempered like the wind to the shorn lamb.

When the adventurer of early days was entirely at the mercy of wind and wave, in a canoe or a small sailing boat, he literally threaded his way among the lovely islands of Puget Sound and the Straits of Georgia with his life in his hands. When the sky was clear and the sea calm he looked out on a panorama which is not surpassed even if it is

The pioneer of the fifties either survives or is represented today by his descendents who are no longer at the mercy of wind and wave but are able to penetrate the same silent waters, to view the same ideal scenery, and to carry their quest far beyond that of their predecessors by the aid of modern craft. It is no longer the canoe or sailing boat which idly drifts, with many a tack, over the face of the waters but the swift motor-boat which defies wind and wave and which with celerity and safety con-



Easthope Brothers' (Vancouver) Racing Launch, "Pathfinder."

equalled in any part of the world. It matters not where he found himself idly tossing upon the waves, whether as far south as Cape Flattery or as far north as Cape Scott he was surrounded by objects of marvellous beauty both on land and sea. A blue wave and a bluer sky, with green islands, tall pines and, in the background on every side snow-clad peaks. Many a sound, an inlet or a fiord penetrated the jagged coast line and up these he would steal, effect a landing, pitch his camp and sojourn for the night to pass on with the break of day further afield on his never-ending quest for the Eldorado.

veys the modern pioneer whether in quest of pleasure or of game. Motor-boating is not even a luxury; it has become a modern necessity. So popular is it and so well has the demand been catered for that a small well equipped motor-boat is within the compass of almost every man. In a third of the time, and with far greater ease, the coast line is swept and the inland waters are cruised. And what a marvellous Province British Columbia is for this sport of kings. What with a great westerly coast protected by Vancouver Island, innumerable inland lakes with their connecting rivers and deep inlets or sounds

cutting through the coast line for twenty, thirty or forty miles every variety of scenery and environment is furnished.

Suppose the pleasure seeker makes Vancouver his base, if he travels south

he may land on Mayne Island, enjoy the splendid hospitality of a comfortable hostelry and indulge in the best of sea fishing. Still further south within a couple of hours run he finds himself at



"Laurene," a Golden Motor Boat, owned by Thomas O'Brien.

a few hours lands him in the mouth of the mighty Fraser, where he may study "in situ" one of the most important and profitable of Canadian industries the

Salt Spring Island and may either touch at Sidney or make his way to Victoria the beautiful capital of the Province. Still with Vancouver as a starting point



The "Undan," one of Vancouver's Typical Seagoing Cruisers, Owned by F. M. Richardson.

salmon fishery. Emerging from the Delta of this wonderful river a few hours will bring him to Plumper's Pass, where

he may travel north and crossing the Straits of Georgia land at Nanaimo with its wonderful Departure Bay, its herring

fisheries and its historic coal mines. The waters of Burrard Inlet itself present many opportunities for picnics and pleasure rambles nearer home, such as Deep Cove and Indian River.

At this point it may be a matter of interest to mention that the motor-boats used at the Coast are principally of local

are the hulls built here and in Victoria but several firms of note are now constructing the engines.

The pleasure to be derived from a cruise along the coast is equalled on many of the fine lakes and rivers of the Interior. World-wide travellers aver that the Kootenay, Slocan and Okanagan lakes are not inferior in any respect to the famous and better known lakes of Switzerland, the only difference being that in British Columbia everything, including the scenery, is on a larger scale. These inland waters have for some years past become the summer resort of thousands of people who take their holiday camping out, by the aid of a motor boat; and as the country builds up it is certain that such a flotilla as is to be found, for instance at Nelson, will navigate all the accessible waterways of the Province. An illustration of the eagerness of the motor-boater to find anchorage in new waters is well evidenced in the case of some Victoria enthusiasts who took their boat by water from the Capital to Alberni and thence overland forty miles to Great Central Lake in the heart of Vancouver Island.



"The Avon."

manufacture and a large industry is now springing up at Coal Harbour. Not only



Vancouver's Motor Boat Building Industry.

A Pleasant Cruise.

J. A. Hinton.

TO many of our city dwellers, the attractions of charming spots almost at our doors are unknown, principally because they are accessible only to the lucky ones owning motor boats.

One of the most delightful trips within easy distance of Victoria is that portion of the Strait lying north of Sidney, dotted with islands of many shapes and sizes, furnishing sheltered waters for sixty miles, in which the smallest launch may safely plow its pleasant way through tortuous channels, in and out between the ever-verdant shores.

Beautiful sandy harbors at every turn invite a landing, and when a particularly tempting spot delights the view, you conveniently discover that the lunch hour is close at hand anyway, and that if you do not now take advantage of the fine stream of water that tumbles musically down the rocks, you may fare worse further along. It is strange what unanimity exists among the passengers when you propose this stop for lunch, for the seafarer develops an abnormal appetite.

It was on Friday, the 23rd of May, 1907, at noon, when we cleared the outer wharf at Victoria, bound on a two-days' holiday trip in a thirty-foot cabin cruiser of the Marblehead type, engined with a 10-horse-power two-cylinder Lozier engine. The day was clear and, though the sea was somewhat lumpy off Trial Island, as is usual, the sea was calm, and we plowed along merrily while the crew of three got things shipshape before settling down to loaf in the grateful sun.

From time to time we met steamers and other craft, whose crews or passengers gave us a passing salute, doubtless envious of our care-free, independent appearance, for we no doubt bore in our demeanour the knowledge that we owned the fairway.

As many readers are familiar with the unequalled panorama of sea, sky and mountains which meet the gaze from the Dallas Road and Beacon Hill, I will not attempt to describe it; sufficient to say that we appreciated it even more than usual that day.

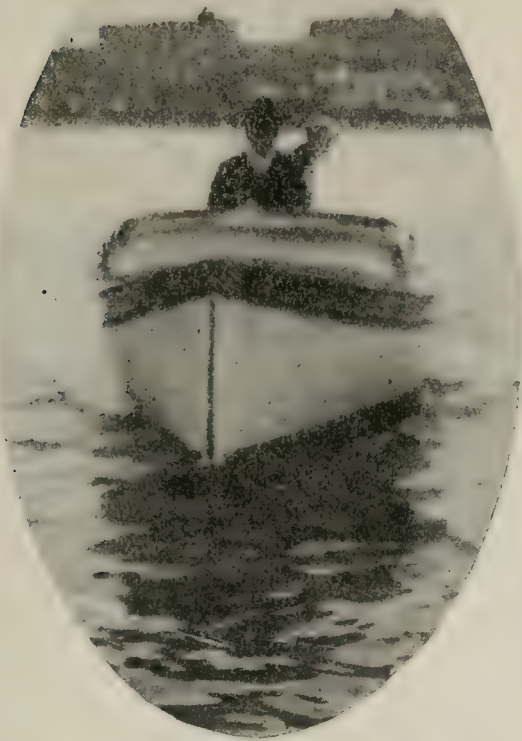
In an hour we were passing Ten-mile Point, and so entered on the only long stretch, comparatively uninteresting, in the whole voyage. Not having any definite objective point in view, we decided to shape our course towards San Juan Island, along which shore we coasted to Twin Point, and a short time after made Bidwell Harbour on Pender Island, and cast anchor in Mr. Ainslie's cove, and visited with that gentleman until about five o'clock, when we weighed anchor again to proceed to Old Point Comfort, on Mayne Island, where we decided to put up for the night.

It proved a very interesting trip that evening to Old Point Comfort. Ten minutes after leaving Mr. Ainslie's we entered the Pender Island Canal—not one of your sluggish tow-boat canals, but a canal about twenty feet wide and a bare quarter-mile long, excavated, through the middle of the island, by a paternal government for the convenience of the settlers. The approach is up Bidwell Harbour to the extreme end, and if you have not been here before, as in our case, you will have to look sharp to find the entrance to the canal, which opens up suddenly to your right when your boat's nose is almost against the rocks. Through this quaint canal, with its dense forest growth to the water's edge, we slid on a strong tide, and it seemed but a minute before we shot into the channel between Pender and Saturna Islands and from here on for the remaining fourteen miles we sailed between the islands in the violet evening haze, to anchor at

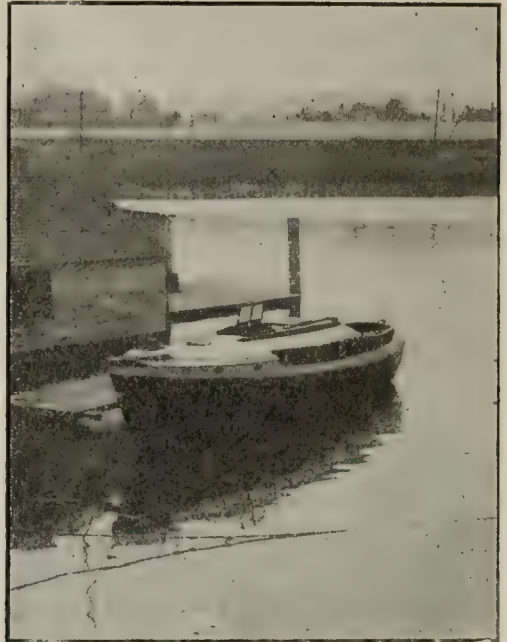
the Old Point Comfort Hotel, where we were plentifully provided with dinner also with beds in due course, which latter are to be preferred, when available, to the necessarily cramped sleeping quarters on the boat.

The next morning after breakfast we employed our time taking out parties of people for short trips, which they seemed to enjoy, while we waited for the Fraser River steamer to arrive, on which we expected a Vancouver friend to join our party. In due time we picked him up

pitality of some friends of ours. We lingered long beside the cheerful camp-fire that night, the time passing only too quickly with song and story, until bedtime. And how we did sleep after our long journey in the fresh sea air, and how we did enjoy our morning bath in the warm water on the sandy beach, for the water is very much warmer here than at Victoria. And breakfast! Oh, was



The "Haidee," a historical Motor-boat which has been all over the world, now owned by Mr. Wheatcroft of James Island, near Sidney.



"Comfort," in which the Cruise was made.

and bidding good-bye to our friends in the "Pass," we proceeded on our way up the Gulf side of Galiano Island, through the Cowichan Gap, and cruised for hours through the smaller islands abounding between Chemainus and Nanaimo, finally bringing up to anchor for the night at Thetis Island, where we enjoyed the hos-

there ever a breakfast that tasted so nice? Not on your motor boat!

We had now travelled about a hundred miles, and our homeward trip of sixty miles straightaway lay before us, for we planned to get back to Victoria this day (Sunday), to be ready for the weekly grind. Reluctantly we turned our prow southward, and made Victoria before church time in the evening—but didn't go.

This trip will long remain in our memories, and I hope my readers will some day themselves follow in our footsteps and they can blame me if they don't enjoy the trip. Really, I can think of no way you can spend a holiday more fittingly and contentedly than in this way.

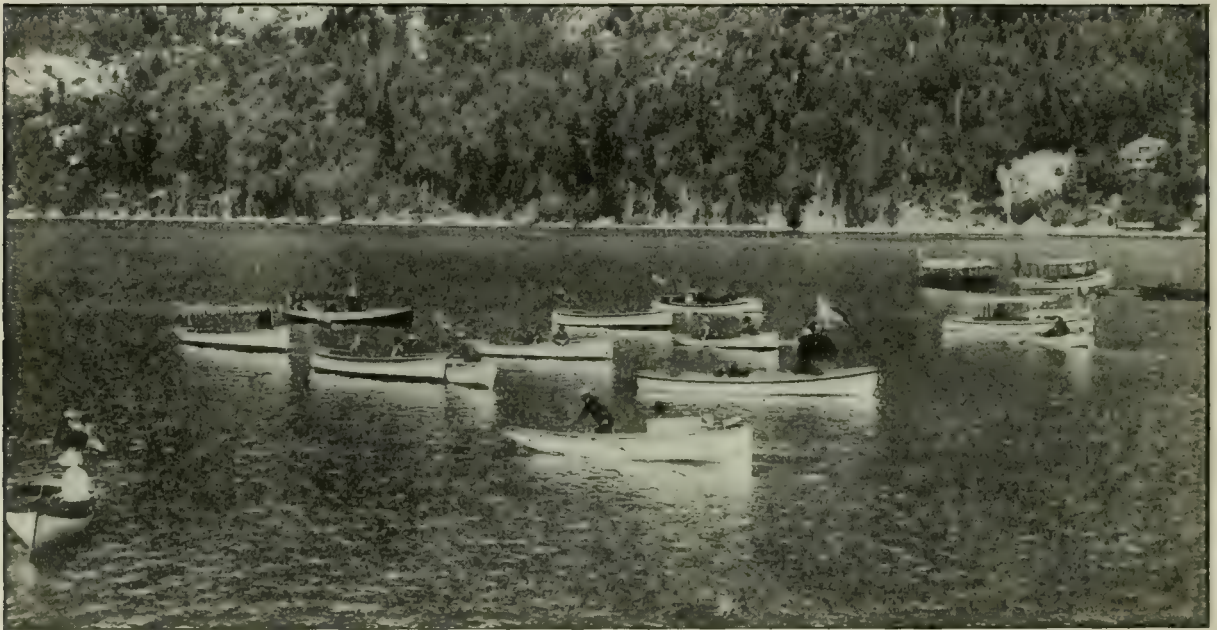
Motor-Boating on Kootenay Lake.

P. G. Ebbutt.

OF all the inland resorts of British Columbia, probably Nelson leads the way in motor-boating. Its situation at the end of the west arm of Kootenay Lake, a splendid body of water covering about 300 square miles, makes it peculiarly suited for all classes of water sports, and its inhabitants were not slow to realize this fact. The first gasoline boat was launched in Kootenay Lake in 1902, and in 1903 half-a-dozen

Nelson who have summer residences a few miles up the arm, and who regularly make use of launches for going to and fro.

The fleet consists of examples of launches ranging from 16 feet to 45 feet in length, and from one to forty-horsepower, practically every known make of engine being represented. In speed they range from 4 to 20 miles per hour. Most of the boats have been built on the lake,



Motor Boats on Kootenay Lake.

enthusiasts started a launch club. The club has had a successful career since that date, and now has a membership of over 50, and it is estimated that there are over 100 mechanically propelled boats on the lake, including a few steam launches. The ownership is not confined to devotees to sport, but many ranchers engaged in growing fruit on the lake shores, find a launch the easiest mode of reaching the city, and there are many professional men and others engaged in the city of

and there are three or four boat builders at Nelson, who make a specialty of launch building.

One of the finest boats is the "Laugh-a-lot," a beautiful launch built by the Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, New Jersey. She is 35 feet long and has a beam of 5 feet 6 inches; is mahogany built, and has a speed of 20 miles per hour. Her engines are Elco Express.

The Nelson Launch Club hold a most successful regatta annually, at which

many valuable prizes are competed for in various classes. The illuminated parade of decorated launches which winds up the proceedings, is one of the sights of the year, as the situation of the city lends

of about three-quarters of a mile. The scenery throughout is of the finest description—mountain, forest, and valley—and as there is a marked absence of high winds, a better spot for either a pleasure



The "Laugh-a-Lot," a Speedy Nelson Power Craft.

itself so well to a spectacular effect of this kind. Motor boating has certainly come to the Kootenay metropolis to stay and each year will doubtless see a considerable increase in the number of boats on the lake.

cruise or a speed trial trip would be hard to find. If a longer run is wanted than the West Arm affords, the main lake is easily reached through the Narrows at Procter, and by turning either to north or south, another fine and more extended



"Minnehaha," one of Nelson's Crack Pleasure Crafts.

No more suitable conditions for the sport could possibly be found than are presented by Kootenay Lake. The West Arm is a beautiful sheet of water extending in an easterly direction from Nelson for about 20 miles, with an average width

run can be enjoyed. The main lake extends for something like 100 miles, with an average width of two to three miles. The scenery here is wilder than on the West Arm, and many are the fine peaks running up to eight or nine thousand

feet which come into view, especially towards the northern end.

The fishing in the lake is of the best, beautiful spots for camping abound, fine

weather is the rule and rain the exception, and all things considered the lines of the Nelson motor boater are cast in pleasant places.

The Other Side.

Irene M. McColl.

JOHN LAWRENCE sat before the open fire in the library. He was dreaming of a day and moment long ago, when a certain brown-eyed girl had promised to become his wife. They had been very happy for a little while, and then the girl had changed as swiftly as a cloud obscures the sun. Why, he had never known. But she had gone away out of his life, without a word.

Years had passed—he had become successful, rich. As he sat in the glow of the firelight, and looked back across his life, faraway dreams of youth drifted out of the past. And clearly as he had seen her that last day, the brown-eyed girl glanced shyly up at him. He bent over her once again—saw the quick blushes come upon her cheek, heard the wind sighing in the pine-trees——

"John."

On the silence of the room a voice had fallen like a chord of low, sweet music.

The gray-haired man sprang to his feet and faced about. He had been dreaming, surely!

"John! dear John!" The pleading tones held an intensity of longing.

"Kathleen, Kathleen, where are you?" he called, passionately.

"You cannot see me, dear," replied the voice. "I have come back to-night from the Other Side. And I can only stay a little while. Oh, John, John! why couldn't we have been happy together, always?" The sweet voice broke pitifully.

"Kathleen, God knows, you know, I

loved you!" burst from Lawrence's white lips, as he held out eager arms to the empty air whence came the voice.

"But I didn't know then it was honour had kept you silent, John! And, oh, but the days were lonely without you!" wailed the unseen, as a frightened child cries in the dark.

Lawrence shivered as though an icy blast had passed him.

"But I thought you knew, that you understood!" he exclaimed.

"How could I? You never told me. It was as if a shadow had fallen between us, and I was afraid, afraid!"

"God, if we could only live it all over again," groaned Lawrence.

"And I searched for you everywhere until I found you, John! And now I must give my message quickly. It is written that you are to become 'One of Us' three weeks from to-night. Don't be afraid, dear—it's only a step. And I am to come for you. John! John! After all the heartaches and the long, long years, we will be together again—where there is no parting, no dying, no misunderstanding!" The girl's voice rose and fell, now sharp with agony, now thrilling in an ecstasy of hope.

Then John Lawrence felt the touch of unseen lips upon his brow—the lingering touch of unseen hands upon his shoulders—and he cried in an abandonment of longing: "Kathleen! Kathleen! Let me go with you, now!"

"Not yet—but soon." The whisper faintly reached him.

A flame leaped up higher than the rest and scattered sparks across the room. One fell upon his hand, and, with a start, he turned—then went over to his desk.

Three weeks to live! Just three! And he had found Kathleen again—had heard her voice! The years were not to triumph over them—the scheming world would after all be foiled. It seemed like an eternity until he should see her as she had promised.

For a long time he sat thinking, then deliberately drew toward him some writing materials. He had always despised the men who left everything to chance—who never prepared for a threatened storm—and was determined that all should be made plain, that the world need know, when *he* had gone.

He never questioned Kathleen's message—he held it as his salvation. It meant release from passionate regret, the old unrest that haunted him. Success, honour, wealth—what had they given him, when that which he had prized most was taken?

Kathleen had been of his faraway youth, her memory was linked with the scent of roses, the call of birds and love!

The little clock on the shelf chimed three. John Lawrence folded the letters placed them in the desk and passed upstairs to his room. He went directly to an old bureau, opened a drawer, and took out an envelope. There fell into his hand a lock of hair. The light played on the brown curl in a shifting, golden sheen.

"I wonder if it is brown-gold still?" he mused, as he replaced it in the envelope.

Three weeks later, he sat before his desk in the library, for the last time. The

little clock on the shelf ticked away the minutes just as it had for years. But tonight each sound seemed to hold a deeper meaning than ever before. Even the crackling of the fire, the whispering wind, bore some vague message to him.

On the desk lay several documents. In as far as possible he had left nothing undone. Now he had only to wait. She would come—he never doubted that. And he was ready to go—glad with the hope of eternal happiness. So he waited in the quiet room, listening for her faintest whisper.

The hours crept by. The fire died down, but Lawrence did not notice. He was thinking of many things, of the way he had taken in his youth. He had been wrong! And yet, he had honestly thought he was right. Old memories sweet as love, bitter as hate, came back to him in a flood.

"Kathleen, Kathleen! I am ready!" he called, passionately, as a wave of longing smote him.

Softly, and faint as the chime of distant bells, came a voice, saying, "John! John!"

The man sprang to his feet, his arms outstretched.

"Kathleen, Kathleen, darling, I am ready!" His voice thrilled with the joy of victory.

"Come, then, come! Oh, John! John!"

The scent of roses, the call of birds, wonderful music came nearer and nearer.

John Lawrence took one step toward the voice—and fell.

Dead? No. He had only taken the little step between this life and the "Other Side"—where Kathleen waited for him.



The Retail "Cloister."

A. N. St. John-Mildmay.

THE retail storekeeper is the true modern analogue to the monk of the ancient cloister.

The quality of the pity which the progressive sentiment of the West accords to the monks and nuns of the middle age is unmistakeably more akin to contempt than to love.

The "Religious" are generally regarded by us as pitiable specimens of humanity.

This is very far from being a just historical verdict.

The place of monkery in the aggregate is a far from contemptible one in the history of the world, or of world-forces.

As individuals, the exponents of the vowed life have been often truly great, as well as truly loveable men.

If this is so, monasticism is not to be dismissed as a semi-barbarous freak of diseased minds, but should rank as a prime fact in history and therefore as a factor to be reckoned with in anthropology.

The discerning person will not dismiss it with, say, Dowieism or Zionism, as a gigantic but historically negligible ulcer upon society, but will at least accord it a place alongside of such a movement as, say, the Salvation Army.

Modern naturalist thought feels rightly a certain pity for these enthusiasts, not forgetting that the medieval ideal of the vowed life has hundreds of thousands of devotees in the Roman Catholic Church and perhaps some thousands in the brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the English church in many lands today.

One must needs pity man or woman who, under the influence of enthusiasm, has bound himself by terrific oaths, sincerely believed in, to lifelong conditions, which are properly those of childhood only.

The vows of the "religions" are, under every variety of "rule," essentially the same. Perpetual poverty, perpetual virginity, and perpetual obedience in the smallest details of life to an artificially adopted "Father" or "Mother."

Nature clothes every child as it grows out of the status of infancy with three unmistakeable liveries, as plainly as it invests the trees of the forest with leaf, flower, and berry in their season. Puberty arrives at its own particular day and hour; self-realisation of the will, the faculty of not only acting but choosing between actions develops itself less suddenly, but not less certainly: the instinct of self-support makes itself clearly, even painfully, felt at a certain stage of the development both of the bodily tissues and of the discursive understanding. The triple vow ignores these natural, universal, almost physiological changes, which distinguish the landscape of grown-up life from the garden of childhood, exactly as the hardening of the tissues, and again the sloughing of the shell and the coming of the wings, distinguish the larva from the chrysalis, and the chrysalis from the dragon-fly, respectively.

"Nature," said Lord Bacon, "is only to be conquered by obeying her."

The cardinal mistake of monasticism was to lay violent hands upon her, and the forgotten sufferings no less than the unforgotten vices of the cloister have vindicated Lord Bacon's discernment and Nature's infallibility.

"Naturam expellas furca," said a Roman poet, "tamen usque recurret."

"You may drive nature out with a pitchfork ever so often, yet she will force her way back."

But Nature is a difficult word to define. Human nature was created free, yet everywhere while the world was

dominated by Roman ideals she was in chains.

The gossamer fetters of Benedict and Ignatius Loyola were no bad exchange for the iron manacles of Roman "patriotism"—Caesarism.

Better forswear wiving with Jerome and Cassian than divorce an innocent wife for the sake of political ambition with Julius Caesar, or prostitute consummate genius to the preaching of promiscuity with Petronius Arbiter, and the Romanesque novelists of a certain modern French school.

And so, in a sort of despair, the better portion of mankind, finding that the Roman strait-waistcoat had turned poor human nature into an ungovernable brute, embraced the ideal of monasticism with so much enthusiasm that by the time of St. Bernard (the last great monk of the twelfth century) an actual majority of the lettered population of Europe were attached either directly, or indirectly, by means of an affiliation which was perhaps little more than nominal, to one or other of the great religious orders. Some sort of monastic profession became not only popular, but fashionable.

It is no wonder then that monkery had a hand in nearly all the great movements of thought and great national achievements of the period immediately preceding the local European Reformations.

Meanwhile the markets and marriage-markets of the world, though seriously affected by a system of wholesale religious protection, did not experience any appreciable set back. Men continued to amass wealth and beget children, as if no such things as the vows of poverty and chastity had ever appeared to challenge their right to exist. Then a large section of society, presumably the most desirable section, voluntarily withdrew both from commerce and wiving. One result has been that the Christian races of the present day are for the most part lineally descended from the refuse, instead of from the flower, of medieval European society. Another result is the social and economical one: commerce was left to those few who were unable to rise to the ideal level of the vow of poverty, or to the level of any ideal what-

ever. Therefore, commerce became less and less honourable, less and less honest. There were no more merchant princes; the race of usurers became the kings of a new form of commerce, heartless and soulless.

The mere abolition of the monasteries which has been slowly going on throughout Europe for four hundred years, could not bring back the breath and temper of the past. The Rothschilds and the Vanderbilts and the Strathconas may have transcended the private incomes, but they have not risen to the inspiring level of Cicero, the millionaire father of his country, or Lorenzo the magnificent, the erudite maker of Florence and Fiesole.

What if it should be the mission of this wonderful new world of ours, Western and Middle Western Canada, to bring back the soul of commerce to its ancient seat, the merchant's office and the retailer's counter? That the soul of commerce died out, when the Christian monks took it into their heads to renounce the world, is not the fault of merchant or shopkeeper, ancient or modern—it is the fault of the rulers, the intellectual rulers, of Christian society—the ecclesiastical organisation of the Christian church, the shepherds, who gave no true lead when their flocks credited them with infallibility, and who have allowed the commercial classes to bolster up and use them, as a subservient Board of Control, long after these classes had ceased to have any spiritual use for them.

It is not the fault of the shopkeepers. They had to do something with the clergy, and (rather than take the certainly unpopular, and seemingly unkind, though honest, course of telling them that the pastor's crook was no longer worth a cent, since the human mind had improved its freehold by dividing up its various fields and duly fencing them with right reason and free enquiry,) they kept them on, to stand in the gaps, not being minded to become scientific fencers themselves and being both a little lazy, and also a little distrustful of the new patents.

The time has come when even the fear

of the fences breaking down, and of the possibility of gaps has practically ceased. And the obsolete pastoral crook-holders, being meditative folk and knowing all the excellences of these newly discovered devices and patents far better than the lazy class of the retailers (whose business is not with fences but with the feeding, fleecing and butchering departments) should have the honesty to efface themselves, and join either the sheep or the shearers and meat merchants (according to their natural predilection or fitness). But so far they draw their wages obstinately as of old, for a while.

The men of trade will not keep up the farce for any very prolonged while, averse though they be, as a class, to any the least new departure—for new departures are very far from being shopkeepers' business.*

In all this the shopkeeper of what may be called the Press epoch (from about 1,500, when printing became general, to the present day when wire and wireless communications are heralding the new era of auricular, in place of ocular, diffusion of information) has wrought a great work in the world, while meriting all the time the same measure of compassion which most people accord to the anchorites and monks of a still earlier epoch.

Assuredly the shopkeeper's life is a hard one, in many ways an unnatural and inhuman one. He renounces, during the greater part of the daylight hours and, in most cases, during a large part of the night also, his common human freedom, and renounces also or at least voluntarily annihilates whole departments of his nature. "Annihilates" is not the correct word, any more than it is in the case of the monkish devotee. For nature will not be pitchforked. It takes, in the shopkeeper's case, as in the monk's, its own terrible revenge.

I read a pathetic letter in the Vancouver

**This is why they hold on, as a class to that old-fashioned and annually less remunerative side line of ecclesiastical self-advertisement, which includes church wardenships and class leaderships in Sunday Recreation Schools, Temperance sermonettes, etc.*

"Province" from a wage-earner; pathetic because it showed the persistent blindness of the wage-earning labourer to this unnatural limitation which makes every progressive thinker hope for the elimination of the modern shop-keeper from the society of the future. "I have saved some \$300 by hard work," said the writer, "and I desire to set up a stock of goods in order to earn at a better rate than I can hope to do upon wages."

Is that form of property which consists in "looking after" a transient turnover of goods which are destined for other people and bear no remotest reference to the "owner's" personal wants or individual taste, so much to be coveted, that the average craftsman and wage-earner is glad to abandon his human freedom and mutilate his human nature for the sake of the greater amount of gold which it may possibly enable him to accumulate?

Or does it confer—and if so ought it to confer—a status and social sweetness, which the worker and the worker's family may reasonably take in exchange for the painful renunciations of his human heritage which make the store of today, and the cloister of an elder day, such a tragic spectacle to the enlightened naturalist?

To both questions the answer, under the deplorable conditions of modern retail trade, can only be the affirmative one.

"They may load the tables of the money-changers with the fruits of Gomorrah and the nectar of asps, but so long as men live by bread the lovely valleys will laugh, as they are covered with the gold of God, and the cry of His happy multitudes ring around the wine-press and the well."

Such was John Ruskin's rural economy thirty years ago: and, though the Hebrew cadences have a quaint sound in the pages of a treatise on political economy, the criticism of our bigoted faith in the modern city and its methods is a supremely wholesome one.

Compare the essential dignity of man as the most complicated and highly developed of living organisms, with the spectacle of man as a storekeeper, be-

tween a pile of ledgers and a wall of plate-glass.

What is his poor body doing all day long? Where is the play of mind, the parade-ground of virtue, the exhilarating experience of ever-changing environment, the growing weather for high social instinct, the tonic influence of friendship subtly evolved from mere acquaintanceship, which raises human life, when emancipated from the mart and its kennel chain, so certainly and delightfully above the life of dogs and cattle and cabbages?

Where is the coming of doubt and the growth of serene knowledge — that knowledge which "grows from more to more," amid the subdued tones, the conventional suavity, the veiled cunning, and the calculating and monotonous cruelty of the business of selling something to somebody who needs it, for a little more than they need pay, or better still to somebody who does not need it at all? May he never raise his voice, or stretch his limbs, or romp, or dance, or take a snooze, or promote the world's happiness by calling his fellow-man names, when his fellow-man deserves it May he never shout, or whistle, or argue, or bury himself in a book, or discuss the ball game in uproarious controversy with a dozen like-minded mates, or bonnets with his girl—your poor shopman?

By all these things men live and keep going.

From all these things your shopman is vigorously excluded by a rule of decorum and voice modulation more rigid than any Franciscan or Trappist rule of silence.

At one time there seemed a hope that the five-cent slot machine might be capable of infinite development.

Some of the retail watch-dog's work again has been eliminated, by the intervention of the Mail Order Catalogue and the Department Store. But the Bee-Hive of the Department Store depends upon the maintenance of mechanical slaving drones, whose environment is as far as ever from the dignity of freedom, and who are as far from nature and wholesomeness as the solitary retail-spider behind his plate-glass web.

Poor sombre spider! There is only one direction in which you can ever hope for eventual relief from your cloistered imbecillity. And that shall be when men can trust one another, and there shall be no more thought of thieving.

Agriculture, manufacture and distribution of commodities, and money were not originally devices of warfare. Commerce was not originally the battlefield of human wasps, but the emporium for the mutual exchange of human necessities and conveniences.

The Fair was the place of fair exchange, and gold as the most beautiful of substances was the appropriate medium of these beneficent exchanges of commodities. Is there no room in the world for a City of Trust? One man's skill is to make loaves; another's to weave bales of cloth; a third breeds horses; others again produce chisels, steam-engines, silk, furniture, buildings of frame or masonry, automobiles, feeding-bottles, poems, newspapers, liquid refreshment, shoe-polish, saddles, ships, tooth-brushes.

In the City of Trust there is a warehouse or emporium for each of these things, where either actual samples, or working models, or plans and pictures are freely accessible to purchasers.

At the door of the warehouse is an open vessel of gold, and an open basket or letter-box. If the purchaser finds the article he wants, he removes it, and places the amount of the price, as marked in the money-vessel, and a written record of his purchase in the letter box.

If otherwise, he deposits in the box a formal order for the delivery of the article according to the model or picture shown, if it is deliverable, or a request for work to commence on the more elaborate House, or Ship, or Steam-engine which he requires, together with his I. O. U. for the price thereof.

Our pride of civilisation is all a delusion if these things are impossible. They are wholly possible, so soon as society recognizes that honesty is the best policy. The most exalted Christian morality has failed to abolish dishonesty—failed miserably and of course.

It is not exalted ideals, but a simple

calculation of personal and individual advantage which can best abolish it.

Thus: "I am one against seven hundred millions. Or, looking to the city in which I live only, I am one against sixty thousand.

"However wholesale an over-reacher and robber I may be under present day conditions, I cannot possibly acquire so much gold per diem or per annum, as the aggregate honesty towards me of

fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine fellow citizens will put into my pocket, in the same period, under the Reign of Trust.

In the city of confidence the thief will be only a fool for his pains.

Only in the city of confidence and the Commerce of Trust, will the retail watchdog be abolished: and the policeman with him.

And the way to it is not difficult.

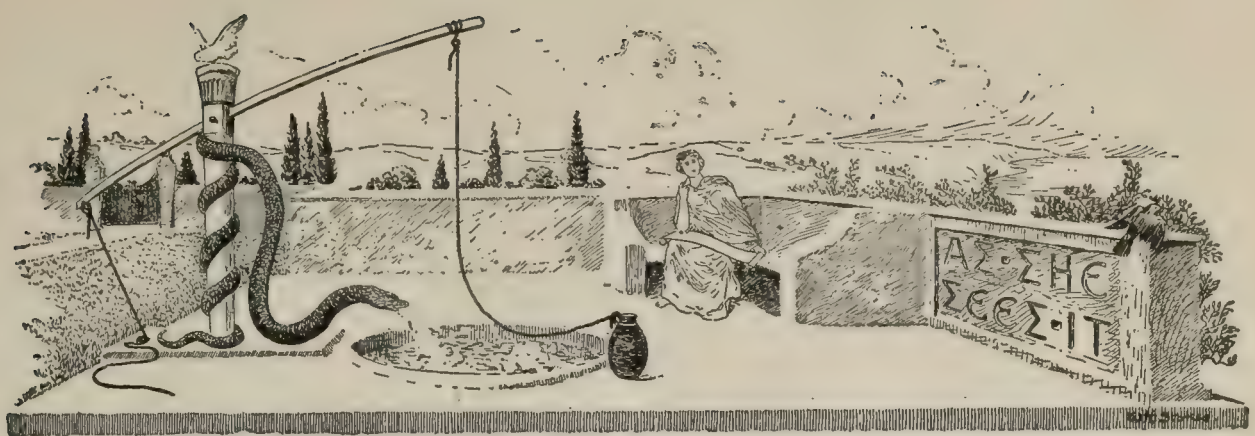
Spring.

Springtime again with scented breath,
Its northern visit pays,
And every dale within the park,
Rings with the songster's praise.
Glad rippling notes of hope and love,
Sweet pioneers of spring,
And every scent that loads the breeze,
A thousand memories bring.

Of sunny homes and gardens gay,
Meadows and moorland brown.
Remote from every carking care,
And turmoil of the town.
"Unconscious o'er each backward year,"
The free soul wings its way.
To where, along that brambled lane,
The happy children play.

But springtime hath another mood,
Gay, sinister, and bold,
For every red-nosed friend of mine,
Has got a dasty cold,
Eved dow that sad depressiod creeps,
Idto the heart of be,
The Debod has be by the throat,
By gidger! At-tish-ee-e!

The soft wids burbur id the trees.
The requieb of the years!
But I bust go ad get to bed,
This cold is "sobethig fierce."



Verita.

THE Salvation Army in Canada is to be commended for the way in which it has endeavoured to assist, not only the women of this country to obtain much needed domestic help, but also young women of European countries to emigrate. It has been said, that in spite of the clamour for domestic servants, surprisingly few matrons have applied for those brought out by the Salvation Army. The reason, or one reason, is this—the employer has to advance the sum of fifty dollars for the girl's travelling expenses; this amount to be deducted from her salary. This is a very reasonable arrangement, but it is only the quite wealthy who care to advance money for such a purpose, at any rate until they have seen the girls. In the case of the young woman not suiting, her employer has to keep her in the home until the fifty dollars is paid back—or lose it. It is true that as the minimum wage is twenty dollars, it would not be many months to wait, but still three months is quite long enough for an unsuitable or incompetent servant to produce considerable discomfort in a home.

It has often happened that a girl has had the best of credentials, and has without doubt, been an excellent servant while in England, but as soon as she lands in America, she has been known to assume a very different attitude—to adopt the American idea that the man is as good as his master. She seems to assume that she is conferring a favour

on her employer by allowing him or her to pay her a big wage in return for the highest of duties. These types, however, never come out with the intention of remaining domestics; they know that they will have opportunities for bettering themselves, and they want to begin at once.

One may now consider the really capable, energetic and refined English servant, who takes a position in a Canadian home. What sort of treatment does she receive? If she is the kind of woman just mentioned, there is no occasion to suppose, for one minute, that she will want to be treated as one of the family, by taking her place at the family board, or meeting the family friends and relations. She won't want anything of the sort—and why should she? She is independent in the best sense, and is certainly not interested in her employer's family or private affairs. She knows her place and wants no other, but she will not submit to being treated like a drudge, or spoken to as many women speak to their Chinaman. She cannot be expected to share her kitchen with Chinese servants, as she has in some cases been asked to do. Much depends on the mistress whether she can keep her servants, or whether she is always changing them.

The servant problem is not confined to Canada. In England as well, people are complaining of the difficulty experienced in obtaining good domestics. It is true that there are always thousands of men and women out of work in both

countries, but often they are neither fit for, nor wish to be domestic servants.

One could not very well have a poor girl, fresh out of the slums of any big city for one's parlour maid. One might take her into one's home and teach her to cook and do housework, but it would be a long time before she was worth thirty dollars a month. The domestic servant class in England is really a class unto itself.

It is a fact that higher education has caused the ranks of this class to diminish. The girls are now taught French, music, and drawing in the free board schools, and when they grow up, they want to be teachers, or anything but servants.

If these are the conditions in England, how is Canada going to be supplied with this class of people from that country?

It is well known that, in Africa and India, the native coolies make ideal servants. For some years Canada was well supplied with a coolie class from China, and there will always be many people who will testify to the solid comfort they have enjoyed when employing these people.

These coolies have been partly excluded from the country, because of their encroachments on the interests of the white working man. However much the Canadian white labourer may resent the presence of John Chinaman in this country—and doubtless he is justified in his resentment—it must be remembered that there are other people in Canada besides the labouring man, who want the good things of this life, and there will be many families in our beautiful cities of homes who will regret the absence of John or Sing in the kitchen.

HOME LIFE.

There is very little of the old fashioned home life lived in America today. People are giving up their homes to live in apartment houses and the luxurious hotels. There are of course reasons for this state of things. One reason may be found in the previous paragraphs—scarcity of domestic help. People who have the means to live comfortably are perfectly justified in living where they will

get the most comfort. Why should people do their own cooking and housework or put up with inefficient servants, when they can have every luxury at a hotel or apartment house? It has been urged that a woman should not be ashamed to do her own housework,—that it is woman's duty to order her home,—but some women have other destinies to fulfill. The wives of prominent men of all professions, have many important social duties to perform,—not always pleasures by any means, but duties owed to the position in which their husbands have placed them, and to society in general. The well known doctor or lawyer does not clean out his office in the morning, he pays somebody else to do it, and so, the well educated, accomplished woman in society should not be expected to scrub her kitchen floor.

There are other reasons which are not so justifiable. In the prevailing rush after pleasure, women are inclined to think the ties of housekeeping and the nursery are tiresome, and so try to free themselves from these things. If they continue to take this course, however, home life will be a thing of the past. What will be the effect on the nation? Just as—

“Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the great wide ocean, and the golden strand,”

so individuals make the nation. The life of the individual man or woman begins in the home. A good home makes a good citizen, and good citizens build up a fine nation. It is hardly putting it too strongly to say that the future of the nation depends on the present conditions and influences of the national home life.

Many good women see and deplore the evils of society. A Massachusetts lady has petitioned the governor of that state to take measures for the establishment of a department to regulate and elevate home life. The fathers and mothers of the nation, are the authorities who can best preserve the old and highest ideals, and those who do this will serve their country as truly as ever did a Nelson or a Wolfe.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

Women are rapidly coming to the fore in the field of literature. They have proved themselves successful as short story writers, dramatists and novelists. While it may be said that no woman writer has achieved the fame of such writers as Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray, let us not forget that woman has just begun to take her place as man's equal, and as yet has not had the opportunities which have been offered to the male sex.

The influence of good and wholesome literature is felt far and wide, and women should remember that it is their duty to give to the world through their literary works, an influence only for the best.

There have been many attacks on the character of the novels of modern women writers. These writers have fearlessly attacked the problems of the relations of men and women. When these problems are treated with a view to raising the standard of morality, it is surely better to praise than condemn these writers.

There are now few outdoor sports in which women do not indulge. It is almost as necessary for a woman to be an enthusiast for outdoor games as it is for her to be beautiful and well dressed.

Golf and hockey are favorite games of modern times, but the ladies of some centuries ago were excellent horse-back riders. One reads of fine ladies, who thought it necessary to faint at the slightest exertion, suddenly taking long and desperate rides to escape some pursuer, or to become a bride against the commands of cruel parents. The English woman of today is noted for her prowess in the Hunting Field.

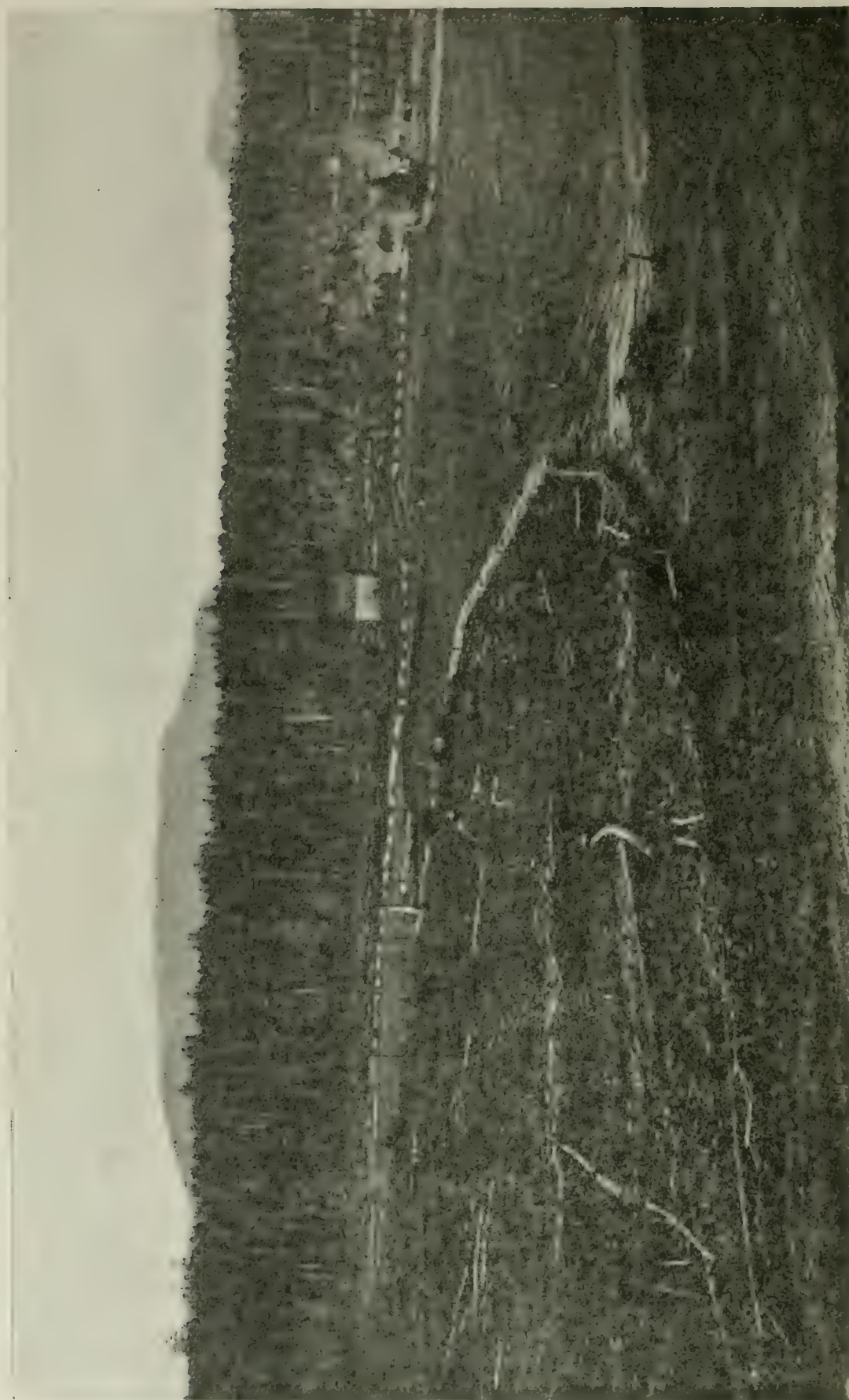
It is not that women join the ranks of Big Game hunters, but some intrepid wives have followed their husbands into the jungles of Africa and other tropical countries, and have won the coveted trophies by their fearlessness and skill with the rifle.

In the olden days, ladies played at archery, which was both a graceful and healthy pastime. It is surprising that this really graceful form of amusement has not been revived; it would be a popular substitute for the more boisterous sports, just as the modern games of ping-pong and diabolo have been.

There has been a reaction against the modern athletic girl, but in spite of opposition she has come to stay, and most of us are glad of it.



S.P.O.



A Farm, Showing how the Land is Cleared and the Fences Gradually Pushed Back.

Alberni District.

WITH railway construction in active operation through the district of Alberni and the renewed activity over the whole of the West Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, the Bureau of Provincial Information with commendable promptitude has published a splendidly illustrated bulletin devoted to this district. Herbert Carmichael, assistant

mountains and valleys, with a general main ridge forming the backbone.

The eastern shore, bordering as it does an inland sea, presents a comparatively unbroken shore line; while the west coast lashed by the fury of the Pacific Ocean, has been cut up by a number of long arms or fiords, penetrating deeply into the land. From this peculiarity it is astonishing to find that, while the island



Alberni Canal, Looking South.

mineralogist, supplied the data and information from which the following is taken:—

Vancouver Island is situated on the south-western seaboard of British Columbia, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. The general direction of the island is northwest and southeast; it is 280 miles long by an average of 50 miles wide. There are no great stretches of level land, the general features being

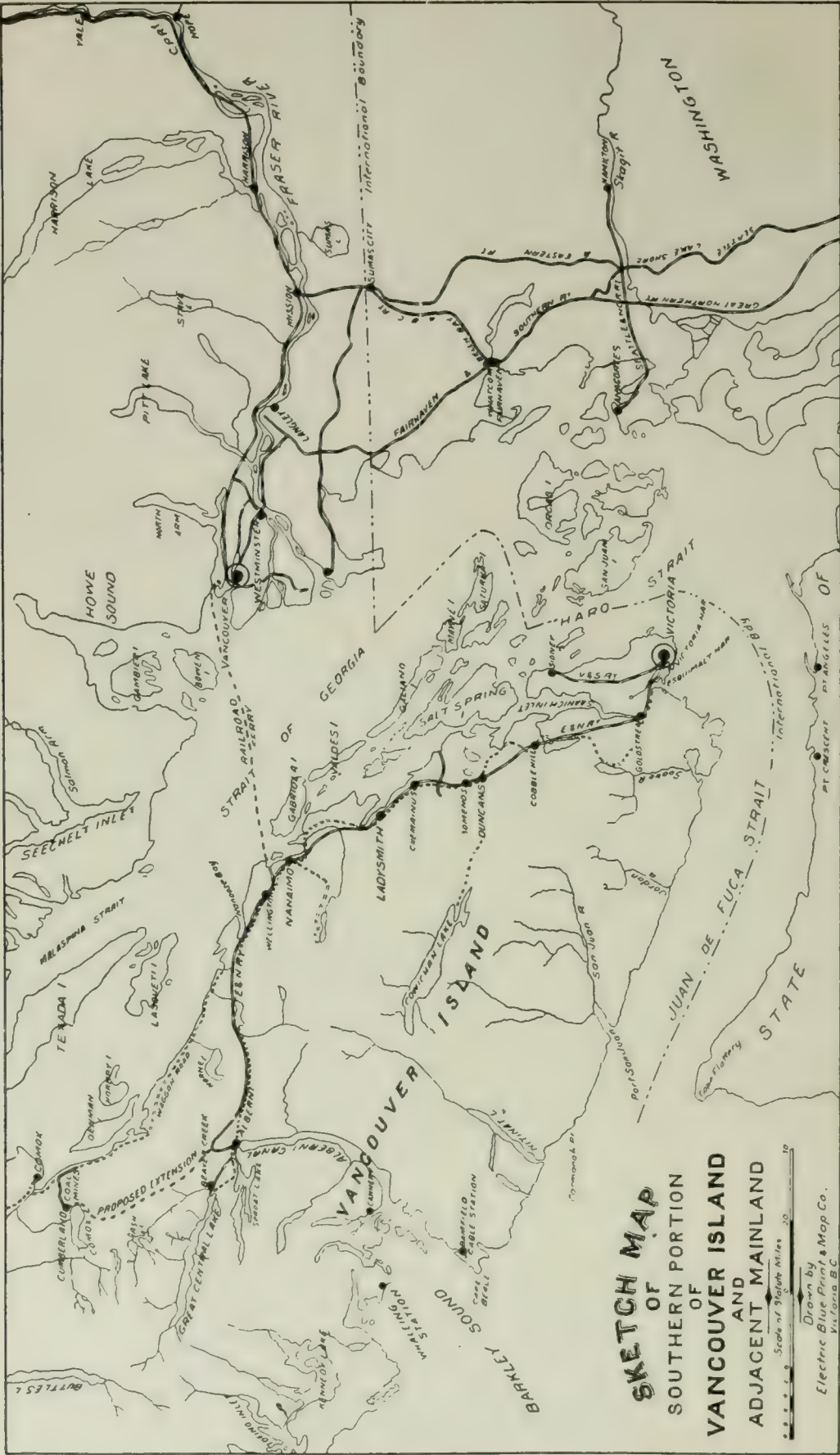
is only 280 miles long, the coast line of the western shore has a length of 1,300 miles, exclusive of islands.

These long arms of the sea, navigable by the deepest draught vessels, form splendid waterways and are a great factor in the opening up of the island.

Of these long fiords, only two penetrate through the main mountain range, viz., Quatsino Sound to the north, and the Alberni Canal, a little south of the

middle of Vancouver Island. The latter inlet nearly cuts the island in two, being only 14 miles from the eastern shore.

a Spanish officer, Don Pedro Alberni, who was in command of a company of volunteers in the expedition to Nootka.



The town and valley of Alberni is situated at the head of this stretch of water. The Alberni Canal was named after

It is probable that this inlet was known to the Spaniards as early as 1790; the entrance is marked on their charts and

called Archipelago de Nitinat. From the time the Spaniards left Nootka nothing is heard of Alberni, or, in fact, of the whole of the west coast of Vancouver Island until comparatively recent years.

Messrs. Anderson, Anderson & Co., of London, England, besides their business of ship-owners and ship-brokers, had an interest in a ship-building and ship-repairing dock and yard at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the Thames. About the year 1855 it was brought to the notice of this firm that there were on Vancouver Island large tracts of forest land containing Douglas pine and other valuable timber suitable for masts and spars and for general ship-building purposes. In 1860 they sent out their agent, Captain Stamp, to Vancouver Island, and he selected Alberni as the most suitable place to erect a saw-mill, not only on account of the great wealth of timber, but in view of the ease with which it could be shipped to foreign markets.

In August of 1860, Mr. Gilbert M. Sproat was sent by the Government of the Province with the armed vessels "Woodpecker" and "Meg Merrilies," to take over from the Indians the land which had been granted to the Andersons in consideration of their building a saw-mill and opening up the district. The negotiation with the Indians was satisfactorily arranged, and a saw-mill of very considerable capacity was built, and cargoes of spars, masts, and lumber were shipped to all parts of the world. The business became a large and important one, and was continued for some years until the mill was burnt down, which, owing to a depression in trade occurring shortly afterwards, was never re-built. The operations of the Company were for some time in charge of the Mr. Sproat referred to, who is well-known in British Columbia, having written a book on the Indians of the west coast of Vancouver Island.

While the mill was in operation a small steamer, "The Thames," was sent out, and for some time made regular voyages between Alberni and Victoria, and also towed the Company's vessels up and down the canal.

A period of stagnation marks the time from the shutting down of the mill until the year 1886. In that year the Andersons decided to survey a portion of their land into a townsite, which was called Alberni, and from that time till the present there has been a slow but gradual development of the district.

To facilitate their transactions in land and other matters, the Andersons decided to incorporate their Vancouver Island interests into one company. This was done, and the Alberni Land Company, Limited, was licensed under the laws of British Columbia in the year 1906.

In view of its large undertakings in Alberni, the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company has acquired a substantial interest in the Alberni Land Company, thus giving the railroad access to a splendid deep water ocean harbour. The operations of this Company will, in the future, be largely controlled by the railway company, which will push the development of the town with the vigour that has characterized its actions in the past.

Captain Vancouver, referring to Alberni, has written in his journal, 1792:—"To describe the beauties of this region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of the skilful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted nature puts forth require only to be enriched by the industry of man with villages, mansions, cottages and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined, while the labours of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded in the bounties which nature seems ready to bestow on civilisation.

The Alberni Valley is 25 miles long by five broad, extending in a north-westerly direction. To the east it is guarded by the Beaufort range of hills, while to the west it is bounded by a sea of yet unnamed mountains. It partly includes two large lakes, and is well watered by numerous rivers and streams.

The townsite of Alberni has a most happy situation. It rises with a gentle slope back from a spacious harbour, a

mile wide by a mile and a half long, with good anchorage, free from dangers and reached by a deep fiord from the ocean, called the Alberni Canal."

With regard to the approach from the

"Victoria, B.C.,

"14th November, 1907.

"I know Alberni Canal and the new townsite on Stamp Harbour extremely well, having made a survey of the har-



Portion of old Alberni, Looking Up the Somass River; Beaufort Range in the Background.

sea, Captain Walbran, lately in command of the Dominion Government light-house and revenue vessel "Quadra," writes with authority in the following letter:—

bour in 1892, as you will see by a glance at the Admiralty chart, 'Clayoquot and Barkley Sounds,' No. 584, on which the plan of my survey is shown. Commander Bowman, R.N., (N.) of the flag-

ship 'Royal Arthur,' used my plan when anchoring there with the flagship, and he afterwards informed me he found the plan most satisfactory, and the harbour an excellent one.

"When I sent in my survey of the harbour I also showed on the plan the new townsite of Alberni, and the Admiralty had it placed on the chart, as you will see. This was entirely done on my own initiative, as there were no signs of a town there in 1892, only the wharf and the ruins of the old saw-mill. I have always thought most highly of Alberni (Stamp Harbour) as an ocean port. The waterway from the ocean, entering at Cape Beale, being clear of all danger for the largest vessels, even such as the *Lusitania*. The landfall is excellent, being no off-lying dangers in the track of shipping, and the shore and waters of Alberni Canal are both bold and honest throughout, with very deep water. As an ocean port Alberni will compare most favourably with Portland and San Francisco.

"Portland is a long way up a swift river, the Columbia, at the entrance of which is a most dangerous bar, with ever-shifting sands, which cause the navigable channel to be constantly changing, and, therefore, though most carefully buoyed by the United States Government, can only be safely navigated by the most experienced pilots. Records show that many vessels have been lost on the bar of the Columbia, with great loss of life. One of the reasons, many years ago, for the change of the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company for their deep-water merchant ships from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia to Nisqually, in Puget Sound, was owing to the many disasters their vessels met with on the bar of the Columbia.

"San Francisco has no dangerous bar to cross, but the entrance to the harbour is contracted, subject to strong tides, and is also subject to extremely frequent and dense fogs.

"Therefore, from my intimate knowledge of this coast, having been in command of the C.G.S. "Quadra" for many years, and having entered Barkley Sound under all conditions of weather, I can

state with confidence that Alberni Harbour as an ocean port is an extremely safe one for all classes of vessels.

"J. T. WALBRAN."

The hillsides and smaller valleys leading into the main valley are clothed with a wealth of the finest timber in British Columbia, yet untouched by the axe of the lumberman. Douglas fir forms by far the largest percentage of the timber, together with the so-called hemlock and small bunches of white pine. There is more of the latter seen here than is the average on the coast. Towards Barkley Sound fir gives way to spruce, hemlock and cedar.

The railway company has leased mill-sites and agreed to provide terminal facilities which will insure a very large output of timber for many years to come. The product can be shipped by through cars to the Northwest, or by water to the markets of the world.

The lumber industry will stimulate agriculture in the district by providing a large home market for farm produce, and as the land is cleared of timber it will be taken up for farming. Agriculture has languished in the past, owing to the lack of communication or a home market. Soon it will have both of these defects remedied. The soil is generally a red loam underlain with gravel and sand, well suited to fruit growing. As far as noted, clay was not much in evidence, though it occurs in the valley. The average depth of soil is about 18 inches on the higher ground, and in isolated places the gravel subsoil comes near the top with only a few inches of soil. Toward Comox there are a number of marshes and cranberry swamps which can be comparatively easily drained and got under cultivation. As a whole, the valley has been much enriched by deposits washed down from the mountains.

The climate is mild, subject only to light winter frosts. The rainfall taken up the valley gave a record of 80 inches, but it was noted during the summer that it was often raining up the valley, whilst it was quite fine lower down, so that 50 inches would probably be a fairer average, most of the rain falls during the winter months giving ample sunshine and

good growing weather, as shown by the tomatoes, peaches, and grapes which readily ripen in Alberni.

An atmospheric phenomenon occurs every day with great regularity during the fine summer weather. At eleven a.m.

canal from the ocean, causing a strong breeze up the canal and a pleasant wind in the valley. Towards six p.m. the land has cooled, the breeze ceases and calm prevails, which is not disturbed until the following day.



The Canyon of Stamp River, With Black Basaltic Walls.

of every day of bright sunshine the valley begins to heat up, and the hot air rising causes a partial vacuum. To fill this vacuum cool air rushes in up the

Alberni district is one of the prettiest portions of Vancouver Island, more especially so in the diversified nature of the scenery. Through the valley flows

the largest river on the island, the Somass. Taking its rise in two fine lakes it tumbles over in grand waterfalls and dashing cascades, and rushing through a dark rockbound canyon with walls of

the north and west we have her in her rugged phases, with the snow-capped mountain and the blue glacier.

Great Central Lake has steep slopes rising abruptly to high mountains with



A Bend in the Somas River from which many Trout have been taken.

basalt 100 feet high, merges lower down in a broad and tranquil river. The lower portion of the river shows nature in her more tranquil moods, affording many a typical pastoral scene, while to

a prominent peak on the northern shore, well-named Thunder Mountain. It is the favourite theatre of nature's electrical displays; its black top, covered with a still blacker cloud, flashing lightning, fol-

owed by thunder claps which reverberate from across the lake and back again till they die away in a long low growl.

Sproat Lake presents a more peaceful scene. This beautiful lake may well be called the Lucerne of Vancouver Island—it resembles the Swiss lake in many ways.

The great majority of the lakes in British Columbia occupy depressions or excavations in a single line of valley. This is not the case with Sproat Lake, which branches from a central point, sending out four arms, like a star-fish, occupying four distinct valleys exactly as does Lake Lucerne; portions of the latter lake are in four cantons, while Sproat Lake is partly in Clayoquot and partly in Alberni Districts. The western arms are bounded by rocky and often precipitous shores, rising up to high mountains on which the snow stays till late in summer. Some of them are purple with heather towards their summits, whilst others are red with the rust of decomposing mineral. The eastern branch of the lake has shores which rise at a gentle slope with a shingle or sandy beach, and is an ideal spot for summer homes for the residents of Vancouver or Victoria. Here, too, is a dark rock on which are some old and weird Indian carvings. In passing them the Siwash stills his paddle and makes the canoe glide silently past this mysterious spot, where he doubts not a spirit lurks with evil intent.

The Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company has surveyed a branch line to the lakes, which, when completed, will bring it within five hours of Vancouver or Victoria.

The trunk road from Nanaimo to Alberni offers a fine run for autos, and a view of the giant firs to the west of Cameron Lake will well repay the ride. The road winds through a narrow valley thickly planted with firs, eight and twelve feet in diameter. These charmingly symmetrical trees, in their effort to get to the light, have pushed their crowns often 300 feet high.

When Alberni is reached, Stamp Falls and canyon, Sproat Lake and Roger Creek, should all be seen; the latter

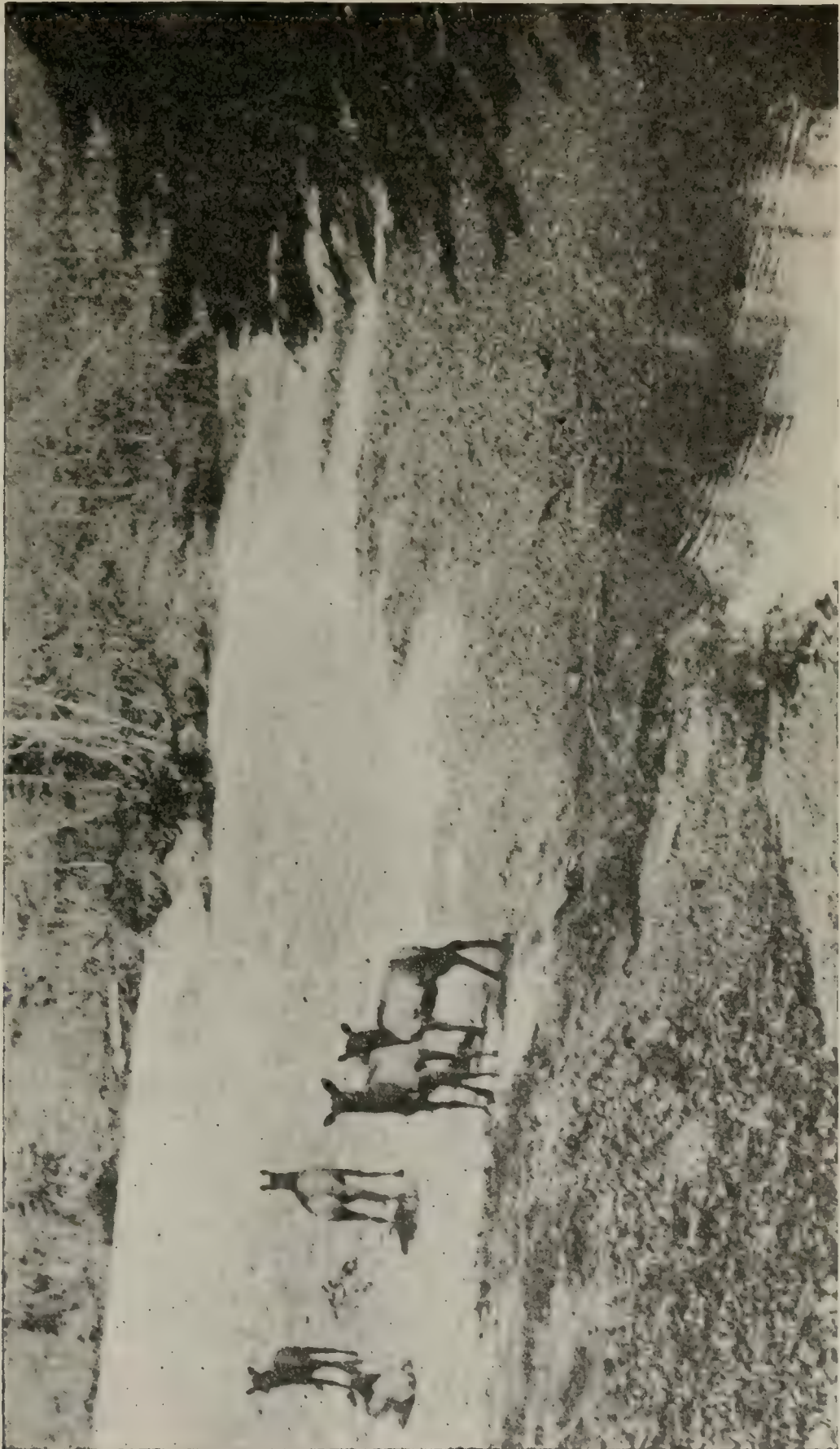
stream cutting through shale and sandstone banks 100 feet high and covered with a wealth of maidenhair fern, forms a pretty picture. When the railroad is completed View Mount should be selected as a place from which to get, unobstructed, a general view of the valley. It is 400 feet above the railroad and 1,400 above the sea. Away to the north the valley is seen extending to Comox; to the northwest a glimpse of Great Central Lake is caught, also an arm of Sproat Lake. To the southwest the head of the canal is clearly in view, while the Somass River can be seen meandering through the valley from the lakes to the sea.

Alberni and its hinterland has many charms for the sportsman; wild geese and ducks frequent the lakes and marshes, blue and willow grouse are fairly plentiful; there are great numbers of black-tailed deer, whilst the wapti, black bear, and giant timber wolf still roam in the vast forest recesses to the northwest. In the rivers, speckled trout tempt the angler's fly, and many a delightful evening can be spent loading up a basket with shining beauties. There are, of course, stretches of the rivers which are better than others, and a photo of a catch is shown, taken in an hour and a quarter with the fly, the largest fish weighing three pounds three ounces. Very good fishing may be had with the dry May fly in the early part of the season. There is good fishing in both Sproat and Great Central Lakes, in which there are some exceedingly large trout. These latter, however, are wary and hard to take. At the mouth of the river, in the fall, splendid salmon fishing can be had with the rod and spoon.

Barkley Sound offers yet another change in both landscape and climate. It is reached by a pleasant steamer trip of three hours down the canal, at the mouth of which Barkley Sound lies, fronting on the Pacific Ocean. This is a large inlet, fourteen miles wide at its entrance, and running inland some twelve miles, with numerous fiords like the Alberni Canal extending off from it. One of these inlets, Henderson Lake (erroneously called Anderson), is fresh

water, the entrance being blocked by rocks so that salt water does not get in,

Pipestem, are very deep, but narrow and long, the shores rising abruptly to 1,000



Wapiti, in their Habitat, West Coast of Vancouver Island.

but at high tide it is quite easy to pole a canoe into the lake. Other inlets, like

and 2,000 feet above the sea.

Barkley Sound includes hundreds of

islands, some large and some small, and nearly always having deep water between them. There are three main ship channels, the Western, Middle, and Eastern. The Western channel is especially picturesque, and a trip through the Hundred Islands in a launch is to be looked forward to.

From Ucluelet, one of the arms of Barkley Sound, the ocean beaches are easily reached, Wreck Bay Beach being a small, sandy stretch, three miles long.

direct by refrigerator car from Alberni. It is a well-known fact that there are immense and practically untouched fishing grounds off the west coast of Vancouver Island, where halibut, cod, and other white fish abound. With an unlimited supply of fish, a short haul to the railroad, a through refrigerator car system, and a ready market in the East, we have combined the elements of a highly profitable industry.

Alberni will undoubtedly be the seat



Pacific Whaling Station,
SECHART, V. I.

Here the Pacific Ocean rolls in unceasingly, roaring like a veritable fiend in the height of a storm, but it is a delightful change to come from a hot inland town, sit on the beach, drink in the pure, cool air, and feel the dash of the cold, salt spray.

Barkley Sound is the location of a very profitable whaling enterprise. The whaling station is at Sechart, in the western channel, and a large number of whales are caught annually, both in the Sound and out in the ocean.

There is another industry lying dormant, which will undoubtedly spring to active life with the completion of the railway to Alberni. It is the catching of fish on the banks off Barkley Sound and Clayoquot and shipping them fresh

of many industries; the combination of cheap power, cheap fuel, unlimited water and easy transportation will not long be overlooked by the manufacturer.

A word might be said for some point on the west coast of Vancouver Island becoming the port for rapid transit to the Orient; this will some day be a factor with the big transportation companies, and it remains with them to decide where such port shall be; but the development of the natural resources of the West Coast will build up one or more towns which will go a long way towards settling up the country and peopling this Island with a happy and contented community.

The Redemption of Tsakwetta.

Harold Sands.

KWALKOSKI sat at the foot of the totem pole and mourned for her lover. Tsakwetta (Seaweed) had defied the Great White King, but when she urged him to seek safety in flight he only laughed at her. Policemen with blue papers from "Edward Rex" were after him, but in the midst of his tribe, on the wild and desolate northern coast of British Columbia, he deemed himself safe. Kwalkoski was wiser.

"No Indian safely can defy the servants of the King," she had told him, and when he laughed her heart grew heavy, for she knew that Seaweed was but as a salmon that has entered the trap.

The wind from the Pacific blew cold and, wrapping her stained Hudson's Bay blanket around her, she crept in between the huge legs of the grotesque totem, seeking shelter from the keen blast. She had constituted herself the guardian of her lover and while he was attending the Tamanamass (Devil's Dance) she was on watch for the coming of the Government ship which would bring the law officers who would arrest Seaweed and take him to Vancouver where was the skookum house (prison), which all the Indians feared.

"You cannot outwit the man with the blue papers, but if you are determined to try, why I will warn you when he comes," she said to Tsakwetta just before he entered the dance house. "But even if you do escape to the mountains for a while," she added, "you will be caught in time, for the police are never beaten, they never get tired. When Edward Rex sends them after a man they never return without him. They may lose the trail for a time, but, though many moons pass, they always find it again."

But Seaweed danced defiantly, while

Kwalkoski sat at the foot of the totem pole and grieved.

And even while the man danced and the woman wept the Canadian Government cruiser Quadra was speeding toward the head of Kingcombe Inlet where the tribe of which they were members was located in the squalid village of Gyesdom.

The Devil's dance was part of the programme of the potlatch, or feast, given annually by the chief of the tribe and at which the young men qualified for tribal honors in the customary barbarous manner of the redskins of Northern British Columbia. Seaweed was sure of getting his coveted place at the council of the tribe, for had not he and Lasotiwaks (Son of the Bear) robbed a Japanese fisherman of \$250 and afterwards successfully eluded the one policeman who had been sent to arrest them. So great a deed was sufficient in itself to justify his advancement.

And now he was going through the preliminary initiation. If he passed the Devil's dance successfully he was on the high road to election. He wore a mask representing the dreaded cougar, and as he jumped about he pretended to bite pieces of flesh from the klootchmen (women) seated about the walls. As the bandmen beat their cedar-planked drums with curious sticks of fir and the skin-covered tom-toms sounded discordantly he shrieked and leaped in frenzy. Defiantly he yelled of his deeds of daring of the Japanese who had been robbed and of the officer of the King at whom he had snapped his fingers, and he gave no thought to Kwalkoski, dismal and alone at the foot of the strangely-carved totem pole.

But every minute the Superintendent of Police, with six special constables, was

coming nearer. The sounds of the orgy in the village could be heard aboard the Quadra as she entered the inlet.

"The tribe numbers 600, but I don't think we shall have much trouble," said the superintendent to Captain James of the Quadra.

"Well, I know you can manage the most obstreperous redskins alive," answered the captain, "but 600 is quite a crowd. Suppose we scare 'em first with a little 'magic'."

"Sure, but how?"

"I've got the electric lights aboard which we always use when the ship is 'dressed' at Vancouver in honour of some big-wig. We can light her up so that her hull, masts and spars are outlined like the ghost of a ship. The Indians will think she's a sort of Flying Dutchman. We will time the arrival of the boat so that we reach the village after dark and we'll scare those redskins out of their wits with a phantom ship."

As the Quadra swung round the bend of the inlet near the village the captain turned the searchlight full on the huts which lined the shore. The first flash revealed Kwalkoski at the foot of the totem. She jumped up, shrieking in alarm at the fearful spectacle of light in darkness. As the powerful rays swept along the waterfront other natives fled in terror. The light stood still on the big dance house where Seaweed, Son of the Bear and the other young men were disporting themselves. At first the natives thought it was some magic of the Shaman, or Medicine Man, which had caused the dismal lights to so suddenly burn as if it were day. But when they saw the Shaman hide his face as if afraid they all rushed pell-mell for the outside and the wonderful light smote them in their faces so that they ran shrieking to the woods and calling upon their gods to protect them from this awful magic.

"Looks as though we've got 'em on the run all right," gleefully remarked the captain to the superintendent. Then he gave the Indians a wonderful searchlight display and danced the light in and out among the trees where they were vainly endeavouring to hide. All of a

sudden he shut off the searchlight and then only the outline of the vessel could be seen by the alarmed people.

Not an Indian returned to the village that night. The dangers of the forest were preferable to facing the magic from the sea. But when daylight broke men and women mustered courage, for only the King's ship was seen in the bay. And they knew the reason for the visit. The Great White Father had indeed sent his men for Seaweed. Kwalkoski was right. Her lover should have foregone the pleasures of the dance; he should have hidden. No doubt some of the men in blue were already ashore searching for him. But the credit of the tribe would suffer if Seaweed were captured. What could be done? Before they returned to their cabins they must hide Seaweed. But where?

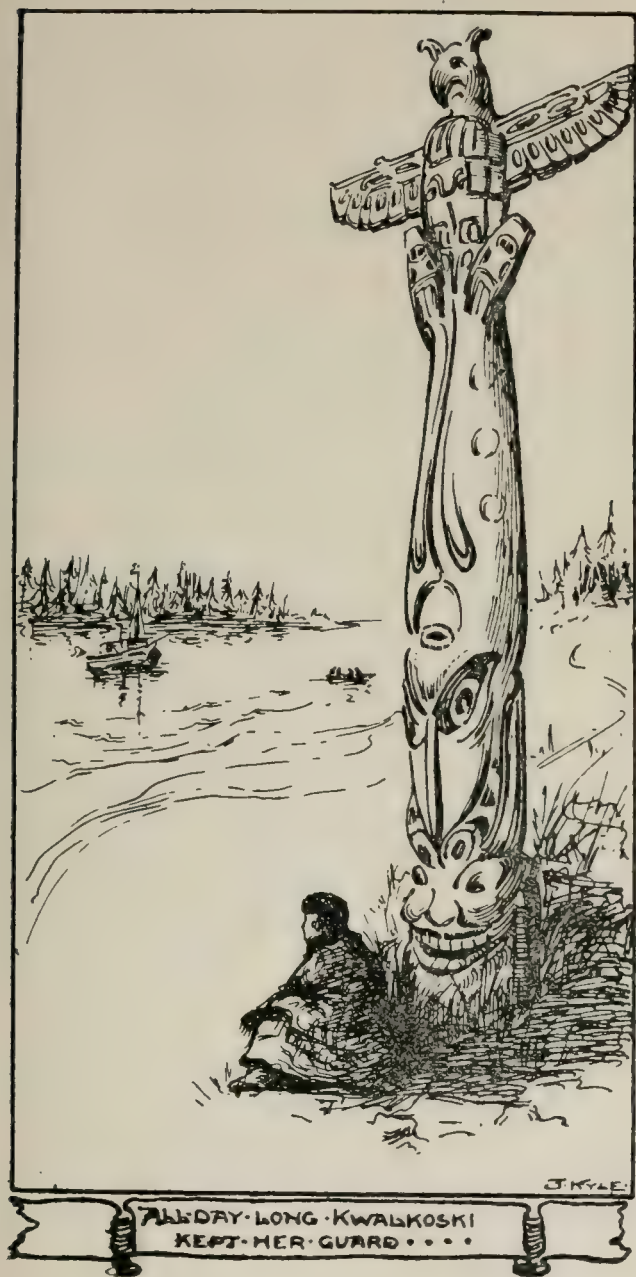
Kwalkoski settled that. At the foot of the totem pole there was a small cave. Seaweed could easily hide in it while she sat at the entrance to hide the place from any of the inquisitive police, who always wanted to poke their noses in every nook and cranny. In order that Seaweed might gain the hiding place unperceived the rest of the tribe must take their canoes, go out to the King's ship and engage the attention of all on board. In the scheme lay Seaweed's only chance of escape.

The programme was carried out and Seaweed gained the cave beneath the totem pole unobserved. All day long Kwalkoski kept her guard, and all day long police searched the cabins and the woods in vain for him who could hear the tramp of their feet. Not once did an officer molest the Indian girl. The King's men were acquainted with Indian ways and they thought that the forlorn bundle at the foot of the totem pole was but a girl mourning a departed relative.

When night came the searchlight played once more upon the village and again most of the Indians fled shrieking. But Kwalkoski continued her vigil. Not even the wiles of the men in blue, who she reasoned, were surely linked with the Evil One, could move her from the post she had chosen. The searchlight rested upon her huddled form.

"Well there's one Indian woman who does not seem to mind the white man's magic," said the Captain as the light fell on her.

"She's wrapped up in the past as well as in that Water Street shawl," replied the superintendent of police, "but it might be as well to have her brought on board and questioned."



ALL DAY LONG KWALKOSKI
KEPT HER GUARD . . .

A boat put out from the ship and soon the girl was undergoing cross-examination. But the officers learned nothing from her.

Meanwhile Seaweed had grown tired of his cramped quarters. As soon as he heard the officers go off with Kwalkoski he made up his mind to leave the cave. About a mile along the shore dwelt Makla. He was sure he could steal away

to her shack. She was frail, but her kisses were warmer than those of Kwalkoski and she would not torment him, nay, rather would she praise him, for defying Edward Rex. And praise was dear to Seaweed.

So, when the Devil's light had ceased to shine, he made off and ere the sun rose he found, in the arms of Makla, compensation for the day's dread.

In the morning Kwalkoski was returned to shore. Swiftly she made her way to the foot of the totem pole and fearfully whispered, "Seaweed, Seaweed." As she had feared, no answer came. Right truly she knew the weaknesses of Seaweed. As she realized that all her watching had been for nothing, that all the indignities she had suffered on the ship had been for naught, anger caught her within its terrible embrace. Before the officers who put her ashore had time to regain the vessel they were surprised to see her rush violently to the beach and were as astonished to make out from her actions that she was furiously calling to them to return.

"Follow me," said Kwalkoski as the men, somewhat weariedly, landed.

Being versed in Indian ways they asked no questions but strode behind the girl to the cabin of Makla. The instinct of Kwalkoski had proved true. Within the shack lay the guilty pair, sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

By noon the King's ship had sailed for Vancouver. Seaweed, ironed, lay in a bunk cursing his folly; Makla had told the tribe the story of his betrayal by Kwalkoski.

That night the cannibal dance was held in the village. Yells of terror sounded within the big feast house, but no white ears heard them, neither did they inspire any red heart to pity. The honour of the Denakdawks had been sullied; there was no room for pity. The most noticeable figure at the dance was that of Lasotiwaks, Son of the Bear. Him the police had been content to leave behind, albeit he was as much implicated in the robbery of the Japanese as Seaweed. Son of the Bear was no Sampson that he should yield to the wiles of a woman at the fateful moment, so to

him the tribe looked to revenge the betrayal.

An ordinary cannibal feast is unpleasant at the best of times. But this was no common affair. Its history would have to be related on the totem poles so that the warning might never die.

Kwalkoski was prepared. She knew what the end must be. The mood of the morning had passed. Her jealousy and her rage had departed. She had sinned the great sin and must suffer the penalty. There was no need to drag her to the feast house. She waited calmly, stoically, for the inevitable. Seated near the entrance to the house her ear caught the first sound of the frantic ecstasy of the dancers as they left the woods. In imagination she could see the skulls and bones which Son of the Bear and his companions were carrying to strike terror into her heart.

Soon the dancers entered the feast house. Not by any chance did one come in by the doorway. Such a tame entrance would have been out of keeping with the ferocity assumed. Most of them dashed through the windows, but Son of the Bear chose the big hole in the roof as his route of ingress. Once in the lodge the dancers whirled round and round, biting at those who invited the pastime; and these were not a few as the wounds would ultimately turn into honourable scars as much to be displayed as the sword cut received by a German student in a duel.

For an hour this sort of thing went on, yet no motion was made towards Kwalkoski. She was being reserved for the grand finale. At last Son of the Bear had worked himself up to the required pitch of fiendishness. The moment for revenge arrived! The other dancers ceased their wild whirlings as they saw him make a mad rush in the direction of the figure huddled in the doorway and as swiftly retreat to the middle of the lodge as if to invite the tribe's attention to the fact that the real business of the gathering was about to commence. The drummers added vigour to their blows on cedar planking and skin-covered tomtoms. The klootchmen

started the Dirge of Sorrow, but Kwalkoski sat as a figure of wood.

For one moment Son of the Bear stood silent and still in the centre of the lodge, the next he hurled a skull in the direction of the girl and followed it up as quickly as his feet would take him. The drums stopped beating, the sound of the song was hushed and all in the lodge-room heard the click of the dancer's teeth as they met in the shoulder of Kwalkoski. Son of the Bear raised the special knife kept for the real cannibal dances, when there was indeed a human sacrifice to be given up to the offended gods. This weapon was made of a bone taken from the body of a chief who had beaten back the Spaniards when they threatened the village in their roving days. One minute more and it would be buried in the heart of the girl. But, just as the knife was about to descend, a rifle shot was heard and Son of the Bear fell dead at the feet of the one who was to have been his victim.

If uproar had reigned in the feast house before it was seven times accentuated as the other dancers wildly rushed from the place in pursuit of the being who had fired the shot. For the bullet had come through the doorway. Kwalkoski, they knew, had no hand in the deed. But she, as she looked at the corpse at her feet, felt the desire for life grow strong again within her. Something whispered to her heart that all the joy of living had not yet departed. So, while the hubbub was at its height, she fled the feast house. In a few minutes the dancers came back with Makla, who held a tell-tale rifle in her hands. While the tribe discussed her fate Kwalkoski was forgotten.

The next day a mound at the foot of the totem pole marked the grave of Makla who, in death, had made amends to Kwalkoski for some of the bitterness of life. And the tribe forbore to search for the living.

* * *

Meanwhile, in the jail at Vancouver, Seaweed was the unwelcome guest of Edward Rex. Full well now he realized the truth of the words of Kwalkoski that he was but as a salmon that had entered

the trap. There came regularly to the jail a man of God who spoke simply to Seaweed of another life and of the chances to do well in this one so that the second might be enjoyed. And Seaweed listened as one who hears strange truths.

The day came when Edward Rex no longer required the presence behind the stone walls of his redskin ward. Seaweed was a free man once more. By the first steamer he sought the north, where lay the village of Gyesdom and his love. When he landed on the beach the braves met him. They escorted him to the foot of the totem pole.

"Your honour is avenged," they said. "The cause of your misery lies there."

To their dismay Seaweed cast himself upon the grave and called upon a strange God to witness that his punishment was too much. Hurriedly the young men departed and left him at the foot of the totem pole.

And there Kwalkoski came to him.

"Why weepest thou, Seaweed?" she asked. "She is not dead but sleepeth. The time will come when you both shall awake in a better land."

Seaweed looked as if he had seen a ghost.

"Kwalkoski! Is it you, Kwalkoski?" he cried at last, "or is it your ghost come to torture me with the image of that which has been in my heart ever since

the men of the Great White King took me to the big prison and justly punished me for my sin. Would that I were in the grave beside thee, then might thy spirit rest and mine also have peace."

"I am no spirit, Tsakwetta," gently replied the girl. "The grave on which you lie is that of Makla, who gave me up to the tribe for betraying you and who then regretted her action shot Son of the Bear when he would have killed me as a sacrifice to the heathen gods who are still worshipped by so many of our poor relatives. For myself, the missionaries have pointed the way to where real life lies."

"And they have done the same for me," cried Tsakwetta joyfully as he leaped from the grave. "Now do I know, in truth, that the God of the white man is indeed the only God. Out of our misery and my misdoings has come salvation, and life is renewed. Henceforth we will devote our lives to seeking to show our ignorant relatives and friends the error of their ways. We will banish the false gods from Gyesdom."

Thus was the redemption of Tsakwetta accomplished. As for Makla, who had caused great sorrow and yet had healed sorrow's wounds, she sleeps the last long sleep at the foot of the totem pole, but she, too, had her share in the awakening of her people.

Alone.

Reuben Rambler.

Beloved, the birds are singing
Sweet songs, but not for me;
This heart knows no more music,
Parted from thee.

Glad gleams the earth in the sunshine,
Strong as from Grecian skies;
No sun want I but the love-light
In thy dear eyes.

Sweetheart, the fields are silent,
The bright orb'd day has flown;
All light, all love has vanished!
I am alone.



THE experience of which I am about to write happened many years ago. I was then—as my hiring contract set forth—“clerk in the employ of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading into Hudson’s Bay.”

Of the district in which I was stationed, old Archibald Forbes was factor. He was a half-breed, lazy, tyrannical, and abnormally fond of whisky, or, more correctly speaking, Hudson’s Bay rum. Often have I seen him, in the days gone by, when drunk with rum and passion, seize his heavy walking-stick, and lay about him, indiscriminately, among those poor semi-slaves, the Indian packers of the Company. Once he raised his stick to me, but never brought it down. Something would have happened if he had, for I was powerfully built. I might possibly have forgotten that he was Kate’s father.

When I first knew Kate she was but a mere slip of a motherless girl, full of life and innocent frolic, and we promptly became boon companions. But as the years passed, her girlhood passed; and of late a barrier had sprung between us. I had learned to love her. But Kate, reared close to the heart of nature, far from the doubtful influences of civilization, stood, as yet, unrevealed to herself. She rudely ridiculed me when I told her of my love. Why couldn’t we continue being just good friends? “Besides, father will never allow it. He intends me for William Johnson-Smith, the law-

yer. He’s not half bad, either, is he, Jack?”

I turned sorrowfully away, repelled by the coarseness of her words, yet jealous of the lawyer.

Late that night, as I sat writing in the office, for the following day was the beginning of treaty-payment to the Indians, and the old factor left absolutely all the work to me, he came stumbling in.

“I say, you fellow,” he said, coarsely. “So long as Kate was a kid I didn’t object to your hanging around her; but it’s different now. Do you understand?”

I did understand, but spoke not. I could not trust myself to speak. To think that this drunken, beast-like creature held the destiny of two lives in his keeping!

He lurched up to me, and, protruding his coarse, pock-marked face, shouted:

“Did you hear me, Jack Dural? Did I make myself plain? Or do you want it pounded in? You sneak, you! You fooled me, damn you! But it took lawyer Smith to get on to your little game. Eh?”

I sat there looking into his face, yet seeing it not. I durst not see it. I kept conjuring up Kate’s, else I should have killed him.

I heard a muttered curse, the door closed with a bang, Kate’s face slowly dissolved into air, and I was alone. I shut up the books, put them in the safe, locked up the store, and went home to bed.

For four years I had borne with this

petty tyrant. I could bear it no longer.

Old Archie Forbes was Indian agent for the Government, as well as factor for the Company. At treaty time he, in company with myself, visited the different reserves within the bounds of his district, and gave each Indian, squaw and papoose found thereon, the sum of five dollars; the chief receiving twenty-five, and the councillors fifteen each.

The dawning of this important day had come. I was up with the lark, and, after partaking of a hasty breakfast, hurried over to the factor's house and rapped at the door. It was immediately opened by Kate.

"Jack," she whispered, "father only got here an hour ago. Those two villainous looking Yankees, with whom he has been so much of late, brought him home. And, oh, Jack!" she continued solemnly, "he sees things! Old squaw, Sarah, and I put him to bed; and she's now gone for the doctor."

The doctor—to my secret joy—fully confirmed Kate's diagnosis of the case. He did see things; and if he didn't take less rum and more repose, coupled with careful nursing, the Company would be a factor less and Hades a factor more.

There was nothing left for me to do but start alone for the reserve.

I slipped over to the stable, where I found Indian Bill, a trusty old servant of the Company, sleeping off an all-night's drunk. I roused him up and set him harnessing the broncho. I then ran into the store, took a new valise from the counter, threw a few necessities into it, and on top of them all put the package of treaty-money, containing twelve thousand dollars. Then I went back to the factor's house to bid Kate good-bye.

She seemed unduly anxious. Surely it couldn't be all due to anxiety for such a father. In the hardness of my heart I could have danced at his funeral. I did not understand it, so I said: "What is it, Kate?"

"Have you got your revolver with you?" she abruptly enquired.

"Golly, no! I forgot all about it. I'll get it when I go back to the store. Although I really don't require it. The Indians are docile enough for anything."

"It isn't the Indians I'm thinking of. It's those two Yankee rogues who have been so much with father of late. I am quite certain that they're after the treaty-money. And, oh, do be careful, Jack!"

That "Oh, do be careful, Jack!" was music to my ears. It made me forget her Indian blood.

"Oh, pshaw!" I assuringly said. "I'm not much alarmed about those fellows."

"Well, I am," said Kate. "The other night, along toward morning, those two men came home with father; and he was very drunk. They talked a long time at the gate, and I overheard father tell them some things, about the treaty-money, which they never should have heard. They seemed to be trying to find out all that they could. And I'm as sure as can be that they intend some mischief."

But I paid little heed to her warning. After saying good-bye, I hurried back to the store, to find the Indian still fumbling away at the half-hitched horse. I soon finished the job, got the valise from the store, and was just on the point of driving off, when I thought of the revolver. I jumped out of the buckboard, unlocked the store door, ran into the office, and after a little search found it, returned, and then admonishing the half-drunken Indian to get away to the north or he'd lose his treaty-money, I turned the broncho south, headed for the long-plain reserve.

It was still early morning, and very few were as yet astir.

I was soon beyond the last, straggling borders of the settlement, and in due time reached the Bear-bone River, which being low at that time of the year, I forded easily.

As the pony jogged along through the bush that skirts the banks of the river, my mind wandered off into some very pleasant day-dreams.

Old Archie was to die while I was away. I would marry Kate. I would succeed to her father's position. I saw myself fairly revolutionize the rusty, old system the "Company of Adventurers" had inaugurated. Ultimately I became chief commissioner, and was just about to be appointed governor; when the pony

stopped so suddenly that I nearly went over the dashboard.

"Now, jest hold up yer hooks, and be mighty expert about it, too," said a persuasive voice, with a pronounced Yankee accent, and I looked up to find myself staring into the bright, clean barrels of a double-barreled rifle.

As I lay under the blanket in my painful position, I could hear them discussing the situation, and I learned that the key of the valise was lost.

"Let's cut the confounded thing open," said one, impatiently.

"No, yer don't," said the other. "It's too demned good a valise for that: pure



"Now just hold up yer hooks!"

The alacrity I displayed in getting my ten digits skyward was simply marvelous. There was nothing that I was not prepared to do for them; I use the plural, for there were two: the two identical Yankees of whom Kate had warned me.

"Now, Jim," continued the man behind the gun, "you jest search'm while I keep'm covered."

Then they bound me to the platform of the buckboard, and covered me up with a blanket.

aligator or nuthun. And wuth, I calcerlate, all of twenty dollars. Besides, it's convenient for carrying the swag."

"Well, the idea," contemptuously grumbled the first speaker. "With twelve thousand betwixt us, and considerin' a paltry, twenty-dollar valise."

"I tell yer, Tom, to put up that knife. Leave the valise alone, can't yer?" was the angry reply. I began to suspect that one was suspicious of the other, and that the last speaker was desirous of keeping the other from getting possession of the

money. The twelve thousand, while in the valise, was—as it were—on neutral ground. “Anyhow,” he continued, “I guess it’s time this procession was a-movin’.”

They clambered into the buckboard, gave the broncho a cut, and we were off.

I shall never forget that ride. Lying as I was, bound so tightly that the blood circulated but feebly, gagged with a dirty, ill-smelling handkerchief, my bare head bumping continually against the hard platform of the buckboard, I suffered as I hope never to suffer again.

At last I knew by the coolness, and the faint light which penetrated my blanket, that evening was approaching. Then it rapidly grew black as ink.

The rattle of the buckboard drowned their conversation. Anyhow, I was in such agony of torture, that I was incapable of listening. On toward morning I lost consciousness entirely.

When I came to I found myself unbound, and lying in a small bluff of poplars. Near me was tethered my horse, still attached to the buckboard. I was miserable. I crept on my hands and knees to the edge of the bluff, and shading my eyes with my hand, for the sun was quite high, I saw, to my surprise, lying out on the plains, only a few miles distant, a small prairie town.

I crippled to the buckboard, saw, as I expected, that the valise was gone, untied the pony, and started toward the town which I reached in the course of an hour or so. I drove to the first hotel I came to and jumped out—jumped literally into the arms of a policeman. He clapped the handcuffs on my wrists, and said: “Come with me.” This was the result of a telegram—we had telegraphic communication then, although the railroad did not follow until years after.

I was promptly returned to the Red Deer district, where my trial soon came off. My enemy, Smith, the only lawyer within hundreds of miles, was council for the Crown. He made it appear to the stupid jury, mostly half-breeds, all tools of Archibald Forbes, the factor, that my explanation was only a clumsy, trumped-up yarn, that I had stolen the money and hidden it, expecting to get

off scot-free on such a fairly tale. They believed it. And I was found guilty, and sentenced to five years’ imprisonment.

During all this time I had neither seen nor heard anything of Kate. On the morrow I was to be taken to my five-year home at Regina, and as I sat on my cot in my narrow cell, my heart was hot within me. Why had she forsaken me? Did she, too, believe me guilty? I buried my face in my hands, and the bitter tears welled up. On my bowed head I felt the pressure of a small, cool hand, and lifting my haggard face, discovered Kate standing by me. I hastily drew away, covertly wiped the tears from my eyes, and coldly enquired the cause of her visit.

“Oh, Jack, don’t—don’t act that way! All—all the time I wanted to see you—oh, so much! I did not forsake you! Father used his influence as factor; and I was forbidden access to the gaol. And, then, when your trial was on, he locked me up. Old squaw Sarah acted as guard, else I should have been there, if only to encourage you. And, Jack—dear Jack—I know that you are innocent!”

For the first time since she had entered my cell, I looked squarely at her. From a bright, joyous girl she had changed to a thin, worn spectre of her former merry self. And as she stood before me, with streaming eyes and face piteously tremulous, the truth rushed upon me: this girl-woman loved me at last; that my misfortune had brought it about. The price was cheap. I laughed aloud, and in the joy of my heart sprang forward and caught her in my arms.

“Darling,” I whispered, “how did you manage to see me at last?”

“Oh, I managed that easily—I bribed the jailor. I gave him a bottle of Hudson’s Bay rum—he’s a breed, you know.” And she smiled sagely through her tears.

“Time’s up,” said a rough voice—the subject of our conversation—through the small opening in my cell door.

Kate slipped from my arms, ran to the door, reached a one-dollar note through, saying: “Ten minutes more, John; just ten minutes more,” then came back to me.

We stood together, saying little; then Kate went away.

I sprang upward, clutched the bars of my window, and, drawing myself up, watched for Kate. She left the jail, and, free from observation, as she thought, gave vent to the grief which she had so bravely concealed from me. I let go my hold upon the bars, fell to the floor, and crouched upon it.

On toward evening the jailer came in with my supper. He grinned, and, pointing to my hands, said: "What you hold, eh?" I looked at them and discovered that large tufts of my own hair were protruding from the clenched fingers. I laughed bitterly.

"I'm saving them the task of cutting my hair to-morrow. Perhaps you would like a lock as a keepsake?" And before he could guess my meaning, I stepped across the floor, and gave him both fists square in the face. He fell like a log. I sprang over his prostrate body, out the cell door, down the narrow corridor, only to meet, at its extremity, my old boss, the factor, backed by two husky breeds. I stopped, looked at them wildly, squared myself for a rush, then dropped my hands, and sulkily said: "It's no use. Take me back." They took me back, and next day I was transferred, and began my long five-year term.

I shall not describe those five years. I wish to remember them no more.

At last—as an ex-convict—I walked again the street of Kate's home, and met with coldness and aversion from all.

I went directly to Indian Bill's hut. I went there, because, for an Indian, he was a superior man, despite the fact that he often, with forethought and rum, put himself out of business. I also thought it a good place to arrange to see Kate.

Indian Bill was not at home, but his squaw, Mary, was, and welcomed me warmly. After many a "Waugh! Waugh!" and other Indian exclamations of surprise, she willingly consented to immediately see Kate and apprise her of my arrival.

She could not have been gone more than twenty minutes, yet my impatience was so great that I could hardly bear the suspense. "Will Kate be much changed?

And will she still love me?" and I looked thoughtfully at my thin, transparent hands. I then tried to see my reflection in the small, cracked mirror hanging on the wall; but one sight of my cropped head, and sallow, prison-hued features, led me to turn quickly away, and look—right into Kate's eyes.

We stood, we two trembling ones, striving to fit our earlier conception of love into the narrower but higher niche of maturer years.

She was changed. But in not one feature would I have had her different. From a mere slip of a girl she had developed into a riper being, rich with all the possibilities of womanhood.

"Now, Kate," I said, enquiringly, after the first joy-wave had passed, "tell me something of your life since we parted that cold, fall day, so many years ago."

She nestled her hand in mine, and looked fondly up to me.

"Jack," she slowly said, "there were trials, light compared to yours, but to a young, inexperienced girl, they seemed heavy. Father almost compelled me to marry Smith; but my woman's wit stood me in good stead. Year by year I put off the evil day, and am yet free. But, oh, Jack! it was becoming almost too hard for me. I'm so glad you've come."

I gathered her in my arms, kissed away her tears, and spoke words which my Kate treasured—which you, perhaps, would ridicule.

I now laid before her my little plan. Oh, that little plan! What hadn't it been to me during my long imprisonment? It had been my only diversion: something to keep me from brooding. And, after all, what was it? Merely this: that when my term was expired I should immediately go to Kate, and together we would go far away, where no one would know us.

Kate heartily concurred in all that I suggested. We would secure a pony and buckboard, and start that very night, stopping at the first settlement to be married. It only remained for Kate to slip home and secure the few things she required, while I, through Indian Bill, made the other preparations.

I now turned to that worthy—who had

been revolving uneasily around us—to give him the necessary directions.

"Wait fust," said that potentate, losing suddenly all his dignified air. "Me much bad! Me steal all same like you!"

This wasn't very complimentary. Besides, it was detaining us. But I listened as patiently as I could while he continued:

"You reccomember morning you go treaty, eh?—morning you steal'm money, eh?—Me much drunk—Waugh! You take'm valise, put'm package in—Me think'm square-face gin mebbby—You go get gun—Me quick open valise, take'm package—You come back, drive away quick—Me look'm package—no open—just feel'm—Waugh!" And a look of disgust came into his face. "Him no square-face gin—Him just package—Me much sorry me steal'm—Got to go quick reserve—stay north four, five years, mebbby—Come back, you gone—Me keep'm package you."

Here the honest Indian produced not only the identical twelve-thousand-dollar package, unopened and unharmed, but also the key, which after locking the valise, he had dropped in his hurry and afterwards picked up.

To say I was surprised doesn't describe the situation: I was dumbfounded.

At first, as the Indian had proceeded in his rambling confession, I had paid but little heed to him. I was revolving that sweet plan of mine. But as he drew to a finish, and produced the package, the climax was immense. I simply sat and stared.

"Why," cried Kate, not knowing the contents of the package, "what ails you, Jack? What's the matter?"

"The matter!" I gasped. "Just wait a minute and I'll tell you the matter!"

The first thing I did upon recovering myself was to thank the Indian warmly, assuring him that I knew he would never have touched the package had he known it was not square-faced gin: which was the truth. A Sunday-school boy will rob an orchard, a coloured deacon a hen-roost, and an, otherwise, honest Indian will invariably, if given half a chance, "take'm fire-water." I felt assured that, after discovering his mistake, he had

never opened the package, or even tried to guess its contents, and that his only desire had been to return it to me. But his long sojourn up north, combined with my imprisonment, made that impossible. I now asked him and his old squaw to leave us for a little; and as those two worthies decamped I turned to Kate and said:

"You heard, Kate, what Indian Bill has just told me?"

"Well, this package which he stole from me, more than five years ago, contains the twelve thousand which I, unjustly, was accused of stealing."

"Why, don't you understand, Kate, dear? Those Yankees never got the money after all. Indian Bill had been there before them. Here it is, darling." And I held it toward her.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, "isn't this luck! Why, it will just set us up."

"What!" I cried, in blank amazement. "Surely, Kate, you would not suggest keeping it?"

For answer she snatched the package from me, and passionately exclaimed: "Indeed, we will!"

The Indian blood of my darling was moving in her veins: an impulsive blood, given to revenge and cunningness, capable of great love and great hate.

That night found us in full flight. We stopped at the first mission we came to and were made man and wife. We continued until we reached the railroad, when we took train and were hurried on.

Seven years passed swiftly and happily away; all my business ventures prospered exceedingly; I was a rich man, worth many times the nucleus with which I had started; when a baby came to complete our happiness.

As I stood by my wife's bedside, and looked proudly down upon the crumpled little mite of humanity, which my Kate, with equal pride, was showing me, she suddenly looked up and said:

"Darling, I want you to send that twelve thousand back."

"But," I said, jokingly, "'twas thou who tempted me, and I did yield."

"Yes, I know," and a wonderful light came into her face. "But that was before the baby came."



Patriotic Canadians will rejoice at the early prospect of the exploitation of the world-famous fishing grounds contiguous to the Queen Charlotte Islands by a purely Canadian company. Experts agree that the possibilities of such an enterprise are almost illimitable. The Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Co., Ltd., recently incorporated under the statutes of British Columbia, purposes dealing in all kinds of food fish, especially of halibut, for which there is a profitable demand in the Eastern markets of the Dominion and the United States. Its promoters comprise representative men who are prominent in the financial and business life of this country. Prince Rupert, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, has been chosen as a base. It is proposed to erect there during the coming summer a public cold storage building and an ice-making plant which will prove to be the largest on the continent.

An excellent site situated within the harbour of Prince Rupert has been secured from the railway company. According to the plans prepared by a well known expert, the building will be constructed of structural steel and will have an initial storage capacity for six million pounds of fish. Provision has also been made in the design to double this capacity, in anticipation of the rapid extension of the enterprise. In the twenty-eight large chambers to be located in this structure ample space will be reserved for private firms who may require to store various articles such as meat, poultry, cheese, eggs, fish, ale, beer, etc.

It is also proposed to operate on the

fishing banks with ten large motor boats, each with a capacity of from fifty to sixty thousand pounds of fish, and the construction of these craft will be undertaken this spring, in ample time to permit the Company engaging in actual business early next fall. September will see the completion of the cold storage plant at Prince Rupert, situated less than fifty miles from the fishing grounds. While halibut will constitute the major portion of the catch, it is also intended to handle all kinds of food fish, including black cod, herring and salmon. A feature of the enterprise will be mild curing of spring salmon, a delicacy which has hitherto been supplied in inefficient quantities to meet the demand on this continent and in Europe. Shipments will be made by rail from Vancouver for the next few years or at least until the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway.

Prof. Prince, Commissioner of Dominion Fisheries, has declared that the fisheries of the North Pacific in the vicinity of the Queen Charlotte group are the greatest in the world. In a late report he states that certain steam halibut vessels are known to have cleared in one season \$80,000 after paying the expenses of the several trips, and the catches after being shipped east would yield even larger returns to the wholesale and retail dealers. Reliable estimates put the annual catch of halibut in British Columbia waters at 20,000 to 25,000 tons in recent years, or nearly ten times the total weight of fresh water fish caught in Lake Winnipeg in a single year.

The incoming of vast numbers of

settlers into the Northwest Provinces, and the growth of new towns and settlements east and west of the Rocky Mountains, is already creating a market of great proportions for Pacific sea fishes. Fresh halibut will soon be in large demand there; but other methods of sending these fish into markets can be adopted. Halibut, codfish and other Pacific fish products are readily canned, smoked, etc., and certain Seattle fish firms are developing a business on these lines.

It can be readily foreseen that the seat of the Pacific Coast fisheries industry is destined at no distant date to be shifted to Prince Rupert. Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, will be considerably handicapped. The greatest drawback will prove to be the long distance separating them from the fishing grounds. The saving in operating expenses, with Prince Rupert as a base, is conservatively estimated at from fifteen to twenty per cent. as compared with the more southerly ports. A company possessing cold storage facilities there will be enabled to land cargoes two or three hours after the catches shall have been made. Not only that, but it will be in a position to purchase every variety of fresh fish from private fishing boats at all seasons of the year. In delivering their catches in Vancouver, the three steam vessels of an American company are obliged to steam a gross total of 100,000 miles per annum. This, apart from the time they are absent from the fishing banks, is equivalent to one vessel being constantly engaged in making the round trip of 1,000 miles. The run south to Vancouver occupies forty-eight hours, and ten hours longer to Puget Sound ports. It is calculated that a shipment of fish forwarded by rail from Prince Rupert will have arrived at the head of the Great Lakes before a vessel steaming from the banks can reach Vancouver or Seattle and unload its cargo. Then the question of the relative freshness of the two shipments when they reach the consumer also invites attention, likewise the higher prices certain to be paid for the Prince Rupert shipment.

A study of conditions there not only shows how the catch of staple fish like halibut can be enormously increased, but reveals the illimitable possibilities in developing a trade in other varieties of fresh fish products and shell fish now scarcely marketed at all, or sold only in moderate quantities. One need scarcely enumerate the varieties that are available within a few hours' sail from Prince Rupert: spring salmon, frozen and mild-cured herring, the delicate black-cod, plaice and soles, crabs, shrimps and scallops etc. The geographical situation of Prince Rupert, owing to the reduced operating expenses and transportation charges, can have no other result than to provide sea food for millions of people at prices far below the market quotations now prevailing; fish as an article of diet will grow in popularity, and increased consumption means larger dividends for shareholders in this Vancouver enterprise.

INDUSTRIAL PROMOTERS.

The natural resources of British Columbia are practically unlimited, and all the time fresh discoveries are being made. What is wanted in the Province is a larger population, and anyone who can turn these natural resources to account and so provide work for the newcomers may be considered benefactors of the Province. Nearly two years since, Bond & Clark, brokers of Victoria, were instrumental in the formation of the Vancouver Island Building Resource Company, a company which has made considerable money for its shareholders, and has been the means of opening up several properties on the Island which have lain dormant for all time. The Company has a Board of Directors composed of the following well-known men: James A. Mitchell, chairman, Victoria; Andrew Wright, vice-chairman and treasurer, Victoria; Samuel G. Marling, Victoria; William Fernie, Victoria; G. H. Webster, Vancouver; James A. Wilson, superintendent of C.P.R. Telegraph, Vancouver; Joseph Armstrong, New Westminster.

In the fall of 1906 Bond & Clark undertook the formation of a company to

develope the lime and sand deposits on the property belonging to Atkins Bros., near Esquimalt. A company was incorporated with a capital of \$150,000,000, under the name of The Silica Brick & Lime Co., Ltd., and the following board of directors was elected to look after the interests of the shareholders: H. B. Thomson, M.P.P., chairman; F. B. Warren, vice-chairman; Joshua Kingham, treasurer and secretary; Otto Weiler, and James A. Mitchell, all of Victoria. The company started business in July and have been working steadily ever since turning out over 100,000 bricks weekly. Contracts have been secured for a large quantity of bricks and orders are in hand sufficient to keep the plant running for over four months. Some of the best buildings in the Province are now being put up with this product, amongst them being: D. Spencer's building, Vancouver; addition to St. Joseph's hospital, Victoria; Transfer Company's stables, Victoria; Brackman & Ker's warehouse and offices, Victoria.

Following the organization of the brick company, the next proposition the same

firm took up was the floating of a company to purchase and develope two hundred and sixty acres of land on Nootka Sound, on which are some of the finest deposits of marble on the North American continent. A company was incorporated with a capital of \$150,000.00, known as The Nootka Marble Quarries, Limited.

The first meeting of the shareholders took place in May of last year when the following directors were elected: A. W. McCurdy, president; Otto Weiler, vice-president; N. Shakespeare, treasurer; W. Peden; G. H. Webster, T. Ellis, and A. Bell. At the meeting of the shareholders held on the 9th of March, the first five were re-elected with J. R. Hinton and R. J. Harlow to take the place of the last two mentioned. A. W. McCurdy, the chairman, has put in a large amount of time in connection with the affairs of the company, spending between two and three weeks in the quarries of Vermont and Tennessee in December and engaged a foreman and engineer to arrive in Victoria this month. These two gentlemen have been with the largest marble quar-

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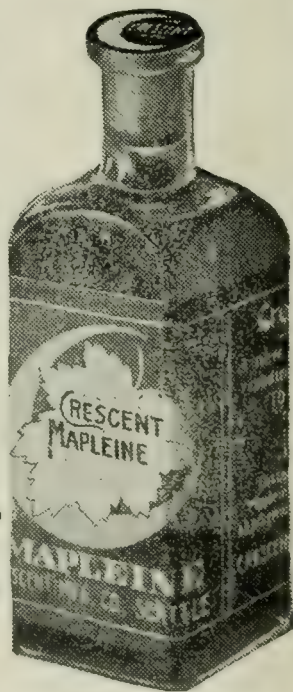
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ries in Vermont for many years, and are men of large experience. The company also expects to take up a property on Texada Island on which there are large bodies of very fine marble. Altogether the prospects of the company are very good and the directors feel confident that it will prove one of the best and largest industries in the Province.

In April of last year a proposition was brought before Bond & Clark as to the opening there existed for a modern steam bakery in the Capital City. Negotiations were entered into with M. R. Smith & Co., and the Capital City Bakery for the purchase of their respective businesses. Options were taken on these two concerns and a thoroughly representative board of Victoria business men was formed as follows: His Worship Mayor Lewis Hall, chairman; James Foreman of Heisterman & Co.; G. H. Richardson, R. L. Drury and Noah Shakespeare. A company was incorporated with a capital of \$25,000.00, known as "The Bakeries, Limited," and some months ago a contract was let to Martin & Thomas for a thoroughly up-to-date building, the ovens with a capacity of 5,000 loaves daily, being ordered from the largest manufacturers of this class of machinery in the British Empire. As soon as the plant is completed the bread business of these two concerns will be brought together in the new building under the management of George O'Keli.

The latest and largest proposition Bond & Clark have taken up is the organizing of a Mexican Company to acquire, colonize and work 400,000 acres of the very best land on the Pacific Coast of Mexico. This property runs for 100 miles north of the Port of Acapulco. Concessions have been received for the building of a railroad to connect the property with Acapulco, and very desirable concessions have also been secured for wharfage facilities, etc., on the harbor. The openings for trade between Mexico and British Columbia are great large quantities of lumber and fish will find a market there and in return we will get cotton, tobacco, sugar, coffee, rice, chocolate, bananas, pineapples, oranges, coconuts, etc., all of which can be grown to

great perfection on the property of The Mexican Pacific Company. It is the intention of the directors to start planting bananas in May and to keep on planting until 10,000 acres have been put in. This acreage will produce over 2,500,000 bunches of bananas twelve months after being planted, and will take a fleet of twelve to fifteen steamers to transport these to the various ports for distribution. The promoters of the company feel confident that in a short time the shares will be worth two to three times their present value, and therefor freely recommend same as an investment. The officers of the company are:

President, Moritz Thomson, president Centennial Mill Company, Seattle; General Manager, T. F. Ryan, President Ryan & Newton Co. Amongst the British Columbians who have large interests in the company are: Otto Weiler, F. B. Warren, Arthruur Bell, J. G. Johnson, A. E. Allen, R. H. Harlow, F. H. Mayhew, and Dr. G. I. Milne, of Victoria; C. D. Rand, Oscar Brown, W. G. Allan, manager, B.C., sugar refinery, A. J. Dana, purchasing agent C.P.R., and R. H. Trueman, of Vancouver; G. D. Bremner, manager Bank of Montreal; W. C. Fales, G. B. Cross, of Brunette Saw Mill Co., and G. Kennedy, and of New Westminster. While not neglecting the real estate and other ends of their business it is Bond & Clark's intention to devote a large share of their time to promoting sound industrial enterprises in British Columbia.

COAL IN SIGHT.

If the anticipations of the False Creek Coal Syndicate, Limited, are realized Vancouver will have taken the first step to justify the opinion of those who have long held that it is destined to become the Pittsburg of the West. Acting on the advice of experienced mining engineers James L. Stewart and his associates are just commencing to bore for coal east of Westminster Avenue bridge. They confidently expect to cut through a five-foot seam within five hundred feet of the surface. This would indeed be a marvellous discovery, and as competent authorities agree that there is no geolo-

gical improbability it may reasonably be expected that Vancouver will yet become a Coal City. Just what cheap fuel contributes to the upbuilding of a city may be estimated by calculating the freight charges on every ton of coal brought into Vancouver; but in addition to this the supply of a local product, bearing no freight charges, would lead to an expansion of industrial activity which would be impossible with coal transported long distances. For this reason, if for no other, every well wisher for Vancouver City, will be a well wisher for the project of the False Creek Coal Syndicate, Ltd.

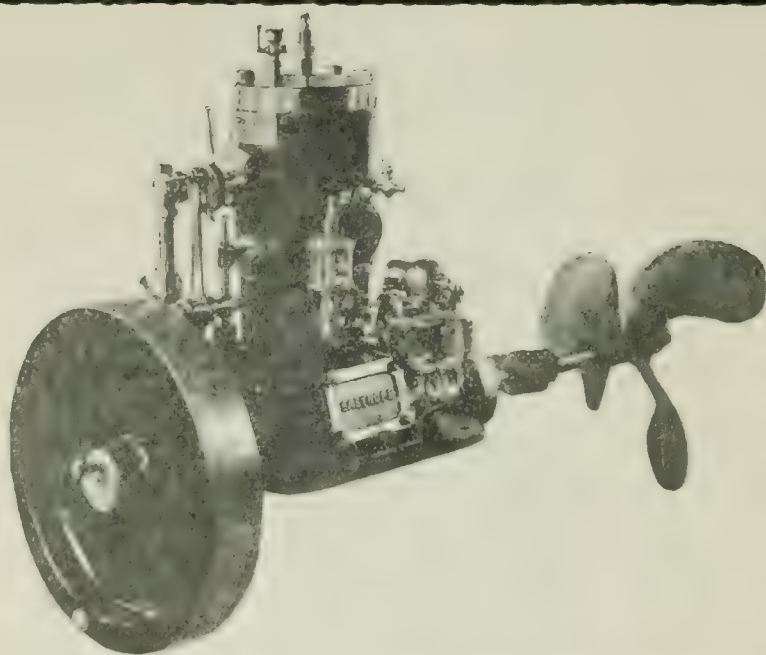
A SPEEDY MOTOR BOAT.

Easthope Bros. can probably lay claim to the blue ribbon of Burrard Inlet for motor speed launches—at least they are ready to defend the claim against all comers. Their new launch, the Pathfinder, should have been named the Water Witch, for she is certainly a little wonder to go. Measuring 40 feet over

all, with 5.6 beam and 2.6 draught, she was constructed at the works, 1705 Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C., of cypress, better known as yellow cedar. She is fitted with an 18-h.p. 2-cylinder engine, manufactured also by the firm, and the power, simplicity and smoothness of the engine reflects highly on the firm. It is no mean thing to drive a 40-foot launch 17 miles an hour through the water with a small engine.

HOTEL WINTERS.

Mr. Thomas Stevenson, Manager of the Dominion Hotel in Victoria, has acquired a half interest in the Winters Hotel, Vancouver, and will take over the active management. Mr. Stevenson went to Victoria in 1889 and entered the employ of Mr. Stephen Jones, the proprietor of the Dominion Hotel there, in 1890. Mr. Stevenson has been manager of the Dominion for the past two years and during that time has made many friends.



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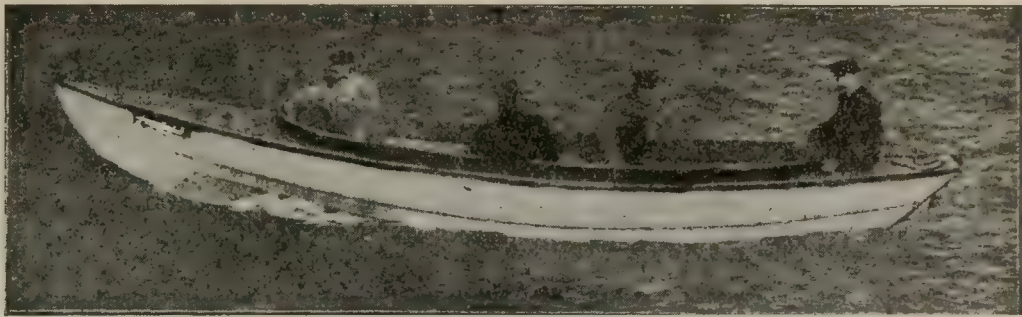
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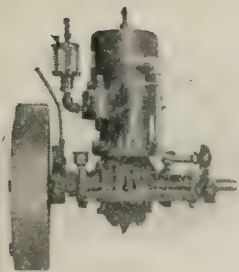
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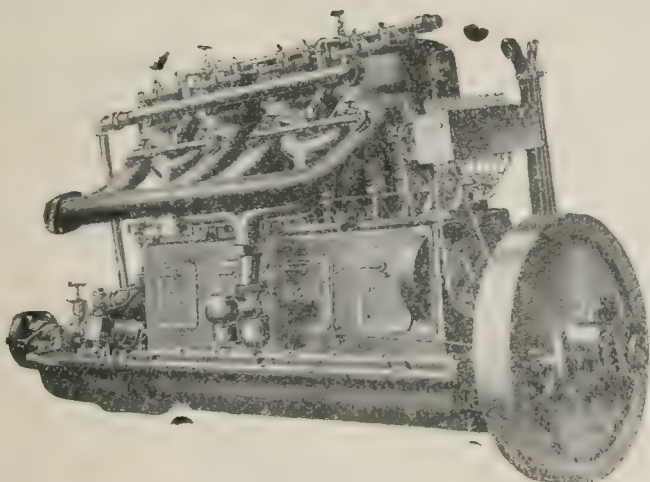
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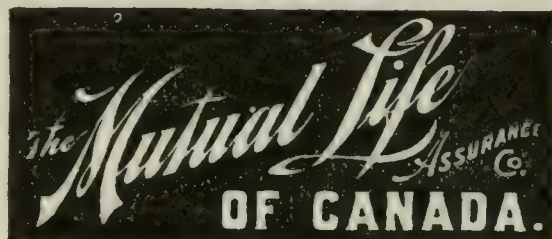
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“The Idler Magazine”

EDITED BY ROBERT BARR.

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This number does not contain a single dry, uninteresting page, and whoever turns its leaves will experience some of Spring's delights, for they will loiter in warm sunshine and listen to running brooks.

“THE ESCAPE OF LAWTON BLAKE,” by John Bradner, is an adventure by the blue waters of Lake Como and in sunny Venice.

“THE ANGLER'S SPRING,” by Arthur Tysilio Johnson, engenders the hope that one may go a-fishing.

“INVENTION AND INVESTMENT,” by Joseph C. Lincoln, is a story told in the best vein of this excellent writer of short stories.

ROBERT BARR has a complete story in this number.

“MODERN HOMES,” by T. Raffles Davison, is one of the most charming yet presented.

There are twelve articles and stories in this number, all carefully chosen and illustrated, and the best of their kind, and the April “IDLER” is thoroughly readable from start to finish.

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Vancouver Rural and Urban Realty will pay investigation. Our lists are at your disposal by writing. York & Mitchell, Real Estate Brokers, Hastings St. W., Vancouver.

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We manufacture Store, Office, Bank, Church, Barber Shop and Hotel Bar Fixtures and Furniture. The V. B. C. Novelty Works, 1002 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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F. Mason, Spiritual Medium and Astrologer, 836 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C. Readings daily, advice on all affairs: mining, stocks, real estate, etc. Reasons in astrology.

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Capitalized at \$5,000,000

Destined to be the largest and most profitable International Company on the Pacific Coast.

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With a tract of more than 400,000 acres of the richest tropical lands, every acre capable of producing at least \$100.00 per annum.

MARKETS

With the Markets of the Pacific Coast of America and Canadian North-West that consumes annually \$10,000,000 worth of Tropical Fruits. These Markets have been content to pay \$1.25 per hundred pounds in excess, with cost of freight from this Company's land at Acapulco to these points.

CONCESSIONS

With Concessions from the Mexican Government valued at Millions by leading transportation men.

OPPORTUNITY

Owing to the state of the money markets, this Company still offers its Stock at par, being \$100 per share, payable as follows: \$25 cash on application, \$25 three months, \$25 six months, and \$25 nine months.

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Ten per cent. is guaranteed on the deferred payments till due, if the time granted is not taken by the purchasers.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

False Creek Coal Syndicate Limited

CAPITAL, = \$20,000

DIVIDED INTO 20,000 FULLY PAID SHARES OF \$1 EACH PAR VALUE
STOCK FULLY PAID-UP AND NON-ASSESSABLE.
NO PERSONAL LIABILITY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

Only 5,500 shares not taken up. These are offered at par, payable 10 per cent. on application and 90 per cent. in one month. Shares not applied for previous to beginning of operations, may be withdrawn or issued at a premium.

DIRECTORS

J. H. Sanderson (of Prince Rupert Timber and Lumber Co., Ltd.), President.

Thomas Duke (of City Brokerage Co.), Vice-President.

James Borland, Plasterer.

Isaac B. Flater, Contractor.

Capt. G. H. French, Master Mariner.
J. N. Henderson, Druggist.

Alderman McSpadden (of Devine & McSpadden).

Colonel Albert Whyte (of West Shore and Northern Land Co., Ltd.).

Superintendent—**John Bouskill**.

Solicitors—Bowser, Reid & Wallbridge.

Bankers—**Eastern Townships Bank**.

Secretary and Offices—**James L. Stewart**, Room 8, 445 Granville St.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS

This Syndicate, formed under Section 56 of the Companies Act, 1897, and amending Acts, and more particularly to enter, prospect, search and work for Coal in False Creek, East of Westminster Avenue Bridge, under Provincial Coal and Petroleum Licence No. 2369, dated 16th December, 1907, embracing about 500 acres, issued to John Bouskill, of the City of Vancouver, B.C., and, in the event of operations being successful, to form a Company to acquire all right, title and interest in and to the said Licence in terms of agreement entered into with John Bouskill, Albert Whyte and James L. Stewart, who are jointly interested in said Licence.

It is a well known fact that Coal exists in the City of Vancouver. Borings have been made on several occasions in different parts of the City and neighbourhood, but no trace has been found that this has been done in False Creek where this Company purpose beginning operations, the Expert being confident that a five-foot seam of Coal will be discovered within 500 feet of the surface. Should a five-foot seam of coal be found it will be equivalent to 5,000 tons per acre, or 2,500,000 tons in 500 acres, and a conservative estimate of the value of this is \$1.00 per ton.

Forms of application and other information may be obtained from the Directors, Solicitors, Bankers and Secretary of the Syndicate, also City Brokerage Co. and Devine & McSpadden, Vancouver, B.C.

Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company, Ltd.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS

CAPITAL - - - - - \$1,500,000

In 15,000 shares of the par value of \$100 each, 5,000 being cumulative preferred 8 per cent. dividend shares, and 10,000 being ordinary stock.

Incorporated under "The Companies Act, 1897, and amending Acts of British Columbia."

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President:

MR. ANDREW KELLY, of Winnipeg, Man.
President of the Western Canada Flour Mills Co.

Vice-Presidents:

MR. JAMES CARRUTHERS, of Montreal, Que.
Grain Exporter and Director of Dominion Bank.
MR. J. W. STEWART, of Winnipeg, Man.
Managing Director of Messrs. Foley Bros.,
Larsen & Co., Railway Contractors.

Treasurer and Managing Directors:

G. H. COLLINS, of Vancouver, B.C.

Director and General Manager:

MR. GRIER STARRATT, of Vancouver, B.C.
At present General Manager of the New
England Fish Co.

Bankers:

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Solicitors:

WILLIAMS, SHAW & WALSH,
of Vancouver, B.C.

The Directors of the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company, Limited, recently incorporated under the statutes of British Columbia, hereby invite subscriptions at par, for a limited issue of the preferred stock. The capitalization is \$1,500,000, comprising 5,000 of preferred 8 per cent. cumulative shares, and 10,000 shares of common, each of the par value of \$100. Only preferred shares will be placed on the market at present, and every individual who subscribes for \$100 worth of stock will be entitled to \$40 worth of this common stock in the way of a bonus.

The Company proposes dealing in all kinds of food fish, especially halibut. It will operate in the famous fishing grounds contiguous to the Queen Charlotte Islands. An excellent site has been chosen on the shores of Porpoise Bay, within the harbor of Prince Rupert, which has been secured, where will be erected the largest cold storage plant in the world. The building will have an initial storage capacity for six million pounds of fish. Construction will be undertaken this spring, in ample time to permit the Company engaging in business early this fall.

The Directors are fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Grier Starratt as Director and General Manager. Mr. Starratt is at present the General Manager of the New England Fish Company, a position he has successfully filled since the organization of that corporation about fourteen years ago. Mr. Starratt will devote his energies exclusively to the task of making a great commercial success of the proposed enterprise.

A CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENT.

Those who are familiar with the success achieved, and the large dividends earned by the New England Fish Company, etc., will realize that an investment in the preferred shares of the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company, carrying as they do a bonus in the common stock, will prove one of the surest and most lucrative ever offered the public.

According to the Articles of Association, the holders of the preference shares shall be en-

titled to receive out of the profits of the Company, as a first charge, a cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, on the amount for the time being paid up, on the preference shares held by them respectively. The surplus profit, if any, in each year after payment of the cumulative dividend mentioned in the preceding article, shall be applicable to the payment of dividends, not to exceed eight per cent. per annum, to the holders of ordinary shares on the nominal amount of shares held by them respectively.

The surplus net profits, if any, after payment of the dividends, in the two next preceding paragraphs mentioned, shall be applicable to the payment of dividends to the holders of all shares whether preference or ordinary.

PRINCE RUPERT'S ADVANTAGES.

The seat of the Pacific Coast fisheries industry is destined at no distant date to be shifted to Prince Rupert. Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver will be hopelessly handicapped. A company possessing cold storage facilities at Prince Rupert will be enabled to land cargoes two or three hours after the catches have been made, and the saving in operating expenses is conservatively estimated at from ten to twenty per cent. In delivering their catches in Vancouver, the three steam vessels of the New England Fish Company are obliged to steam a gross total of 100,000 miles per annum, which is equivalent to one vessel being constantly engaged in making the round trip of 1,000 miles. The run to Vancouver occupies 48 hours, and ten hours longer to Puget Sound ports. It is calculated that a shipment of fish forwarded by rail from Prince Rupert will have arrived at the Great Lakes before a vessel steaming from the banks can reach Vancouver or Seattle and discharge its cargo. Then the question of the relative freshness of the two shipments when they reach the customer invites attention, likewise the higher prices certain to be paid for the Prince Rupert shipment.

For further information and prospectus write the Company.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES

In applying for shares, make all accepted cheques, drafts, etc., payable to the order of The Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Company, Limited. The Company does not bind itself to execute all orders, and reserves the right to itself of rejecting any application.

HEAD OFFICE:—Room 4, Imperial Block, Seymour Street, Vancouver, B.C.



Vancouver, B. C.

Come==Let Us Reason Together.

Let us attempt to estimate the value of a tract in Southern Mexico containing 143 square miles (91,610 acres). It lies within two miles of a river navigable for ocean-going steamers and flowing directly into the Gulf of Mexico. Less than 2,000 miles from New York and only 840 miles from Galveston with direct ocean transportation to the leading markets of the world.

In the first place it is timber land. Upon it stand 1,800 million feet of the most valuable varieties of timber existing—mahogany, rosewood and lignum vitae, cigar-box cedar, chico zapote and many other of the rarest and most costly hardwoods.

And timber is better than gold, for the increase in the production of gold is equal to the increased demand, while the timber supply is rapidly diminishing and the demand constantly increasing. According to the Government Forestry Report, at the present rate of consumption, all the hardwood in the United States will be exhausted in 16 years. The demand is immense—about 25 billion feet of hardwoods are used annually. Furniture establishments alone use nearly one-fifth of this amount, while house finishing, manufacturing of musical instruments, cars and vehicles, telephone poles and railroad ties make further enormous demands.

Hardwood railroad ties bring high prices in Mexico and bid fair to go higher. They withstand by actual test 20 to 40 years in the tropics, while ties of northern soft wood are worn out in 2 to 5 years. There are at present 300 million dollars of American money invested in Mexican railroads. The Harriman interests are spending a million dollars a week on two immense lines through Western Mexico, while the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient line, already one-half built, will cost about 30 million dollars.

Upon the tract in question, the average stand of 20,000 feet per acre, estimated by experienced cruisers, does not include tops and stumps, which are doubly valuable on account of their curly grain for veneering woods, or the trees suitable for railroad ties and bridge timbers of which there are an average number of at least 100 trees upon each acre. These additional sources of income would alone more than repay the cost of development of this property.

Besides the lumber value, the trees yield gums, perfumes, medicines, etc. Take the chicle, of which one and one-half million dollars worth came to the United States in 1906, mainly from Mexico, while rubber was imported to the United States in the same year to the sum of 45 million dollars. Rubber trees, four and one-half years old, range from 25 to 30 feet in height and 17 to 22 inches in diameter.

The profits from rubber culture have proved enormous. A full dozen American rubber companies are located "in this wonderful fertile plain of black alluvial soil which makes the eastern end of Chiapas and a part of Tabasco. Here is the paradise of tropical agriculture." So this country is described by Frederick Starr, Ph. D., Professor of Anthropology in the University of Chicago.

The timber value is just the beginning. The fertility and productiveness of the soil is unsurpassed. Bananas, oranges, pineapples, lemons, limes, sugar cane—all grow there at their best. The Mexican oranges are sweeter and juicier than those of Florida or California. Banana plants produce their first crop about nine months after planting and continue to produce about every 11 months thereafter.

Great Britain derives 65 per cent. of her revenue from the tropics. Today the capital that is being employed in the development of the natural resources of the tropics, is reaping bigger returns than any other investment known to the commercial world.

Don't the possibilities of wealth production from such a tract assume proportions too great to be computed? The probabilities equal the dreams of the most optimistic. The certainties computed most conservatively by experienced persons and based upon actual data, assure large and constantly increasing returns to the owners of shares in this enterprise.

The solidity of the enterprise and its ultimate success is guaranteed by the strong interests of experienced and capable business men—Canadian and American—who are connected with the corporation now engaged in the development of this tract, to which they possess clear and absolute title.

Shares of stock in this company are now being sold for \$110.00 each on easy payments, or at the par value of \$100.00 cash. Every share of stock is fully paid, non-assessable, and equally participating in all profits.

Are you interested in a conservative and safe investment which is sure to produce many fold? Do you wish to grasp one of the business opportunities of a lifetime? Where can be found a better proposition than this?

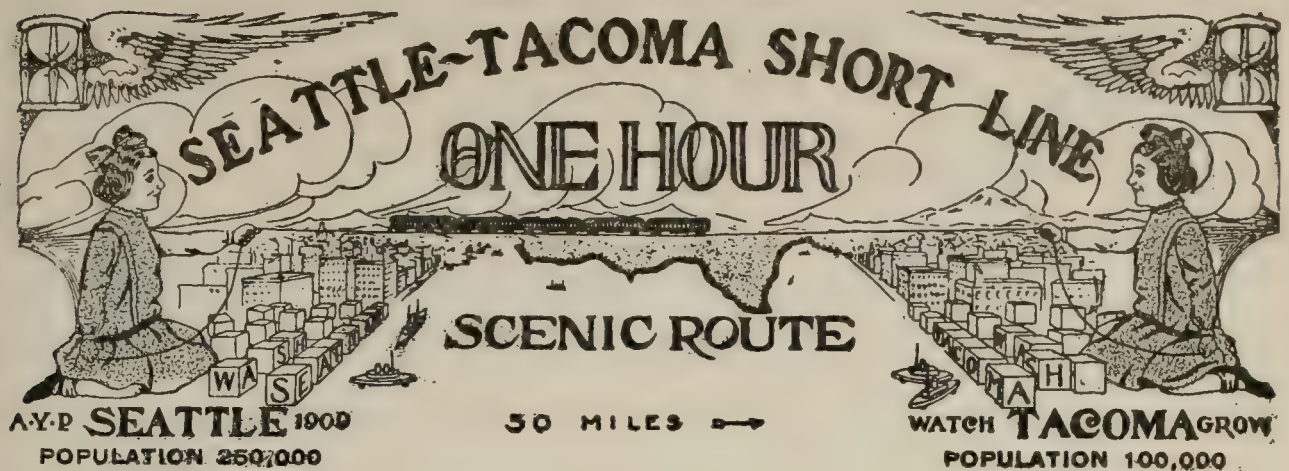
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Kindly send me full details and plans of pay-
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Short Line.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....



Incorporated 1905.

Capital	=	=	\$ 500,000
Capital increased 1907 to			2,000,000
Subscribed Capital	=		550,000
Reserve	=	=	50,000
Surplus June 30, 1907,			160,000

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We supply blank will forms and store your will in our safety deposit vaults without charge, when the Company is made executor.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

328 Hastings Street W., Vancouver, B. C.

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The completion of the Ferry Slip at Nanaimo, and of the C. P. R. Extension to Alberni and Comox will mean that Nanaimo will become the front door of Vancouver Island.

The rich agricultural areas North, South and West of the City will correspondingly benefit.

Our list covers a great variety of lands, improved and unimproved, suitable for mixed farming and fruit growing near the line of the C. P. R., including French Creek, Errington, Comox and other points.

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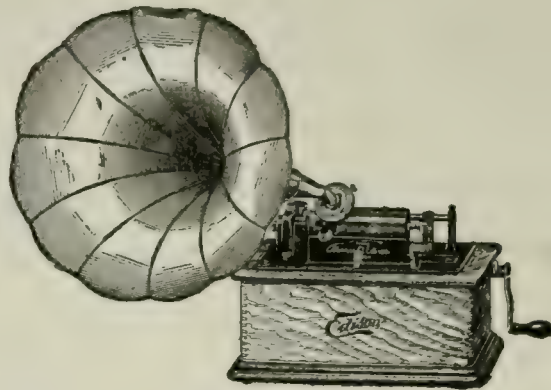
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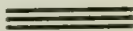
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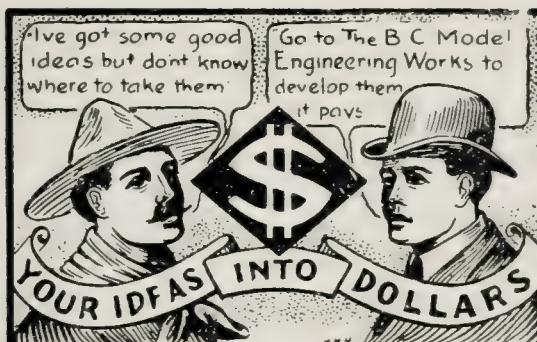
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Railway Townsite, right behind where the largest industries are to be
located, at \$100.00, \$125.00, \$150.00, \$175.00, \$200.00 per lot of 46 by 135
feet. One-quarter cash. Balance in 4, 8 and 12 months, without interest.

In buying now you are getting in just a year ahead of the Railway
which is being rushed as fast as possible, and you have just that length of
time to pay for your lots. Five per cent. discount on five or more lots
taken together. Send your first payment and we will select for you the
best lots unsold. It is the opportunity of a lifetime.

HERBERT CUTHBERT & CO.

616 FORT STREET, VICTORIA, B.C. Branch Office, ALBERNI, B.C.

WESTWARD HO!



PUBLISHED AT 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

MAY

PRICE TEN CENTS

1908

Time=Tested Watches

To simplify selecting a watch we quote prices on a 15 and 17-jewel Waltham movement in heavy 14-kt. gold cases, 25-year gold-filled cases or silver cases. These movements are inexpensive but are of a high grade and are covered by our guarantee of quality. If you require a reliable movement we could not offer a better suggestion than one of the following at these special prices:



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25-year gold-filled case	17 00
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Silver O.F. case	14 00

Henry Birks & Sons

LIMITED

Official Time Inspectors of C.P.R.

GEO. E. TROREY,
Managing Director.

Vancouver, B. C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; in Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 a
Year; in United States \$1.50.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief,

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Manager

Manufacturers, wholesalers and merchants, seeking publicity for their wares, will find the columns of Westward Ho! productive of excellent results.

The wide circulation attained by this periodical insures a large number of readers, and its literary excellence and standing as a "National Magazine" gives advertisers a prestige the value of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

Probably your goods could be profitably and economically advertised in the pages of WESTWARD HO! As a virile, red-blooded, intelligent, enterprising Canadian business man you owe it to yourself to, at least, investigate the merits of this magazine. May we place complete, detailed information and PROOF of its value as a "trade-getter" at your disposal?

Remember the June number will be the largest and most interesting yet attempted—it will be a HOMESEEKERS' edition with FACTS about the Canadian West.

Send One Dollar to This Office

Tear off this page, pin a dollar bill to the corner, and mail it to us at our risk. Write your name and address on the margin—also the name and address of a friend, anywhere exclusive of Vancouver City. We will enter your name and that of your friend on our books for a full year's subscription. Remember—the two subscriptions for the price of one.

If you are not at present a subscriber take advantage of this opportunity and get on the list. If you are and your subscription is expiring have it extended another twelve month.

In either case you—and your friend—receive twelve numbers of "Canada's National Magazine," interesting, entertaining, mind-broadening, optimistic and virile—for less than the price of a theatre ticket or a dozen cigars. Think of being able, at a cost of eight cents a month, to keep in touch with all the literary, sporting and commercial activity of the great West. Think, too, of the pleasure your friend will experience monthly, on receiving his copy of WESTWARD HO!, with its profuse and attractive illustrations, new ideas, literary and travel features.

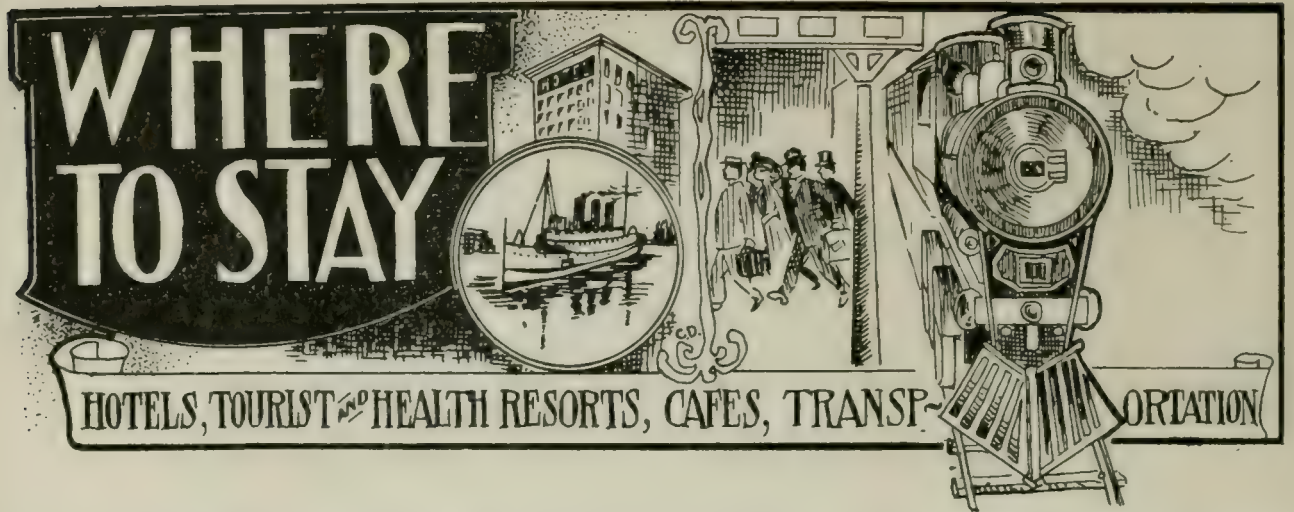
Get in on this offer NOW before St. Peter closes the gates.

Percy F. Godenrath.

Manager.

**WHERE
TO STAY**

HOTELS, TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS, CAFES, TRANSPORTATION

An illustration featuring a steam locomotive on the right, a group of people in period clothing walking in the center, and a circular inset showing a ship on the left. The text 'WHERE TO STAY' is in a large, bold, serif font on the left, and 'HOTELS, TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS, CAFES, TRANSPORTATION' is in a smaller, bold, serif font on the right.

Stay at "The Empress," Travel by "The Princess,"



AND ENJOY YOUR VISIT TO VICTORIA

For Rates at "The Empress" hotel address the Manager,

The Empress, Victoria, B. C.

The Poodle Dog Hotel.

SMITH & SHAUGHNESSY

PROPRIETORS

YATES ST., VICTORIA, B.C.

When staying at the office in the evening or going to the theatre, a dinner at the "Poodle Dog" will be appreciated by those who enjoy a good meal promptly served. We know our efforts have been appreciated because we have been told so.



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Abbott St., Vancouver, B. C.

**NEW, SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED,
LIBERALLY MANAGED.
EVERY QUALITY THAT COUNTS IN
AN IDEAL HOTEL.
PERFECT EQUIPMENT MADE STILL
MORE ATTRACTIVE BY
PERFECT SERVICE.
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.00 UP.
EUROPEAN PLAN, 75c UP.
WINTERS & STEVENSON
Proprietors.**

VANCOUVER'S LEADING GRILL

IS

THE REGENT

Splendid Service

Cheerful Rooms

Good Food

and

Central Location.

Harry Cottingham

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The Regent Hotel

Hastings Street - Vancouver, B.C.

Vancouver's New Tea Rooms.

Postoffice Tea Rooms, second door above Postoffice Drugstore, Vancouver B.C. Modeled after the Old Country tea and lunch rooms with ladies' and gents' toilets, also gents' smoking-room where newspapers and magazines may be read and chess, checkers and dominoes played. Hot meals at all hours. Afternoon tea with home-baked scones and cakes a specialty. Manageress, Mrs. Kimber, late of Johannesburg, South Africa.

When in The Royal City

Stay at



THE WINDSOR HOTEL

(Next to the Tram Office.)

P. O. BILODEAU, Proprietor.

American Plan\$1.25 to \$2.00

European Plan 50c to \$1.00

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

The MANHATTAN

A Quiet, Clean, Attractive, Homelike

CAFE

Special Rates for Banquets, Family Parties, etc.

A Trial Solicited.

Cor. of Robson and Thurlow Streets,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Grand Opening



Additional four stories, containing 78 rooms, each with bath.

Twelve rooms with bath, specially constructed for commercial display, size 16x28.

A greater part of all these rooms have an unobstructed marine view.

The entire manoeuvres of Atlantic fleet can be seen in any part of harbor at one glance.

Just a reminder that we have a few rooms left in our "12 Stories of Solid Comfort."

RATES \$1.00 UP.



The
Rathskeller
is
Seattle's
High Class
Bohemian Cafe
Where Good Food,
Good Music and Good
Service are to be had

**SECOND
AND CHERRY**

HOTEL MARTHA WASHINGTON



NEW YORK

29th to 30th Streets
Just East of 5th
Avenue. To remain
a Woman's Hotel
Exclusively.

1 Block from 28th
St. Subway. 29th
Cross-town cars
pass the door.

Over 400 Rooms.

Absolutely Fireproof.

Rates \$1.00 per Day and Up.

Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen
Convenient to Shopping and
Theatre District.

Caters especially to Women traveling or
visiting New York alone.

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

—Also—

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

16th Street and Irving Place, New York.
One Block East of Broadway.

**A HOMELIKE HOTEL IN A QUIET
LOCATION.**

European Plan\$1.00 up
American Plan\$3.00 up

A. W. EAGER

THE NIAGARA HOTEL

BUFFALO, N. Y.

American Plan, \$3 a day and upwards.
Away from the city's noise and smoke.



The most comfortable hotel in Buffalo.

Beautiful Palm Garden Laage airy rooms
with bath. Two blocks from Lake Erie and
Niagara River. Niagara Falls Electric cars
one minute from the door. Wire at our ex-
pense, or write for reservations and carriage
will meet you and take you to hotel free of
charge. Six minutes from down town.

Reduced rates to tourists, professional and
travelling men.

SPAULDING HOTEL CO.

Mrs. C. J. Spaulding.
C. A. Spaulding,

Proprietors.

Porter Ave. and 7th St.

50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE



CANADIAN
ROCKY
MOUNTAINS

MORAINÉ
LAKE

Send for
"Challenge of the
Mountains."

Near Lake Louise Hotel, in the Canadian Rockies, is this wonderful Morain Lake. Words fail to tell of the beauty of this region, which is one of the scenic marvels of the world. Here a most delightful vacation may be enjoyed. A paradise for the mountaineer, geologist, naturalist and mineralogist.

COMFORTABLY REACHED BY THE LUXURIOUS TRAINS OF THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ROBERT KERR PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER MONTREAL.

NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, Proprietor

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences,
Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes,
and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 10TH STREET.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and
Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

B. Wilberg

William Wolz

B. C. CIGAR FACTORY

MANUFACTURERS OF

High-Grade Havana Cigars

BRANDS—"B. C.", "Old Sports", "Brilliants", "Autos" and "Puck".

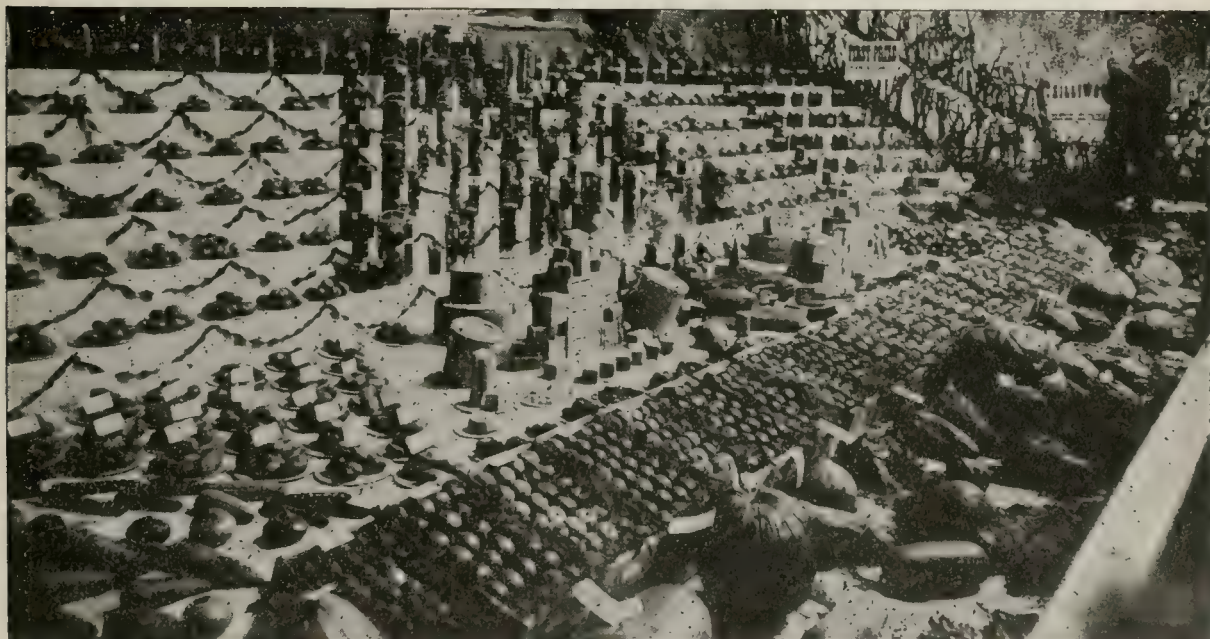
P. B. Brown

H. H. Lennie

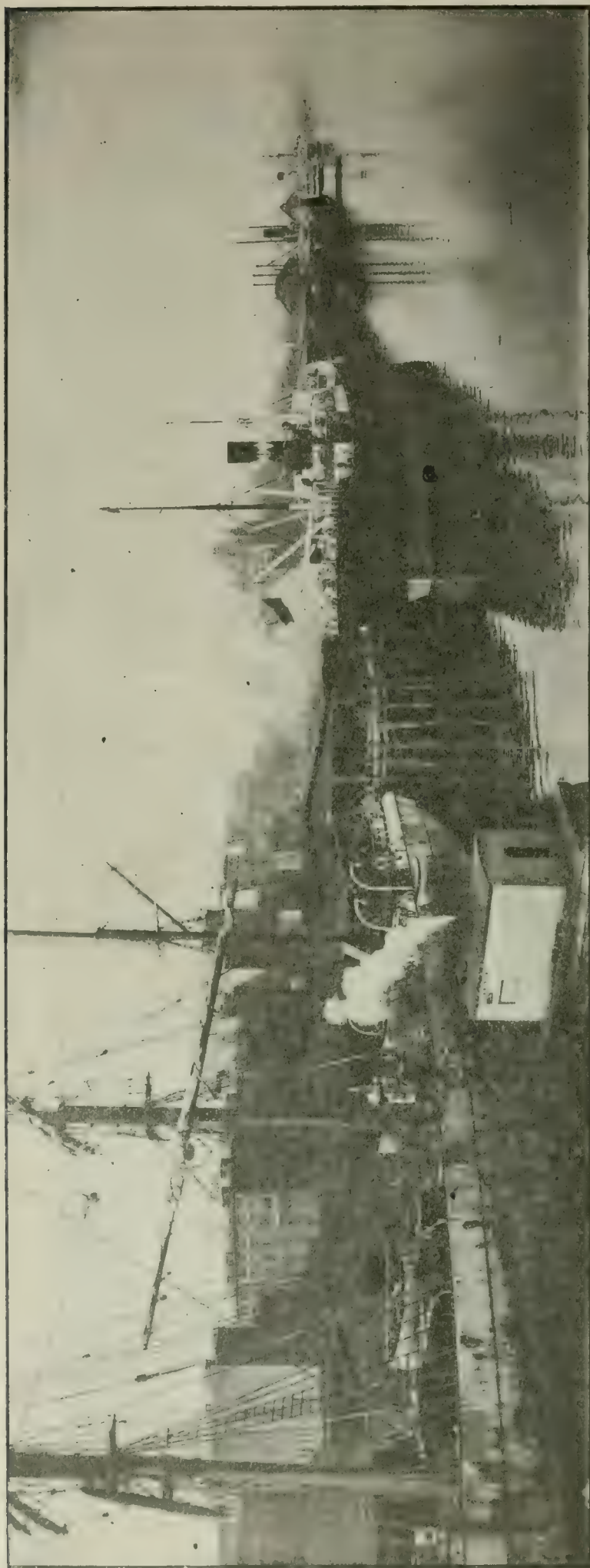
The Settlers' Association of B. C.

Real Estate, Financial & Customs Broker

Opposite Windsor Hotel.



PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY



ALONG THE WATER FRONT

VANCOUVER is the financial, commercial and chief residential centre of the Pacific Canadian Coast.

VANCOUVER'S remarkable progress has not been due to accidental or transitory influences. The essentials of its prosperity reside in its natural advantages, which are unsurpassed by those of any other city on the coast. Its geographical relation to the resources of British Columbia and to the markets of the world, together with its harbour, water-power facilities and railway connection, account for its present and guarantee its perpetual pre-eminence in Canadian Commerce and industry.

TIMBER, coal, iron, mineral, building stone and commercial clays are at its door. The waters contiguous to it are filled with fish. Salmon, halibut, cod and herring, smelts, anchovies and sardines, crabs, shrimps and clams are found in varying quantities.

IMMEDIATELY adjacent to it is an extensive agricultural area producing hay, hops, coarse grain, roots, vegetables and fruit in greater abundance than any other section of Canada.

ITS HARBOUR is ice free at all seasons, sheltered from all storms and is among the best in the

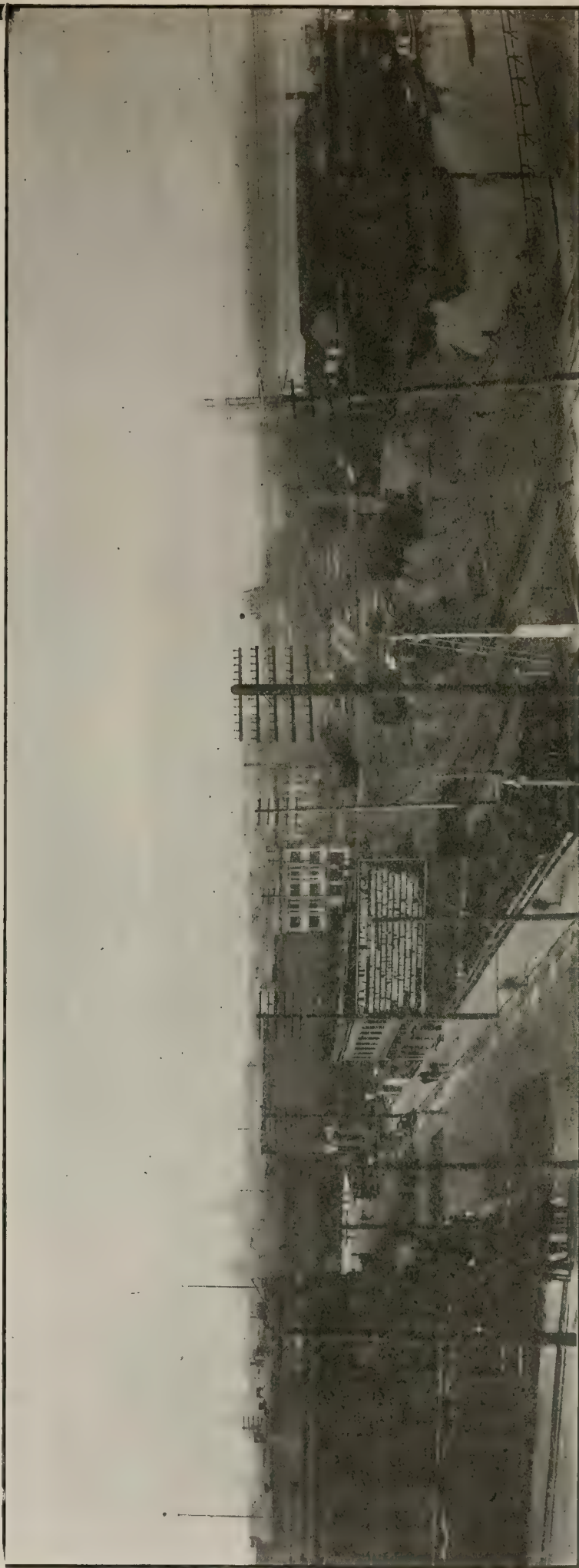
THE MOUNTAIN streams guarantee unlimited water power. One plant producing 30,000 h.p. has been established and the completion of projected undertakings will double the amount available.

THREE TRANS-CONTINENTAL railways have termini in Vancouver.

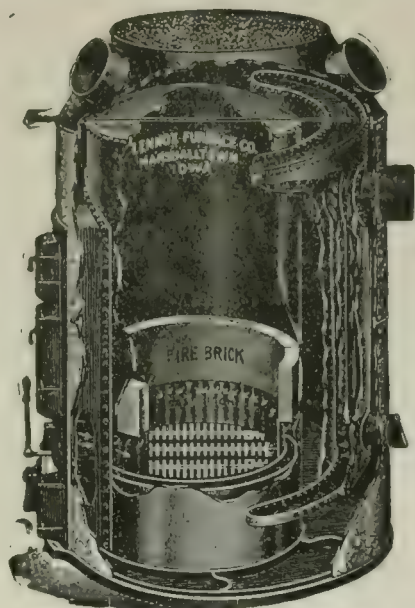
THE UNDERSIGNED SOLICIT CORRESPONDENCE

MAHON, McFARLAND & MAHON,
Real Estate and Investments,
Seymour and Pender Streets.
E. H. ROOME & CO.,
House Estate and Financial Agents,
600 Westminster, Avenue.
JOHN J. BANFIELD,
Estates Managed and Loans,
607 Hastings Street.
W. J. CAVANAGH & CO.,
Realty, Insurance and Investments,
407 Pender Street.

W. E. GREEN,
Timber and Coal Lands,
500 Hastings Street.
DOMINION TRUST CO., LTD.,
Trustees, Executors and Administrators,
328 Hastings Street.
C. D. RAND,
Mining, Timber and Realty Investments,
450 Granville Street.
G. A. BARRETT & CO.,
Rural and Urban Investments,
538 Westminster Avenue.



IN THE WHOLETALE SECTION



Home Builders

Don't spoil your new home by having an inferior furnace installed. A GOOD furnace saves MONEY and means COMFORT. The TORRID ZONE is guaranteed to be absolutely GAS, SMOKE and DUST proof. It is the GREATEST HEAT PRODUCER for fuel consumed on the market. Call or write for catalogue.

F. W. CUNNINGHAM

823 GRANVILLE ST. - - VANCOUVER, B.C. - - P.O. B. 25

Are You Making a Trip?

If so, you will travel a long way before meeting with such good values as we offer in outfits that will stand the wear and tear of a long journey.

ENGLISH KHAKI DRILL COATS, PANTS AND BREECHES,
SCOTCH TWEED RIDING AND WALKING BREECHES,
BURBERRY'S WATERPROOF SPORTING SUITS,
OILED SILK COATS,
SWEATERS, UNDERWEAR, HATS, CAPS, ETC.

E. CHAPMAN

Direct Importer of British Goods.

DAVIS CHAMBERS

613 HASTINGS STREET WEST, - VANCOUVER, B. C.



Vol. II.

MAY, 1908.

No. 5

**Calgary
To the Fore.**

Early in July the annual Dominion Exhibition will be held in Calgary, the capital of the Western plains. This is an important fixture, which in previous years has brought much gain and more kudos to Winnipeg and New Westminster, and which will add something to the fame of Calgary. At the present time, there is no city west of Winnipeg which is growing so rapidly. Only six years ago the population had fallen to less than five thousand, during the last three it has jumped from seven to fifteen, and will probably pass the twenty thousand mark this year. Calgary has had its ups and downs, but its real importance, not only as a great ranching but a great transportation centre, is now realized. It received a powerful impetus when the C.P.R. decided to undertake extensive irrigation works in the Bow Valley and now that the possibility of mixed farming has been demonstrated there is hardly any limit to the expansion and possible prosperity of Calgary. Those who knew it in the early days as the headquarters of cattle ranching and the home of a few hundred Englishmen who realized the opportunities it offered for a free and easy life in a new country, would hardly recognize it as the substantial, stone-built, commercial city of today, with hundreds of settlers cultivating their crops within

a few miles of its depot. It is a compliment to the industry and enterprise of Calgary that it should have been selected by the Dominion Government as the site of this year's Exhibition. It fully deserves the compliment, and will without doubt rise to the importance of the occasion.

The next number of **Homeseekers.** Westward Ho! will be called the "Homeseekers' Number," and will contain special articles dealing with the resources of the West in relation to the settler. Everyone admits that what the West most needs is men, but they must be men of the right sort; not wage earners so much as land cultivators, who will drive in their stakes, fence their section, build their home, stay with the country and assimilate with those who are building up a "white" Canada. There is room for millions, and even the least fortunate of them can get a better living under more favourable conditions than at any point in the old world. All homeseekers are not looking for the same tracts of land, although mixed farming is almost everywhere becoming the rule. Westward Ho! will give special information with respect to each important district so as to prevent disappointment in the selection of the future homestead. A high authority stated recently that less

than five per cent. of the cultivable land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was occupied, no other country in the world has the available extent or offers the opportunities of Western Canada, to make these known in a reliable manner will be the chief object of the "Home-seekers" issue of Westward Ho!

The Question of Coal.

The next number of Westward Ho! will contain an exhaustive article on the subject of coal.

Every known source of supply in Western Canada will be canvassed and our readers will be placed in possession of the fullest information with respect to one of the most important subjects which could engage their attention. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that coal mining as an investment is receiving more attention, and the repeated attempts of Westward Ho! to direct attention to this are beginning to bear fruit. New mines are being opened up continually—Vancouver Island has contributed three such enterprises within a year. On the mainland East Kootenay will have at least three new shippers this year, and just East of the Rockies in Alberta quite a number of valuable properties are being exploited. The latest information is that Mr. Jas. McEvoy, the able and popular chief engineer of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. for the last seven years, has resigned his position in order to undertake the management of a large German Company which will develop coal mining near Calgary. Men of Mr. McEvoy's character do not surrender lucrative positions in pursuit of a mere "will o' the wisp," and as no man is better acquainted with the Geology of the District, it may be taken for granted that the new enterprise is a solid one. With all these developments coal should be cheaper, at any rate at the Coast. Seven dollars fifty a ton is a ridiculous price say for Vancouverites to pay for coal mined within sixty miles, and transported by water for fifty cents a ton. Bituminous coal in Montreal, carried by rail a thousand miles, only costs the same price. The City Council of Vancouver has just received tenders for a supply

of Australian coal at \$5.50 per ton delivered. It is only fair to point out that this is unscreened coal, or at any rate that it will be practically of that grade by the time it reaches Vancouver, but even so the possibility of mining coal at a distance of 14,000 miles, transporting it to British Columbia and selling it at \$5.50 conclusively shows that \$7.50 is not a reasonable price for the local product. Westward Ho! does not hesitate to say that coal should be sold at the Coast delivered to the consumer at a maximum of \$5 per ton, and if a trade combine is responsible for the present high figure, it is the duty of the Government to investigate the matter.

Publicity.

The Pacific Coast Advertising Mens' Association will hold its annual meeting in Portland, Ore., June first, and the occasion is one to which attention may well be directed. Only those who are conversant with the inner working of publicity advertising know just how effective and how valuable it is. All good advertising is the result of careful study combined with ingenuity and experience. The members of the Pacific Coast Association are all expert in their line, and have made good in one direction or another. The West needs advertising, because it needs population, and the task before this Association is so to advertise the attractions and the resources of the territory in which it operates as to attract population. It all depends on the way it is done; there are hundreds of newspapers, journals and magazines turning out page after page of well written illustrated articles on the beauties of the West, but unless this mass of information is utilized by a specialist in such a manner as to fasten the attention and startle the reader into a recognition of the fact that here is something for him, it simply passes through his mind like the average column of reading matter, without leaving any impression. Adaptation is the art of advertising, the bringing of the seeker and his quest together, and this work has been successfully accomplished by the men who will gather in Portland early next month.

Bremerton's Navy Yard.

Bonnycastle Dale.

THE Navy Yard at Bremerton is a busy place these days. The greatest fleet of modern war vessels that ever traversed the Pacific is approaching along the coasts of North America. Sixteen grim battleships. Are they on a manœuvre cruise or have they a deeper purpose? The Department says the former. Great captains of industry like Maxim, college professors, magazine writers, the yellow press in many issues, insinuate that it has a greater object before it, other than the navigation of a long untried course. Rumour—that impalpable thing—says once the fleet is in its desired position certain demands will be made upon Japan relative to Manchuria—if not indeed Korea. If we could hear the words whispered by President Roosevelt in that momentous five minutes farewell instructions to Fighting Bob Evans on board of the Mayflower off Fortress Monroe last December we could tell more about it.

Anchored at the Navy Yard, or tied to the docks are the Wisconsin, battleship, the armoured cruisers Pennsylvania and the Colorado. In the harbour lie the battleship Oregon, half dismantled, the protected cruiser Boston and several despatch boats, cruiser yachts, etc. The Wisconsin is having a pretty thorough overhauling, the Pennsylvania will have to undergo extensive repairs. The Colorado will have her new 8-inch. guns installed. Very soon the Maryland and West Virginia will come to the Yard to be docked, then along comes the Washington and Tennessee. So a really presentable fleet will be here to greet Evans and his four-mile long line of battleships.

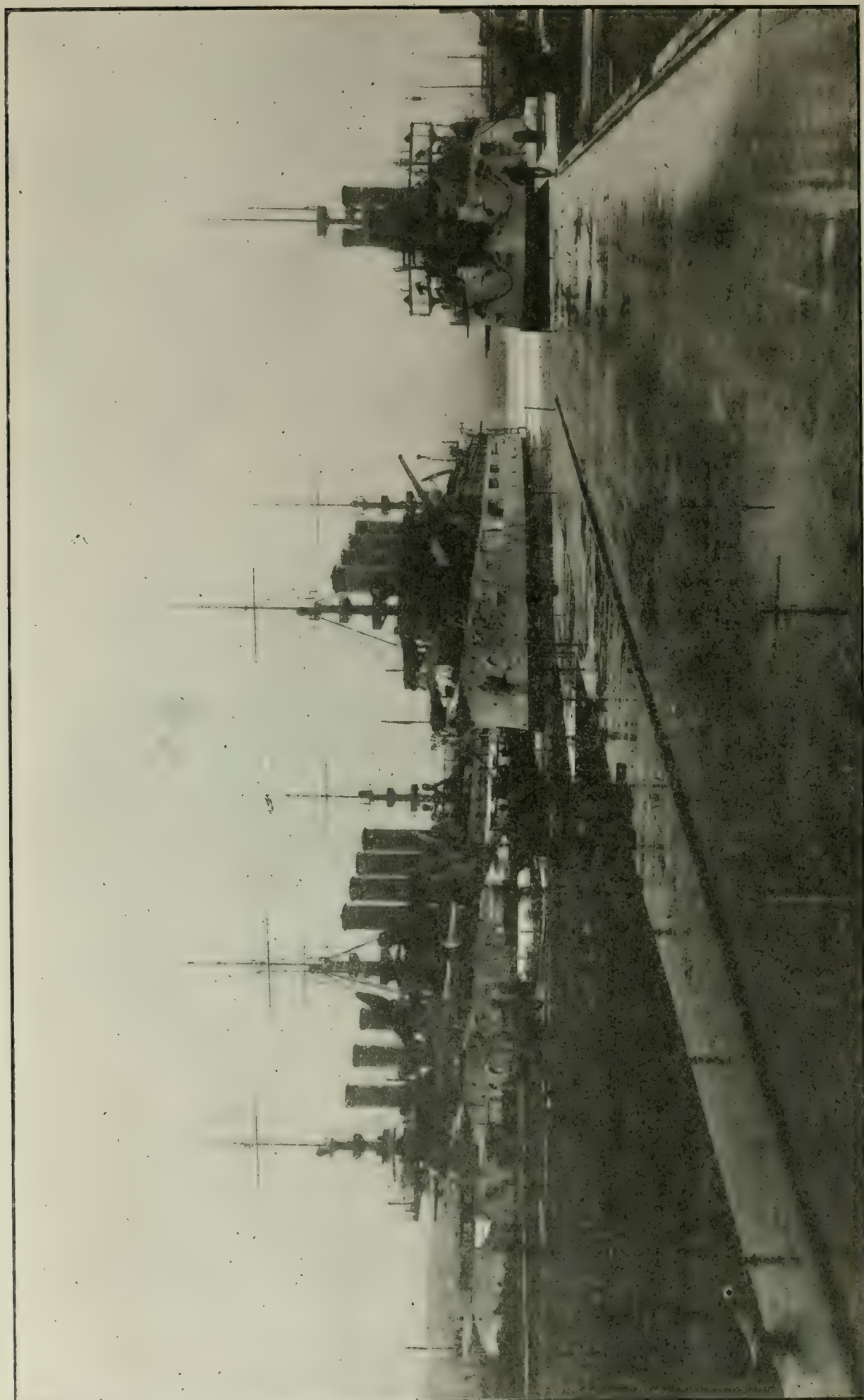
Intensely interesting are the great coal bunkers with a foreign vessel discharging coal. What would this mean if war

actually took place. A fleet now ranking second among the navies of the world—on paper and in effective strength—without enough United States bottoms to carry her coal. Did Roosevelt mean this as an object lesson when he sent the mighty fleet on this long trip, an object lesson to assist in the passing of the Ship's Subsidy Bill? Speak to United States captains as I am doing every



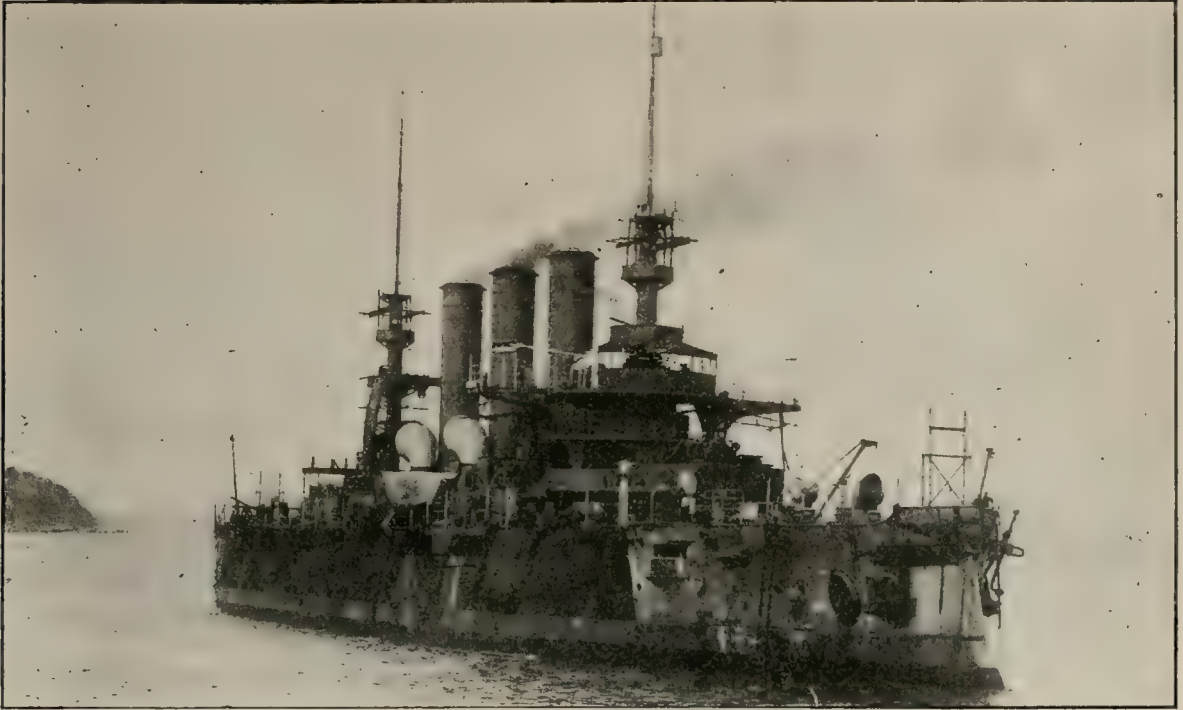
Admiral Evans and President Roosevelt.

day and they will tell you they are ashamed to glance around among the crowded shipping of any great foreign port for the Stars and Stripes. Usually some dainty pleasure yacht is flying it, for there is no money in building ships in the United States where it costs from thirty to fifty per cent. more to build and twenty to thirty per cent. more to run. So the millionaire is abroad with his pleasure yacht while the flags of every nation but his own flaunt on the breeze



U. S. Battleships at Bremerton Navy Yard.

[From Left to Right—"Nebraska," "Pennsylvania," "Colorado" and "Wisconsin."



U. S. Battleship "Nebraska."

of the routes of traffic the world over. Owners of coastwise boats tell me the Norwegians have run them out. Directors in companies say the English, the Japanese, the Canadian subsidized bot-

oms have actually run the Stars and Stripes from off the Atlantic and will run it off the Pacific by 1910.

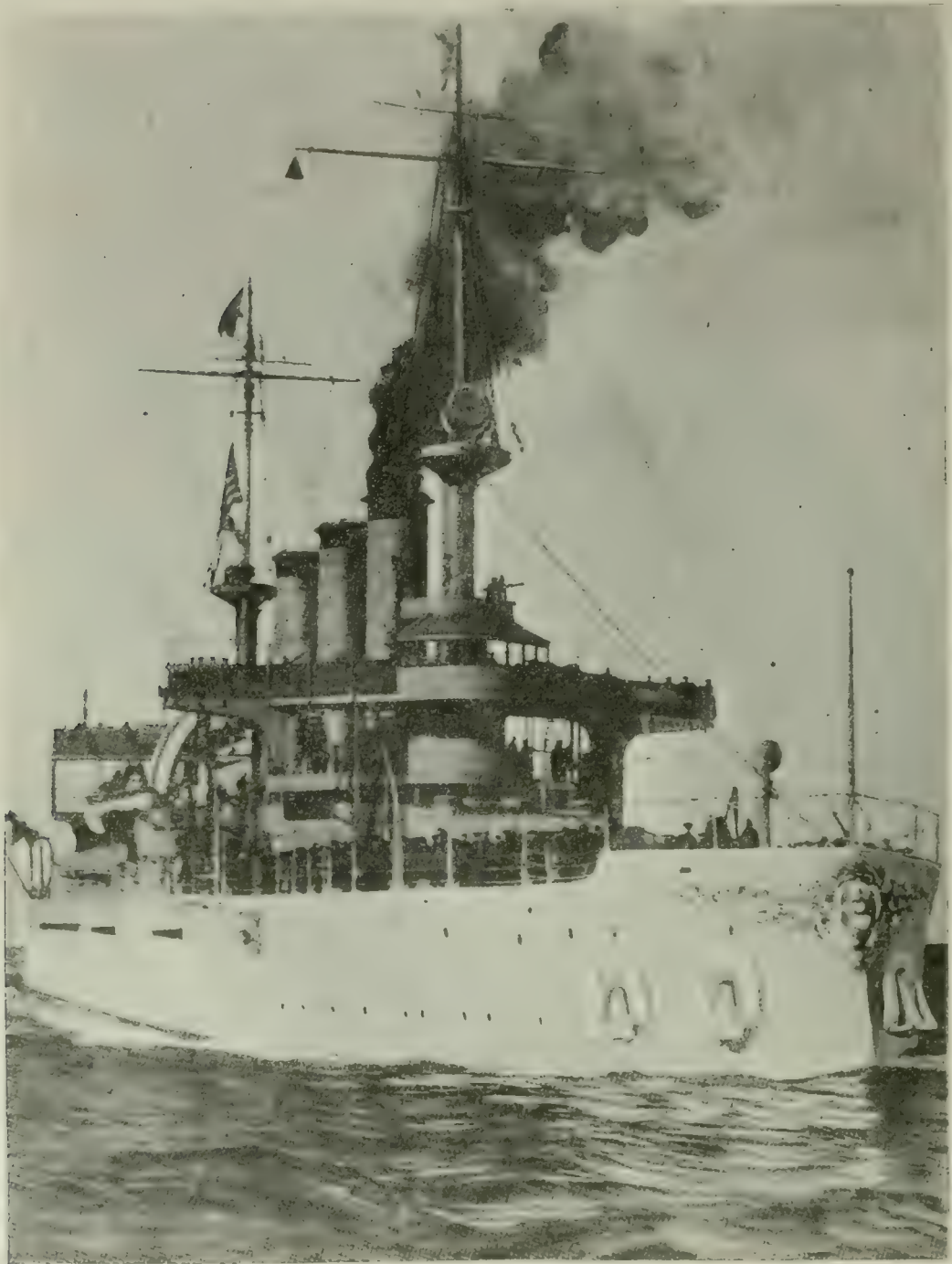
Should not this fend against the war rumour tells us is looming up? Again,



U. S. Battleship "Dakota."

there is only one dock on this northern coast capable of taking in a battleship—unless you include ours at Esquimalt. And if the enemy was an ally of England this would be closed to our friends south of the line. I strongly advise the press not to talk war scare. We are in a very

for a moment that this war the press talks so freely about were to break out. Any battleship of the United States damaged or crippled would fill this big dock at Bremerton for months. Now just imagine another great war vessel reeling towards port. Could we—as fellow white



Admiral Evans' Flagship, the "Connecticut."

delicate position if war were to break out. In our hearts we would undoubtedly take sides with the United States. With our hands we could not help them. The mother has bound her daughter in his case by the Japanese treaty. Imagine

man—allow her to pass our dry dock if her need was very great? Do all that lies in us, by word and deed, to put down these disquieting rumours, else we may find ourselves called upon to decide



U. S. Battleship "Oregon."

a question much greater than the present one of Oriental emigration.

Remember the United States is very much alive to the need of larger and other dry docks at Bremerton, so much alive that they have just passed an appropriation of two millions to build a longer and a wider dry dock. I spoke with many of the men at the Navy Yards. All seemed satisfied with Uncle Sam as a taskmaster. The ex-army and navy men have the preference for employment, but it will need the work of many thousands if the new docks are to be rushed. Labour must be paid on a more suitable

basis everywhere. Today the only thing man can put his money in that will not return a fair interest is labour. Thus we have hard times—and as the labouring man is in the great majority—it is he that must feel those hard times.

The general view of the great docks, the departmental buildings, the men's and the officers' quarters, the anchored and moored fleet, all go to teach that this great nation is rapidly assembling a mighty storehouse for the supply of her fleet. Even submarines will soon be stationed here. Men who know say that the gunnery of the fleet is par excellence.



U. S. Armoured Cruiser "New York."

I read the blue book on the Spanish-American war. In it you will find accounts of rapid, accurate practice, both at target and at the enemy. I have been informed that the mortar battery at Fort Casey is as near perfection in dropping a shell—over a tall grove of trees from

their concealed emplacement—as they well could be. Note the string of forts and disappearing guns, the mortar batteries, the quick firers that line Puget Sound and have no fear that any invading force will ever get—by water—to the Navy Yard at Bremerton.

Shakmut.

Clive Phillips Wolley.

CHAPTER V.

WAST thou ever afraid, Anadirski?"

The two, excited and unable to sleep, had paced up and down on the Governor's walk, watching the night wear away, and now stood looking out to sea.

The Cossack fingered his fierce moustache, thinking deeply.

"It may be, your excellence," he said at length; "but it must have been a long time ago. I have a bad memory."

"I never used to be," the other mused, half to himself. "*He* had no cowards about him, but——"

"The vodka is dying out. This cursed sea air kills the good drink. Let us go to bed."

"In the attic? The shadows will be there."

"Shadows! Is a soldier of Miloradvitch afraid of shadows?"

"Aye, brother, one is. Did'st see Shakmut rise when the holy taper went out?"

Anadirski looked at his comrade pityingly. The drink and the noise of the sea were beginning to tell upon the brain of the Petersburg dandy.

He, Anadirski, had seen others go mad from the same cause.

"I wish there was nothing worse in Sitka than the shadows," said he.

"What is worse?"

"The substance! Alexander Andreevitch, for instance."

"Baranoff? He has shot his bolt."

"You think so? May be. His mascot failed him to-night, and I think he sees the end of his tether, but it is hard to believe him beaten."

"He will be recalled within the year, and then he will die."

"And your fair report to the Empress will help his recall?"

"If I ever reach that ship, yes. She is far out," and he pointed to where a ray of moonlight showed the St. George, very white and ghostly, lying in the shelter of the spit.

"A mile or may be a little more, but the sea is calm to-night."

"Brooding, it seems to me. Dost mark how the skin of it crawls?"

"It dreams, and its dreams are evil. It is no white man's sea."

Just then from beyond the stockade a low wailing chant arose, rising and falling to the time of the sea's pulse.

"What is that, Anadirski?"

"The Kalushes singing. Men say that the sea life is in them, that they feel the storm coming, and sing its coming."

"My God, if a storm should come now!"

"What then?"

"How should I reach the ship?" and he pointed across the sullen waters.

"Don't be afraid. If you could not reach her, it would be too rough for her to leave Sitka. A Kalush could reach the St. George in any weather in which she dare put to sea. But come to bed."

"The Kalushes are not alone in expecting a storm. Dost see how all the boats have been hauled up?"

For a moment Anadirski made no reply. Instead, he shifted his position so that he could obtain a better view of the beach. After a long scrutiny of it, he turned sharply to Stroganoff, and seemed about to say something, but checked himself and expressed his feelings in a hollow whistle, that reminded one of a distant fog horn.

"They, too, expect a storm at the fort," suggested Stroganoff.

"Aye! They expect something. It has even stirred the Governor. He was sound enough when we left him. Look now!"

Stroganoff looked, and saw lights moving hither and thither rapidly, but almost at once they disappeared, and the darkness fell upon the place again.

"Well, to bed. We can get in unseen now," and Anadirski led the way to the attic, and, as he prophesied, passed unnoticed through doors where no man watched, unchallenged to his home beneath the roof.

But though all was still whilst Anadirski and his comrade passed in, there were goings and comings about the fort long after the two fell asleep.

When Stroganoff woke, a strange hush lay upon the place, the hush, he thought, of early dawn, and the dense fog which covered everything lent colour to his idea.

Kicking the embers together, to obtain a little light, he collected the few things that he cared to take back with him, and then went out upon the beach. Here the same strange waiting silence held everything. There was not a soul in sight, either about the fort or about the stockade, nor was there a boat or canoe upon the beach. Even those earliest risers, the crows, were absent from the water-front.

At first Stroganoff put all this down to the earliness of the hour. There was no reason why others should be as impatient for this day as he was. Even the ship on which he was to sail, looming high above the fog, seemed still to sleep.

So he went back, and sat silently in

the dark waiting for Anadirski to wake, and after a while busied himself with the preparation of their breakfast.

This they ate in silence, and then the two went out together. But Sitka still slept, only the sea muttered louder in its sleep than it had done, and the roar of the tide rip was beginning.

"You could hardly find your way to the ship if that fog were to shut down, Excellence."

"Who? I, by myself? Of course I could not, but any Kalush could. They know this accursed bay as I know the streets of Petersburg."

"Where are the Kalushes?"

For a full minute Stroganoff did not answer. A strange feeling of uneasiness had taken hold of him. It could not be early morning still, and yet the beach was deserted; there was not a soul in sight.

"They must be in their camp beyond the stockade; but it is strange—strange."

"Let us go and see. It is time we found someone to take you on board."

Together they climbed the boulder-strewn beach, and stillness was such that the little cracking of the pods of seaweed beneath their feet seemed loud as pistol shots, but as they reached the stockade, something screamed past them, rattled the old fence, thundered under the roofs and passed on into the mountain gorges behind the settlement.

It was the first blast of the storm, and it left a black path on the crawling sea which began to stir as a snake which wakes from sleep.

For a while, after the first blast, the stillness only grew, the shattered fog curtain was drawn away, and through the rents of it was seen a sky of livid purple.

Inside the stockade the silence was as great as it was outside. There were the utensils of savage everyday life, with food still warm in some of them, but the embers on the hearths had been extinguished and the blankets had gone from the sleeping corners.

The Indian settlement had been deserted. Stroganoff, his hands shaking, and lips twitching, turned to Anadirski—

"I don't understand," the Cossack re-

plied to the unasked question. "Come to the fort and we shall find out."

But the fort was almost as the stockade. Baranoff had gone; the soldiers were not on guard; no man was visible; only the women were left, and it was long before the comrades could obtain speech even with one of them.

"Ho! Matushka, come hither," the Cossack cried at length, as the old crone, caught as she vanished down a passage, stayed and then hobbled sulkily in his direction.

"Where are all the folk hiding this morning?"

"Ask Alexander Andreevitch. Am I their keeper?"

"Nay, God forbid, but thou feedest them."

"It is wolves I feed then, and they have gone in the night."

"Whither?"

"Can I tell where wolves go? The old one howled at midnight, and they went. That is all I know. Why wert thou not with them?"

"Answer my question, curse you," cried Anadirski, savagely, gripping her by the wrist. "Where is the Governor, and where are the men? Is it forgotten that I am peredovtchik?"

"Alexander Andreevitch seems to have forgotten it," she answered insolently, and then seeing the glare in the Cossack's eyes she grew frightened, and whined to Stroganoff:

"Surely *you* know, your Excellency, that the Governor was to make a secret expedition to Klawak? Servants are not told these things, but all knew, as all know that your Excellency sails today for Russia. Has your Excellency hired a boatman?" and the hag grinned maliciously as she curtsied to the Russian.

Anadirski threw her from him roughly and strode towards the hall door.

"Come," he said; "something is going to happen, after all," and he laughed savagely and wrenched at the great door. But his strength was needed to open it. As the handle turned, the door drove inwards with a great crash, and a squall came through the doorway which tore every loose thing from the walls, whisked the old hag down the corridor, and

went rioting through the empty room, as if it would wreck the building.

The two men had to bend their heads and lean their weight against the wind to make any headway in it, but the roar almost drowned the Cossack's shout.

"He has won in spite of your knave of spades. The storm fights for him, and there is neither boat nor boatman left in Sitka."

Stroganoff needed no explanation. A mile off lay the ship in which he was to have returned to Russia; the only ship the settlement would see for six months at least. It might as well have lain a hundred miles away.

Between him and it was a barrier which, unaided, he could not cross. The tide rip now was a live devil, roaring hoarsely, the current of it running against the wind, so that a tumult of waves seemed to come from all quarters and shatter themselves in white foam along its course.

Only the best boatman in the staunchest boat, or the skill of the sea-bred natives, could cross it in safety, and Baranoff had left neither boats or natives on Sitka beach.

He, Stroganoff, had served his time; he had played and beaten his enemy at his own game; he had paid the iniquitous charges of the Company; he was free to go or stay, yet he had chosen to stay, even as those others had *chosen*.

His freedom and his revenge were before him, but it was no part of Alexander Andreevitch's duty to put him on board that man-of-war.

And still the storm grew.

The sea that had crawled in an oily evil calm the night before, had now writhed itself into an agony of curling waves, and the pines through which the salt spray flew, bent and shrieked like beings in torment.

This was God's justice.

In the impotence of his anger the man stood, with white face and clenched hands, glaring into the heart of the storm, cursing with his heart, though his lips remained dumb.

Then his voice came to him, and he cried to the Unseen to come to him, that he might struggle with It like a man; he cursed the winds and the waves, and

taunted their Maker and cursed Him for daring to thwart the plans of that which He had made.

And then a strange thing happened.

In the midst of the man's ravings, the winds heard him, and dropped, and the frightened waves waited.

The Cossack crossed himself, and took off his sheepskin cap, standing bare-headed.

"God listens," he said. "They were not my words."

But Stroganoff paid no heed to him. His white strained face was set towards a point which jutted out to sea, on which through the ragged clouds could be seen the outlines of the monsters which guard the Kalush dead.

As he looked, a long black canoe shot out from shore, and passing through the waves as if it were of them, came straight towards Sitka beach.

"Thank God, there is a canoe coming."

"Hush, man! Your thanks come too close on the heels of your curses."

Stroganoff looked at him as if he did not understand, and at the vast panorama heaving at his feet, and his face became troubled, but he pulled himself together desperately and laughing harshly, said, "Peasant."

"That is true," retorted the other, steadily. "There are other things that may be true, too."

After that neither of them spoke, but in the strange silence, they heard the rattle of the chains and of the rigging on the St. George.

She was making ready for sea, and in another half-hour, if the calm held, she would have left Sitka behind for a year.

But the long black shape of the canoe grew closer and closer, and at last grounded without a sound upon the only square yard of sand upon that beach, and a figure in her stepped out, and stood waiting immovable, its face towards the sea, a Kalush, as far as they could see, of gigantic stature, and obviously one to whom a landing through the surf was as easy as to the sea otter.

Curiously enough, it did not occur to either Yaksheem or Stroganoff to ask why this man had come, or what he was waiting for.

To Stroganoff he represented the one chance of freedom; and darting down the beach, he crammed a handful of roubles into the Yalush's hand and, pointing to the St. George, said, as he stepped into the canoe:

"Another hundred if you reach her before she weighs anchor."

Those were the last words Yaksheem heard from his lips.

They had been comrades for seven years, but they parted without a word, without the waving of a hand.

Even the canoe seemed to take the water without a sound, and shoot straight through the surf as if the sea recoiled before it, and in that moment it occurred to the Cossack that the shoulders of the man whose face he had not seen were familiar to him.

He had even a strange craving to see the face of him, but seafaring savages of Alaska sit not as white men do, but with their face towards their goal, and this man's goal was out at sea, towards the heart of that livid purple from which now the winds came shrieking like harpies who gather about their prey.

For fourteen years the Cossack had known the seas of Alaska in every mood, and knew the rapidity with which they rise, but such a sudden madness of all the elements as succeeded that strange calm he had never dreamed of before.

The wind drove him almost from his feet, though he was by all odds the strongest man in Sitka; the driven sand stung him like small shot, and the wind whirled pieces of seawreck past him, which might have stunned him had he stood in their way.

The stoutest boat, manned by the strongest crew, would, had it faced that storm, have been tossed back like a toy upon the beach, but the canoe impelled by the strength of that one man, made nothing of wind or waves.

Straight and unswerving it went towards its goal, and its goal seemed not the St. George, but the very heart of the storm, and such tricks does the atmosphere of the North play with men's eyesight, that the figure of the Kalush seemed to grow in greatness as it left the beach further and further behind—as a tiny beacon on a misty day will lift itself,

until it seems to be climbing into the clouds, and as it grew, the outlines of it became more and more familiar, until Yaksheem knew it for that of Shakmut the Shaman.

For a moment it towered above the sea rim; the next, the livid purple swallowed it, and the Cossack, standing bare-headed, crossed himself and repeated a

prayer that he had not heard since he left the Volga.

Oddly enough, though the superstitions of Russian peasants are so ridiculous as to be beneath the contempt of all reasonable men, the St. George reached her port without any passenger named Stroganoff on board.

As usual "something, had happened."

Vancouver's Playground.

Howland Hoadley

IT has been truly stated that the visiting stranger is the one who specially realizes and appreciates the beauty spots and attractions of the locality which the resident heedlessly overlooks or passes by, so familiar have they become to him by reason of close proximity. This is especially true of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, which was but little known, and rarely mentioned as one of Nature's assets to Vancouver, until rather more than a year ago. But little by little, with a growth that is sure and strong Vancouverites are realizing that at their very door is an ideal spot in every respect for a mountain and sea-side resort combined. Already a number of villas, bungalows, and summer cottages nestle along the shores or cling to the vantage points, where the almost precipitous mountains skirting the water offer plateaux and level places, and it is no exaggeration to state that in a few years the North Arm is destined to become the successful rival to many of the most famous and celebrated watering places of Europe and the American continent.

It is true that Vancouver has Stanley forest, as a magnificent city park, and the far-famed English Bay, a delightful bathing beach, within the city limits, yet, although the city boasts of a population of 75,000 showing a steady increase of over 10,000 annually, it has had practi-

cally no actual summer resort where people can go for a season remote from the hustle and bustle of town. But the metropolitan growth of Vancouver has now shown the imperative need for such a watering place, and in a short time residents will point to the North Arm with pride, as one of the special attractions of the vicinity, and, as today Victorians boast of the beauties and scenic attractions of the Gorge, it is already acknowledged that the natural beauties and charms of the North Arm offer to both sportsmen and tourists alike a paradise which for magnitude casts the other far in the shade.

In order to fully appreciate the marvelous beauty and magnificent splendors of the North Arm, one has to view them, as no description is sufficiently adequate, and no pen picture vivid enough to approximate to the witchery of the scene. One has to have one's being saturated with the pure mountain air, blended with the perfume of the wild flowers, stately cedars, firs and balsams; to see the towering mountains rising sheer from the water's edge; to watch the ever changing atmospheric effects upon the greenery of the forest-clad hills, transforming the sombre of vivid shades at times from the deepest purple to the most delicate tints of violet or cream; to look into the mirror-like surface of the placid waters, to see there faithfully reproduced every



Birdseye View of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet.

Courtesy of the Indian River Park Co.

form and color as they appear above the water line. No language can tell of these things, yet some idea may be drawn by means of a brief outline description of an excursion from Vancouver to the head of the North Arm, where the Mescalioet, or more familiarly known, Indian River, rushing down through a wild mountain pass mingles its crystal waters with the salt of the Inlet, through a wide delta where the stream is so clear that pebbles may be counted at a depth of twenty feet.

Already an excellent service of steamers make round trips daily, and so rapidly popular is becoming this latest beauty

channels, leading in among the mountains, the mouth of the fiord of the North Arm presents itself. The beginning of this inland, land-locked sea is guarded by verdure-clad islands which dot the bosom of the ever quiet waters, and some of these sentinels have for years been owned by private individuals who here have erected their chalets and country homes. On the left side of the fiord lies Deep Cove, where 500 acres have been platted in a valley rising from the beach to a level plateau. To the northern side over precipitous rocks flows a body of water which will afford a generative force of fifteen thousand



S.S. Brittania, one of the Popular Excursion Steamers on the North Arm.

spot to the many attractions of Vancouver that pressure is being brought to bear to increase the accommodation materially. The distance from the city is approximately twenty miles to the head waters, and when the proposed service is in operation, the trip may be made in ninety minutes.

From the moment the steamer leaves the wharf at Vancouver the interest in the surrounding scenery is keyed up to the highest pitch. After a short run up the broad waters of Burrard Inlet one is transported into the smooth placid surface beyond the Second Narrows, and on reaching Barnet, swinging almost due north, through a panorama of twining

horse power. Already a fine wharf has been constructed and telephone service with North Vancouver has been installed while plans are on foot for the extension of the electric tram line, in the near future.

Woodlands, named after Mr. Myddleton Woods, the pioneer settler on the North Arm, just above Deep Cove, is a promising summer resort. Twelve cottages have been erected here, modeled after the "Thousand Islands" homes, each having its own landing and bathing beach with ornamental walls built from the rock-strewn beach.

Sunshine Creek, another settlement, lies some 500 yards above Woodlands,



H. M. Cottingham's "Whistle Wing," a modern raised deck Cruiser, built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co., and one of the finest pleasure crafts on the waters of Burrard Inlet.

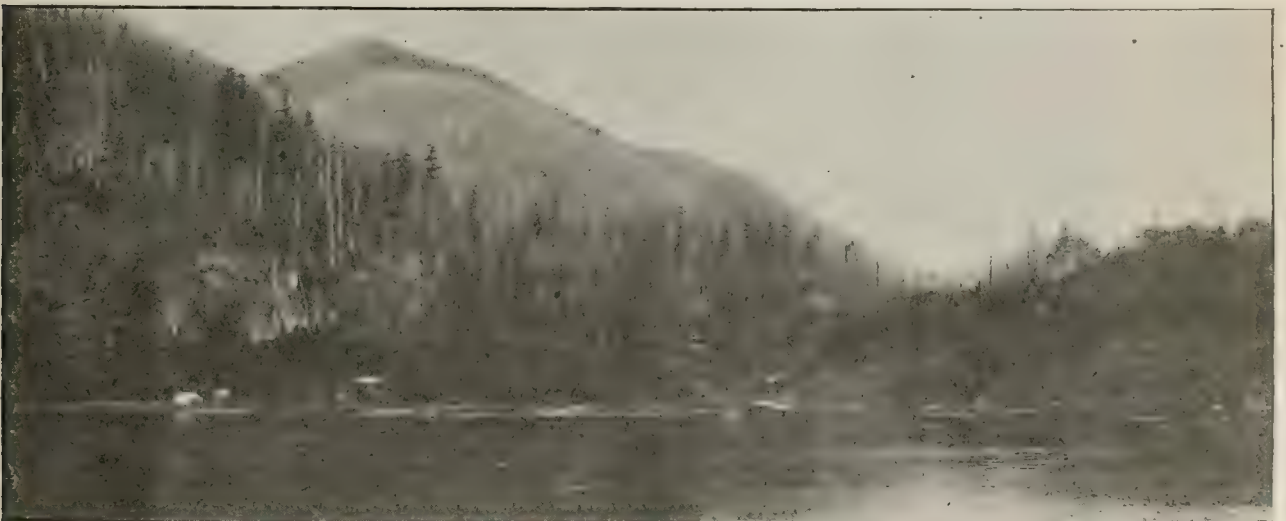


(where a beautiful cascade, which gives the name to the locality), has been laid out in lots, most of which have received eager purchasers.

On the opposite shore is another charming resort formed by a peninsular, bounded on the one side by the level plateau known as Belcarra, and on the other by Bidwell Bay. Here many of

the choice building locations have been taken up, though the present owners of the property decline to place this locality on the open market. A little further along one sees Twin Island Cove, an ideal spot, where already the contract has been let for a landing stage, and the erection of the first bungalow.

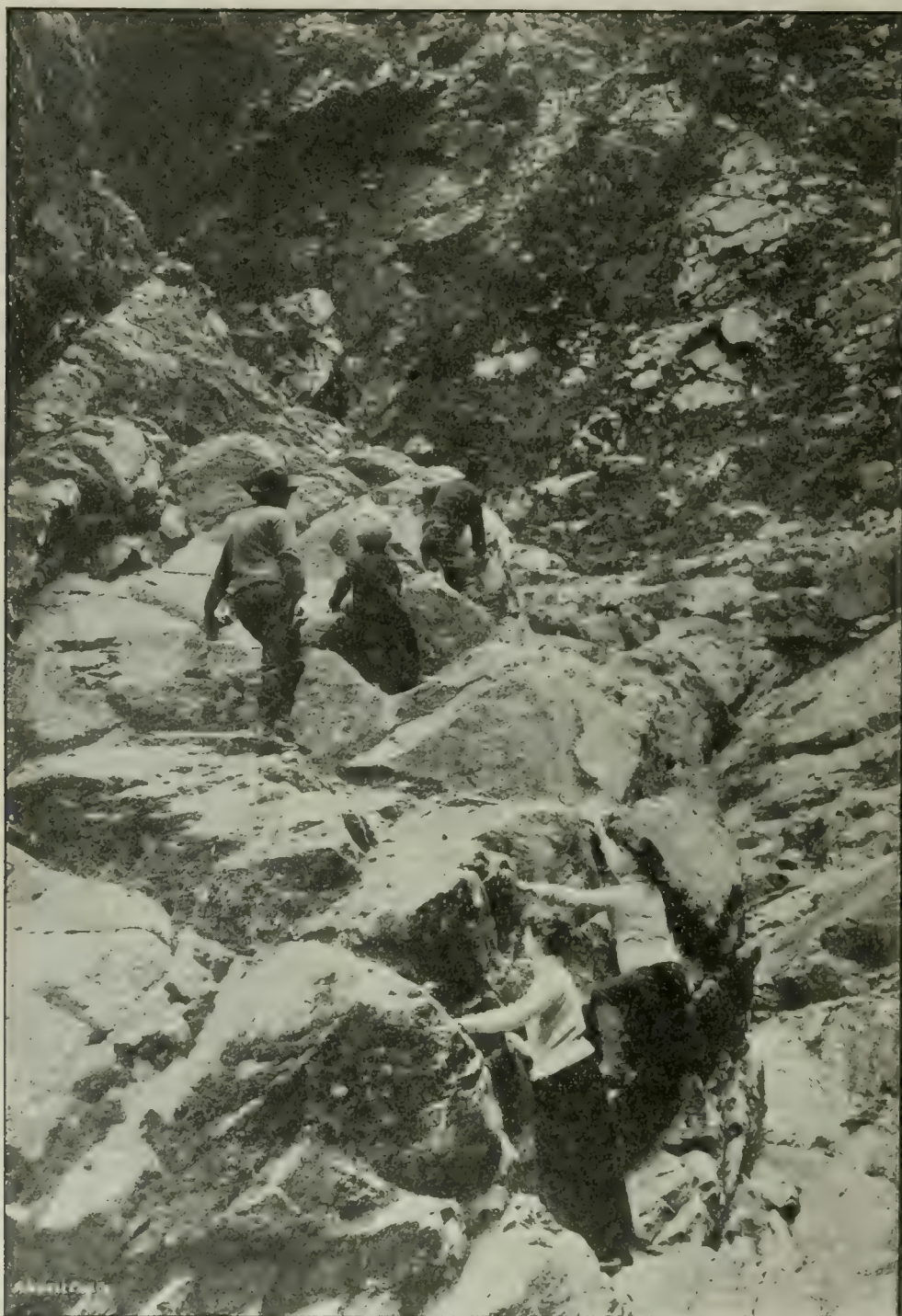
Further along on the same shore is



Brighton Beach.

undoubtedly one of the most striking industrial objects on Burrard Inlet. Here is located the power plant of the British Columbia Electric Railway, where, by means of costly flumes, and tunnels, powerful machinery, harness the waters of

as Rainey's Ranch comprising about one hundred acres facing the southwest and taking in a panoramic view of the Inlet as far as Barnet, where the trains of the C. P. R. can be seen passing to and fro. Here the land has been judiciously



In Cathedral Canyon at the Foot of the Falls.

Lake Beautiful, supplying exhaustless electric energy.

On the opposite shore just beyond Sunshine Creek, lies Brighton Beach, located about twelve miles up the North Arm of the Inlet, on what was known

platted, and a wide avenue running through the centre to the crest of the hill gives easy access to the high lands. A wharf has been built, where steamers and gasoline launches may land at all stages of the tide. In addition, an es-

planade has been built, beautified by fruit and shade trees, with rustic bridges over the creek, and an ample water supply is already on the premises, from an never-failing mountain stream, which runs through the property. It is further understood that arrangements have been made with the power company for electric light, and telephone service is also promised at a very short interval.

Point Beautiful, opposite the power plant, is another promising location, with a view of five miles up or down the Arm. Already a picturesque cottage has been

mountains, whose sides are so steep that straight ahead one seems to be entering a narrow canyon. Occasionally glimpses of waterfalls are caught, like white silken ribbons descending the mountain side, twixt fringes of dark green foliage. Here and there deep bays indent the lofty walls, and while rounding a point or making a swing signs of settlements and habitations are encountered, wherever any spot is to be found which in any way allows for the site of a dwelling, or the pitching of a tent.



V. M. Dafoe's Cruising Launch "It"

built on the end of the point, and several locations have been taken up as summer residences.

From this point the lofty mountains arise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and standing in the forward part of the steamer, what a view presents itself! On either side the snow-capped peaks pierce the clouds, while on the slopes the tall coniferous trees rear themselves. On every hand, new forms of beauty meet the eye. The vessel appears to be sailing into the very midst of rugged

As the head of the North Arm is approached, Granite Falls is seen, well named from the great volume of water that comes rushing and tumbling down the mountain side, over the gray granite boulders, making a picture of striking beauty though suggesting to the practical mind the useless expenditure of vast energy. Here the Coast Quarries Company have a large plant for crushing rock, suitable for street paving, and although now fully equipped, is capable of unlimited enlargement, as the genera-

tive power-force of the falls is estimated roughly at 20,000 horse power.

Two miles above this point is Indian River Park, situated partly on the salt water, and partly on the beautiful Mesliloet or Indian River. Here the mountains attain their greatest altitude—nearly a mile high above sea level, and nature with a lavish hand has scattered over a small area many of her most wonderful scenic treasures, among which may be mentioned Cathedral Canyon, over which pours a cascade well named the "Spray of Pearls," 200 feet high, together with "Cascade Glen," where the forest giants rival those of Stanley Park.

The Indian River Park comprises 190 acres which have been most scientifically laid out, following the idea of the picturesque; while broad roads, trails, and a marine walk give easy approach to the natural beauties of the spot.

But the wild grandeur of the North Arm fiord is by no means the only attraction which is offered by this paradise to the tourist and as well as the city man, who desires a summer home, sufficiently near Vancouver to permit of easy access, yet far enough from the dust, heat and smoke of the sweltering city; and in consequence the entire locality is developing with great strides, both commercially and as a rendezvous for pleasure seekers. To the lovers of boating the waters of the inlet offer superb opportunities for their favorite pastime, whether their crafts be large or small, and possibly no sheet of water—a practically waveless inland sea—affords more perfect facilities for the accommodation of motor boating, while the wide bay at the head of the fiord gives promise that it will be the scene of many

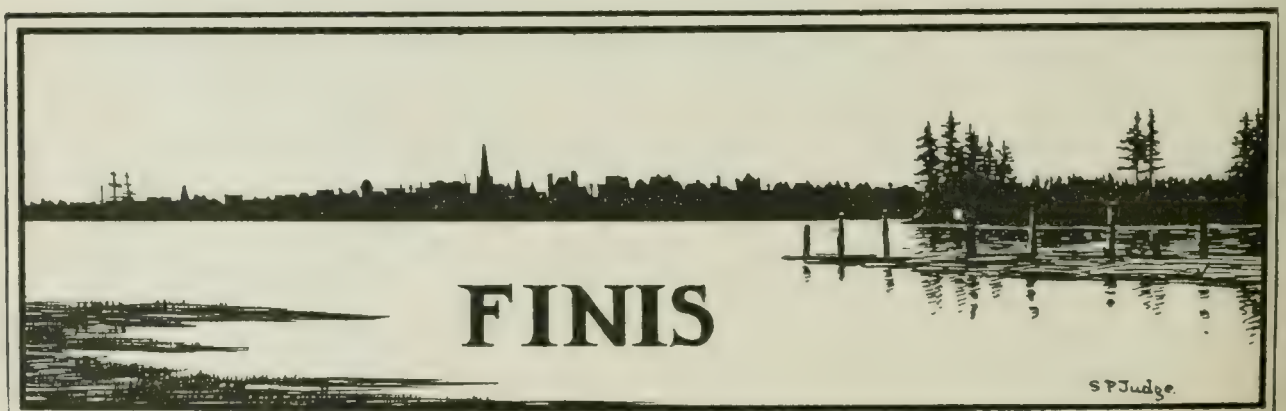
rowing and motoring regattas, as the waters are always suitable for speed tests in this class of sport, which has lately become so popular.

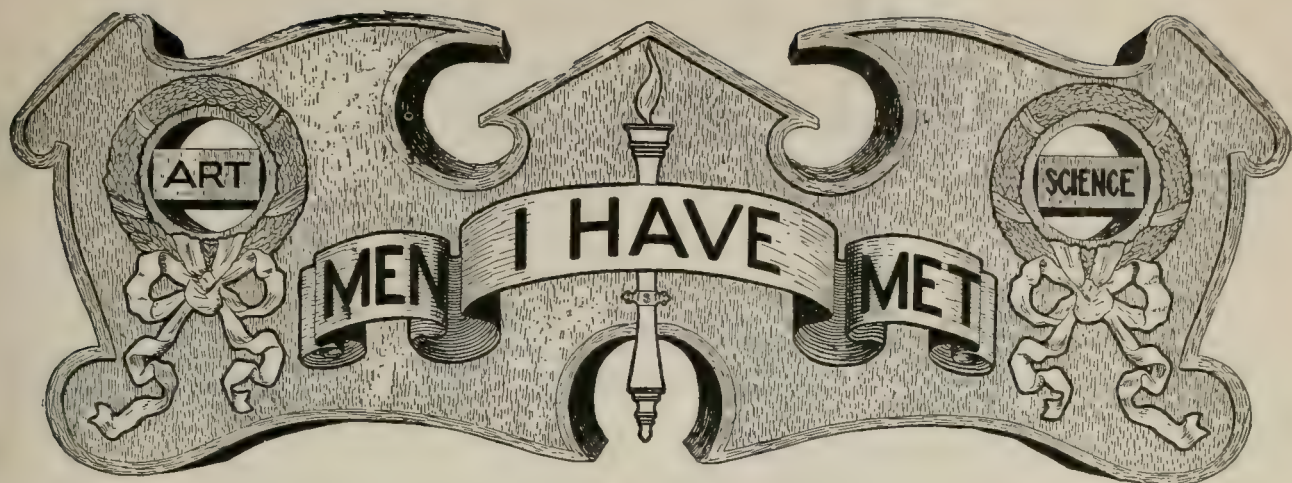
To the disciple of Isaac Walton both the salt water of the Inlet and the deep pools of the streams will not only afford excellent sport, but yield generous returns for his patience and skill. At certain seasons of the year the Indian River is fairly alive with running salmon, while the open waters of the bay teem with rock-cod, sea bass and flounders. Seals too are plentiful, and now and again porpoises and even whales find their way to these placid waters.

This region is a veritable hunters' paradise, abounding with deer, Rocky Mountain goat, with occasionally a bear, while grouse, also duck, and other water fowl are to be had in almost any number.

Here and there along the shores are tiny beaches, with smooth sandy reaches, forming excellent bathing places, as the tide which creeps in slowly gives the water ample time to become warm, while it rises higher and higher over the sun-heated sand.

To the energetic mountain climber the peaks, precipices, and cliffs on every side, towering to the clouds, are a great attraction. From the summits of the most lofty is a vista unrivalled even by the grandeur and sublimity of the Swiss or Italian Alps. On every hand one may behold gigantic mountains, cascades and canyons, while below like a thin silver band, sparkling in the sun lies the crystal waters of the North Arm, and far in the distance appears the smoke of Vancouver, New Westminster and other outlying towns and suburbs.





Right Hon. Winston Churchill.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE.

IT is probably not too much to say that the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill occupies a more conspicuous position in the affairs of the Empire than any other man of his years. He has his admirers and his detractors, the latter predominate. Those things ought to help a young man, and undoubtedly they have helped him, but it must in fairness be admitted that it is his own personality which has carried him to the front, and that his political score has been made off his own bat.

I met Winston Churchill in Montreal in the Fall of 1902 when he had just returned from South Africa and all the world had been talking of his bravado, and his somewhat sensational escape from Pretoria. I interviewed him at the Windsor Hotel and found him affable, talkative, vivacious, picturesque and egotistical in all he said and did. The same evening I heard him lecture in the Windsor Hall. Major Pond, the Prince of entrepreneurs, was his manager, it is therefore needless to say that the affair was well advertised, rather too well to suit the sober judgment of the man in the street, who read with some amusement, and probably a touch of contempt,

that "Winston Churchill, the future Premier of Greater Britain," would lecture on his South African experiences. At 8 o'clock the hall was packed with probably the most stylish audience which ever assembled in Montreal to hear a lecture or address. About two-thirds of those present were ladies and probably three-fourths of the whole audience was in evening dress.

As young Churchill had done literally nothing in South Africa which counted, it is not easy to explain such a fashionable turnout on other than social grounds. I have no doubt that it was more curiosity to see the son of Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill than to hear his address which brought fifteen hundred people out. He lounged on to the platform, after keeping the audience waiting an unconscionable time, in a manner which was either studiously affected or horribly bored. For a young man of twenty-seven he had the most blase and indifferent air, he did not attempt ornate delivery or indeed anything more than a "sotto voce," unanimated, desultory talk of himself and his doings. It might fairly be called a rambling description and contained few ideas or con-

clusions. My recollection is that it added nothing to one's stock of knowledge on South African affairs.

The Press reports show that as a lecturer he was not more successful elsewhere than in Montreal, and that when the curiosity of the public had been gratified by seeing him the great mystery was at an end.

Since it must be admitted that Churchill has proved that those who appraised his character and ability by these bizarre performances reckoned without their host. A man who with the obvious deficiencies mentioned (to which may fairly be added intolerance of others and contempt for their opinions and feelings) has nevertheless forged his way to the front and so acquitted himself as under-Secretary for the Colonies that Mr. Asquith could not leave him out of his Cabinet, must have at least some of the characteristics of greatness.

I well remember his father in his earliest Parliamentary days when he was a member of the Fourth party; it seems almost incredible now to think that so staid and philosophic a statesman as Mr. Balfour was one of the four. In those days Lord Randolph exhibited all the recklessness audacity, smartness, and readiness which characterize his son. Lord Randolph rose to Cabinet rank and might have been Premier. At the time Lord Salisbury took him into the Cabinet it is doubtful if there was a man in public life who had so surely caught the public ear and seized the popular imagination. He was almost an orator, which his son will probably never be, and this helps to account for his hold on the masses.

But in view of the recent utterance of Winston it is rather striking to recall the fact that his father's greatest public speech was the one delivered at Newcastle in opposition to Home Rule. At that time Mr. Gladstone had no more formidable opponent. Soon after came the collapse, which has never been explained in the press and the whole truth of which cannot be told for many

years. But allowing for what is known, it still remains that the erratic trait which manifests itself in every Churchill had something to do with the "debacle."

Winston Churchill is still young, but he has yet to reveal the statesmanlike qualities which his father evinced. His brilliancy has dazzled, but there is no evidence yet that it is other than superficial. His surrender to Mr. Redmond at the eleventh hour looks far more like expediency than conviction, and the result of the Manchester elections tends to show that that was the construction put upon it by the electors.

Once on a time Mr. Chamberlain's critics dubbed him "pushful," yet he never possessed half the pertinacity of Winston Churchill, and while I am willing to concede to him intellect, industry, ambition and extreme pertinacity, his most enthusiastic admirers must admit that he has yet to win his spurs as a constructive politician.

It is too early to predict how far he may go, his great opportunity would be to popularize Fiscal Reform, and his portfolio that of the Board of Trade would seem to open the way to this. But the young Minister has never familiarized himself in any special manner with the subject and both his experience and his duties have led him in another direction. He may inherit that natural aptitude for finance which caused his father to gravitate to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but if so the public has yet to learn the fact. He has a great opportunity, influential backing, and the splendid traditions of an historic house. He has in him the makings of a statesman and even those who are the most inclined to resent his peculiarities are willing to concede that if he fails to make good it will not be for lack of ability or opportunity, but because of the persistence of an inherited streak which has been so apt to manifest itself in the Churchill family in lack of poise and balance, especially when confronted with a crisis.

Joe and Aileen.

From Tales By Mate Wilson.

Arthur Davies.*

LET go that spring! Hold on aft! Check her up for'ard!" yelled the pilot, in a voice indicative of wrath, as the ship *Selkirk* came up taut to her bow and stern lines at the dock head.

"Now, Captain Matson, what are you going to do? My time is valuable; I can't stay here all day waiting for that third mate of yours," he continued, as he paced rapidly up and down the fore-and-aft bridge, between the standard binnacle and the poop.

I enjoyed our skipper's dilemma. For the last three days he had kept me chasing coal dust in the Bute Docks, Cardiff. That he was in a dilemma was evident—the leaving of the third mate being a small matter, as we had two senior apprentices well able to take his place. Afterwards, I found he had received a special letter from the owners with regard to the new third; hence his hesitation.

At this moment the tug under our bows gave a shrill, angry whistle; and, as if to clinch his argument, the pilot made another break across the bridge, poked his weather-beaten face round the jigger mast, saying:

"If you stop here five minutes longer, captain, we'll lose the tide."

This was effective; the prospect of paying twice over for pilot and tug was too much for our skipper, and with almost a sigh he retorted: "All right, have it your own way; let her go!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the pilot called to the mate, on the fo'castle-head, to pay out the hawser; the tug gave a toot, and in another minute we should have been off; when—through the dull haze of the early

June morning—I noticed a figure sauntering slowly along the dock wall.

"How's that for the new third, Captain Matson?" I asked.

"What! That thing?" replied he, pointing to the figure now plainly visible; "I was prepared for something out of the ordinary, but that fellow is a London swell; he's no sailor man."

"Let go that stern line!" came angrily from the pilot. I looked at the skipper, then at the bollards at my feet, round which the stern line was already creaking and surging. Then I threw another glance at the party approaching. In Bond Street or Piccadilly he would have been in keeping with his surroundings; but here—on the *Selkirk*—with every inch of deck, every spar, and every rope thickly coated with coal dust, in the midst of toil and grime, he was distinctly out of place, in his glossy top hat, tight-fitting frock coat, and faultless number eight patent leather footwear, not forgetting a silver-headed cane which he swung daintily between his finger and thumb.

"Let—go—that—stern—line!" again bellowed the pilot, and this time the tones were positively sulphurous; but a spirit of opposition had entered me, and I looked again at the skipper, then cast my eyes for'ard to note—the tug was already straining the hawser, the ship's bow had swung clear, and the *Selkirk* was hanging by the stern line with the half round of her poop about ten feet from the dock wall. I had scarcely grasped the situation, when evidently the top-hatted swell on the dock wall also grasped it. He hurried his pace, breaking into a run as he got close to the ship; then, to my utter amazement, he gathered himself together for a spring, and the next second had taken one of the

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finest pierhead leaps I have ever seen; right over the ten feet of space, up on to the Selkirk's half round, just as if it had been three feet instead of ten. I had no time to admire his nerve, for at that moment the stern line gave a final groan, stretched to half its circumference and parted close to the bollards.

The stranger vaulted lightly over the poop rail, crossed over to the skipper, and, as if he had come on board in the ordinary manner, reported himself as "Joe Brady," the new third.

Matson was evidently struggling between wrath and the humour of the situation. I fully expected an outburst, but the skipper merely responded: "Then you had better turn to, Mr. Brady." I saw at once that humour had conquered. The frock coat, top hat, and patent leather shoes were a distinct addition to the comic side of a sailor's life.

The punishment would have been pretty severe, but our skipper was not yet acquainted with Joe's character. Without a word the hat was raised from his head, it took a circle through the air, and fell into the Bristol Channel; he divested himself of his frock coat, leaned over the side, where the pilot boat was made fast, and dropped the coat on top of the boatman, with the information that it would make a good overcoat for him next winter. Then he came across to me and I turned to him, with the feeling that I was dealing with the maddest specimen of an officer outside the pages of a dime novel.

Such was my first meeting with Joe Brady. Many would say his first appearance on the Selkirk was good acting; it was nothing of the sort; it was just Joe, and nothing more.

For eighteen months he was my shipmate. In fair weather or foul weather, afloat or ashore, he was not only my shipmate, he was something more, he was my friend. The most careless being, the finest gentleman, the most lovable man it had ever been my fortune to meet. We met pleasure together; we met trouble together—tons of it—but he was always the same happy-go-lucky, "come day, go day! God send Sunday!"

To describe his outward appearance is difficult; he was one thing ashore and

quite another being at sea; but here is a description published by the police at Rio, after Joe's escapade with Don Miguel, when the don tried to knife him for paying undue attention to a certain lady, and Joe retaliated by picking him up bodily and throwing him into the harbour:

"Height, five feet eleven; complexion, dark; oval face; hair, black; eyes, dark gray; clean shaven; age, about twenty-one; weight, about one hundred and seventy pounds; wearing a well-tailored serge suit; mole on right side of neck; marks of bullet wound on left side."

Where they got the description from I never knew; but it was fairly accurate. One thing I am certain of, they never got Joe, for we sailed the day the description was published.

Afloat, he was the most careless and slovenly dressed man in the ship; any old thing did for Joe to wear; and never by any chance did he make repairs to his miscellaneous collection of sea garments. His seafaring abilities were as promiscuous as his clothing; he had a smattering of sailorising and a fund of good humour; but the lack of real seamanship was compensated for by the man's wonderful agility both on deck and aloft. I have had some daring messmates, but never one to approach Joe. In the worst gale of wind, he would run out on the yard as if he had been stepping on the sidewalk; he reduced the ship's record from deck to truck and truck to deck by a minute. To dive off the foreyard-arm was an ordinary occurrence—Joe went one better—he preferred the topsail-yard. His agility was beyond the ordinary sailorman's; it reminded me of the acrobats I had seen at Procter's and the Empire.

From haphazard remarks during the voyage, I gathered his people were well-to-do in the old country; one of his uncles being the well-known diplomat, Sir William Brady. Of his mother—or "mater," as he called her—he spoke with the utmost reverence and affection; at the same time, the moment he was short of funds, he did not hesitate to pawn the gold watch she had given him. He was about as mixed up a mass of strength and follies as one could find in a lifetime.

I have hinted he was of English parentage; but it would be more correct to say he was of English parentage from Irish stock. I never asked him why he had gone to sea; there was no reason to do so; on shore he would have been impossible.

II.

'Frisco in the year 188—. The ship Selkirk was at Porta Costa, completing her cargo of wheat. It was New Year's Eve. Joe and I—after drawing every possible cent of our pay—had secured three days' holiday, and were having a right royal time. He had gone to the British consul's for dinner, whilst I—tired out after the three days' racket—had retired to my room at the Baldwin. Sleep, however, was impossible; somehow or other, 'Frisco never seemed to sleep, and this night it was more actively awake than ever. I was not at all sorry when Joe burst into the room.

A glance was sufficient for me to note that the consul's champagne had been moderately effective; Joe was in one of his most brilliant moods, and needed my torpid nature to qualify his exuberance. He rallied me for being in bed, and within ten minutes we were out on Market Street. The glare of the lights, the mood of the passersby, the very abandonment of all restraint, were sufficient to completely wake me up, and I asked Joe what he intended to do.

"What do you say to the 'Cremorne' or 'Bella Union'? he responded. "Tell you what we'll do"—taking a dollar out of his pocket—"I'll toss—heads, 'Cremorne'; tails, 'Bella Union.'"

Up went the coin and came down a true head. Little did Joe know he was tossing up the whole course of his future life; for the matter of that, the thought never entered my head, as I put my arm through his and we strolled down Market Street, or—to be absolutely correct—we strolled down Market Street, making several ports of call on the way. By the time we reached the "Cremorne," the hereditary tendencies of Joe's Irish ancestors were evident. Only one thing stands out clear in my own mind, and that was a flaring poster at the entrance to the "Cremorne," on which I

read, in black letters on a vivid red background, the following awful alliterative:

BESSIE BOLTON

THE

BILLOWY BOWERY BELLE

AND

BOSTON BANG BANG

The horror of this vulgarity must have damped my ardour, for I mounted the stairs with a feeling that I should be bored by something unusually blatant.

By dint of struggling we got well in the centre of the audience, an audience which, in those days, was constantly coming and going, and consisted, in a great measure, of the rakings and scrapings of the universe. Every nationality had contributed of its people, and of that people the very worst type. I mention this in view of what afterwards occurred. By no possible argument could it have been called an American audience.

Number nine—a very badly made-up coon—was just completing his turn when we entered. The "Bowery Belle" was billed for number ten.

In the interval I looked round at Joe. The heat of the room and the fumes of the mixed drinks had done their work; he was already commencing to nod; but his sleep lasted only a minute, for the curtain rolled up and there literally sprang out on the stage as perfect a piece of feminine humanity as it has been my lot to see, and I have seen them in all countries; from Greenland to Patagonia, from Cairo to Nagasaki, in London, in Paris, in places as remote as the Yukon and Vienna; but never before, or since, have I seen such perfection as I witnessed that night.

Her entrance was accompanied by a fusilade of shots from a brace of revolvers, one of which she held in either hand. When the smoke cleared away, there stood on the stage a girl of about nineteen. Her hair was bright golden—

not peroxide, but natural human gold; it must have been long, for it was piled on her head in massive coils. The contour of every part of her body seemed perfect—there was quite a lot of it to see; she must have been in the pink of condition, for her complexion had that healthy, rosy look denoting perfect health and a perfectly trained body; it was real complexion, not rouge; you can tell the difference in a second. But there! that is all the good I can say of her at the first introduction. Her songs and her actions were about as empty and vulgar as it is possible to imagine. I remember to this day wondering how anybody could take interest in such trash.

Then came the finale. She took up two flags—the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack—and sang a song, the words of which I do not remember, but I do remember the conclusion of the chorus—“Down with the Union Jack and up with the American Eagle!”—which she illustrated by elevating the Stars and Stripes and stamping on the Union Jack. Poor Bowery Belle! She was merely taking advantage of what was then a current form of recreation—twisting the lion’s tale. I have said before, the audience was not an American one; to be perfectly candid, I should think fully a third were English sailors of the lowest type; but they roared with delight, and I turned to Joe to see if he also joined in the applause—turned, just as the singer was commencing the chorus of the final verse—turned, in time to see Joe seize the top of the opposite bench and give one of his fearful springs, half pulling himself with his hands and half springing from his feet, and landing on top of a bench some eight feet nearer the orchestra. Three or four strides on top of the benches, a jump over the orchestra, and he was on the stage, just as Miss Bolton was raising up her flag.

Had she been long at stage work she would have treated the situation humorously—possibly have danced with Joe—and there would have been an end of it; but instead of that, she stopped short; and Joe concluded the chorus for her, but altered the position of the flags.

The next moment all was pandemonium; the girl ran off; Joe broke out into

an Irish jig; and from the front the audience rushed pell-mell on to the stage. I have a faint recollection of seeing Joe’s body passed over the heads of the audience; of the lights going out, of a few revolver shots, and finding myself at the head of the stairs, to learn that Joe had been pitched headlong from top to bottom. I forced my way to the front of the crowd, gathered on the sidewalk. There lay Joe—pale and senseless—one arm evidently helpless and the blood pouring from a wound on his head. Two policemen were keeping back the crowd, a hack had been called, and within a few moments I, in company with one of the officers, was driving rapidly to the hospital, with the head of my dear old shipmate pillowed on my knee, his body supported by the constable.

Poor, foolish Joe! What he had intended for a lark had ended almost in a tragedy.

I was up at five next morning, arriving at the hospital shortly before six, anxious to know how my shipmate was getting on. The tale was soon told—broken arm—bad concussion—absolute quiet—no worry. I smiled at the idea of Joe ever worrying himself. By dint of pleading, I got the doctor’s permission to take a peep at Joe, with a solemn promise on my part not to let him see me.

I went up the stairs three at a time, anxious to be near my friend, who had been placed in a private room at the far end of the hospital, away from any noise. I crept in, filled with the desire to obtain a position of vantage behind the bed, but was forestalled. There! seated at the head of the bed, employed in some crochet work, was a figure, neatly gowned in black. My eyes—which were bent on the ground—rested first on the edge of the black dress, and for a moment I thought it was another nurse, but was undeceived when I reached the face—there sat the “Billowy Bowery Belle,” calm and unruffled. If ever I read a woman’s thoughts aright, her first glance told me she was in possession and would brook no interference. Had it not been for the doctor’s warning, I would have started to argue the matter there and then; as it was, she was in

command of the field, and I could merely make a stiff bow—take a look at my shipmate—gaze for a few moments, until the position was becoming ludicrous, and back out, the same way I had entered.

I have seen a tigress watching her cub, a lioness standing guard over the prostrate form of her lord, and I saw in this woman's eyes the same light I had seen in both animals'. I verily believe, had I made the slightest noise or attempted to claim my friend, she would have attacked and forcibly ejected me. My feelings, as I walked down the corridor and out of the hospital, were those of a man who knows he is losing something out of his life which he will miss terribly; and that feeling was not much bettered by the doctor's assurance that Joe would recover consciousness during the day, and—all being well—I might speak to him in the morning.

At parting I hazarded the question, "How early?" and received the reply, "Any time after four."

I went to bed that night with orders to the hotel clerk to call me at three a.m. I turned in all standing, with the result that I reached the hospital as a neighbouring clock was striking four, and was already congratulating myself on being first in the field; when—as I reached the top of the staircase and looked down the corridor, the flounce of a black dress disappeared into Joe's room; and I said "Damn!" But there was hope yet; to-day, possibly, we might talk; she would not be in entire possession as on yesterday.

The room looked changed. Yesterday it had been a simple hospital room, devoid of accessories. To-day, on the centre of the side table stood a vase of magnificent roses; the curtainless windows were now draped neatly with lace; two engravings had been hung on the wall, within sight of the bed; the one was a portrait of Queen Victoria, the other of the then Prince of Wales. How the hospital rules and regulations had been got over I never knew, but would have gambled my life on naming the party who had made the transformation. There she was—seated at the head of the bed again—commencing that everlasting crocheting. But the message in those two

engravings had won my heart; the song on the stage was obliterated.

Joe was resting easily; the arm had evidently been set, the head neatly bandaged; and, best of all, there was just the shadow of that wicked smile which I knew so well.

I caught myself looking at her, and with my eyes mutely asking permission to speak to the patient. I could have kicked myself for thus acknowledging he in any way belonged to her.

As I had not seen the doctor, all I could do was to gently touch the unwounded hand, to let him know his shipmate was standing by, awaiting his orders at any time. He gave my hand a squeeze in return, but he gave that woman a look which was worth far more, and I counted my friend lost already.

She followed me out of the room. We stood facing each other in the corridor—the first little skirmish in a number of pitched battles. Without waiting for me to commence, she made the opening movement by presenting me with a neat little card on which was engraved, "Miss Aileen Sargeson, New York." So far as I was concerned, Bessie Bolton ceased to exist from that moment. Sailors not being addicted to such luxuries as cards, I introduced myself, and hoped her self-inflicted watching at Joe's bedside was not undermining her health. It was a bad beginning and fell quite flat.

For five days I played second fiddle in that hospital room, and on the sixth came to say good-bye to Joe and his keeper. The Selkirk was already at anchor in the bay, and would sail early next morning. It was evident this intimacy must be broken at once or left to run its course.

Joe was out of bed, sitting in an easy chair; undoubtedly he would be well and about again in another fortnight. Miss Sargeson had opened the door for me as usual. The black frock had disappeared, and in its place she was wearing what the fashion papers would describe as a delicate creation in gray. It fitted her to perfection, and—as if she could intuitively read Joe's tastes—no ring nor gaudy ribbons destroyed the symphony, but juts a little white chiffon at wrists and throat. This morning the crochet was not in evidence, and to my joy I

found she was hatted, ready for a walk. Scarcely had I seated myself, when she announced her intention of going out shopping and would return in an hour's time.

No sooner had she left the room than I commenced on Joe—he was a much easier prey—telling him pointblank he was an ass. He replied “he was perfectly well aware of the fact, and for that reason required mating with a little sense.” I mentioned his mother and his home people; to which he said “Pshaw!”—then put the question pointblank to him, did he intend to marry her, or was it merely one of his usual epidemics? For the first time, to my recollection, Joe looked grave, took hold of my hand, and said: “Yes, old man; the minute I get out of this place.” After that it was impossible to say more, but I longed for a chat with his fiancée. So far as Joe and I were concerned, we banished the subject and talked about old times; he filling me up with messages to his home people, with instructions to say nothing about the “Cremorne” incident.

At this point the lady returned, and I said good-bye to my old shipmate; it was easier now, for I felt he had gone out of my life and belonged to another. She followed me into the corridor, and, —by the powers above! she was a lovely woman, as she placed her small, neatly-gloved hand in mine and invited herself to take dinner with me that evening; evidently wishing to give me every opportunity to say my say.

Under ordinary circumstances, the most bohemian restaurant to be found in 'Frisco would have been my selection; but to meet Joe's future wife I reserved a secluded table at the quietest and most respectable in the city. For one hour I faced her; no longer battling for my friend's freedom, but trying to make her see what was before them. To do so properly required a tact much greater than mine, so the speaking was plain and to the point. She listened like a saint, never winced once, and when I finished, looked into my eyes and said:

“You are Joe's friend—it is only right I should tell you; I never knew my father and mother—I was born in Chicago, I expect practically in the gutter—

I lived and was brought up where vice and poverty were the daily food of the people—I hated it then; I hate it still more now. Every day I looked for some way to escape; but, there was none. Although they know it not, the upper ten crowd down the submerged tenth, and I was one of that class. Suddenly into my life God threw your friend. I loved him for himself. I love him still more because he will lift me up into a better life; and I shall not drag him down. I know his weakness better than you do. My strength will correct it. He will give me of that higher life which I have seen, but have not been able to touch. Joe is mine—God gave him to me.”

I replied never a word to this outburst, but took out of my pocket a little morocco case, opened it, and fastened round her neck a small gold chain, to which was hanging a plain gold cross. Then took her hand and kissed it; and I call God to witness the hand was the hand of a pure woman.

III.

Seven years had elapsed since my parting with Joe. Only once had I heard from him, simply a copy of the San Francisco Argonaut, containing a short paragraph announcing his marriage to Miss Sargeson. As for the old Selkirk, she lies buried, fathoms deep, off the pitch of the Horn, and with her rests Matson, her skipper. That was enough for me; I changed into steam, went through the usual routine, to emerge at last master of the Drummond, a tramp steamer, *At* Lloyd's, but at the time I write of, just concluding a three weeks' spell of idleness in the Royal Roads, Victoria, waiting for orders. They had arrived that morning by wire—“Portland, to load for Liverpool.” During the three weeks' spell I had kept pretty close on board, but with the prospect of activity, a desire seized me to run up town just to vary the monotony.

I spent the day seeing the agents in the morning, viewing the surroundings in the afternoon. Thoughts would fly to the homeland, and amongst the chaos of thoughts came up memories of Joe—memories that, try as I would, were always coupled with and overshadowed by

the personality of his wife. As I passed the doors of the Victoria Theatre, the billboard announced a travelling vaueville show for that evening. Old memories were awakened, and the evening found me seated in the fourth row of the stalls, with an excellent view of the stage. Turn after turn passed by, and at last there was a ripple of applause; we were in for the most popular part of the show. The two previous turns had required very little space, the back of the stage being hidden by a drop scene, which was now removed and disclosed—to my amusement—the deck and a considerable portion of the rigging and mast of a ship.

The piano, doing duty for an orchestra, broke into a gallop, as there rolled out from the wing a five-year-old boy, dressed in an Eton suit, with chorister's collar and top hat complete. The little fellow was smart; in his somersaults he never once touched the stage with his hat. The minute after, he was followed by a man, faultlessly attired in evening dress; who entered in the same fantastic fashion. When he had finished and stood upright on the stage, within a few feet of me was my old shipmate, Joe; and when I gazed again at the child, I had not the slightest doubt he was Joe junior. But I had no time for further thought; the audience was applauding the entrance of someone from the other wing. There were no somersaults nor any of the usual trimmings; she simply walked on, attired in a black silk dress. Husband, wife, and son stood there before me. Both Joe and his wife knew me at once; just a glance, but it was sufficient.

They went through their performance; it was clever and original. The climax was reached when Joe—by a series of acrobatic feats—climbed the mast and stood out on the yard; this was followed by the child performing similar evolutions, which landed him eventually on his father's shoulders. There they stood, balanced on the thin yard, right at the top of the theatre, with the mother standing in front of the mast. The piano stopped playing, the audience seemed to cease breathing; the lad balanced himself for a spring, the mother steadied herself on the stage, looked up at the boy, and suddenly exclaimed, "Now!!! The youngster

sprang from the dizzy height, turned a double somersault, and landed on his mother's shoulders. She stood the shock like a rock, steadying him with her arms. The curtain dropped, there were loud calls for an encore, but by this time I was passing out through the theatre door, and making my way to the stage entrance, on Douglas Street. Joe had not waited to take off his stage toggery; he had guessed I would come round, and was waiting to take me to his wife and child.

Within twenty minutes we had left the theatre and were soon in their lodgings—humble enough, in all conscience—but I had the greatest meal that night that ever mortal enjoyed. She prepared it with her own hands on a little stove in the corner of the room; a Saratoga trunk did duty for a table. From 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. we sat round the trunk, and by that time I had been told all the happenings of the past seven years. Just one continual fight against abject poverty; the first portion intensified by Joe's careless handling of the cash, and the struggle for recognition on the circuit. She did not mention this; it was Joe who told it all amid peals of laughter. Then the latter portion, when they had been able to make both ends meet and save a little money.

As the city hall clock struck 1 a.m., I said good-bye, though I hated to do it. For many long days after, the memory of that evening was sweet to think of.

IV.

Two years had elapsed since the evening in Victoria. I was back in London again; the Drummond lay in the Royal Albert dock; times were bad, and after paying off the crowd, I had received a curt intimation from the owners that the boat would be laid up and my services dispensed with for at least six months.

I had been so much away from the old land, friends were dead and gone or scattered; and as I walked up the Commercial Road to my diggings, the feeling of loneliness was accentuated by the passing throng; everyone seemed to have a friend, whilst I had none, and did not know where to look for one. On reaching my rooms the landlady handed me a letter, which had been directed on from the company's office—an ordinary

letter would have caused no surprise, but this puzzled me. The envelope was in deep mourning, with a crest embossed on the centre of the flap. I tore open the envelope, and the very first words that met my eyes prepared me for more surprises to come. This was the letter:

"Dear Old Shipmate,—You will be knocked sideways when you get this. You remember the uncle I once told you about, Sir William Brady, and my cousins; there were three of them—three of the jolliest fellows I ever met—many a spree I have had with them up in town—but they would persist in interfering with the hill men in India. You know, we Bradys are always seeking trouble, and they, poor fellows, found it. Two died of dysentery, and the eldest was sniped by the hill men. It was too much for my uncle; he went under within a month of the death of my cousin Harry. I have only learned this recently, as the first intimation I got was a call from a lawyer in Portland—where we were showing to big crowds. I almost had a fit when, after asking if my name was Joseph Brady, nephew to Sir William Brady, and my telling him 'Yes'—he turned and said to my wife, 'And this is Lady Brady?' I believe the old boy did it out of all kindness, to take my mind from the shock of the terrible trouble in my uncle's family. To cut a long matter short—I am here, Sir Joseph Brady, lord of the Manor of Guiseley, in the County of Berkshire, and I never felt so strange in my life before. But the wife—bless her heart!—revels in it, in spite of the fact of the whole country side diligently investigating as to her antecedents, and in the interval standing severely aloof.

"I want you to join me, old man. I have a sort of idea, the wife would be skipper; but you could be purser, and—if you are only half as mean as you were on the Selkirk—I know the estates will be well looked after. Your room is all ready. Take the train at Paddington and change at

Reading. Drop me a wire when you are coming. The wife encloses a line, and we have told the boy his uncle is coming to live with him. He is very anxious you should try his pony; I am also anxious, it would be a sight for the gods.

"Your old friend, JOE."

"P.S.—I forgot all about the pay. Take whatever rake-off you like out of the rents. For heaven's sake, don't let the missus know, as she has developed a passion for bookkeeping, and I hate figures."

Lady Brady's letter was much shorter, though none the less sincere. It was simply:

"Dear Mr. Wilson,—My husband wants you to pay us a long visit and, if you can manage it, to leave the sea altogether and live with us. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know that my husband had his old friend with him. Our boy is also looking forward to your coming. Yours faithfully,

"AILEEN BRADY."

To become purser of Guiseley Hall was unthinkable; but I longed to see my old shipmate and his wife again. The sudden elevation in their social position did not excite my curiosity so much as the desire to see how Lady Brady—as I must now call her—would deal with the altered circumstances.

Within three hours I had reached Paddington, safely negotiated the change at Reading, and was on the lookout for Joe, as the train slowed up at the little wayside station. Outside in the yard a fore-and-aft rigged dogcart was standing. A groom held the leader's head; there was no mistaking the lad sitting on the after seat—it was Joe's boy. Joe himself was on the platform; just the same to me as of old, in spite of the Norfolk suit and pigskin leggings.

We said but little on the drive; he being fully occupied with steering that flying jib leader, and I in gripping the hand-rail of the dogcart, with an occasional glance of envy at the groom, who folded his arms as we left the station, and kept them in that position through-

out the drive; he might have been comfortably seated in the smoking room of a Cunarder, instead of in this rickety, shaky craft, which never seemed to ride two seas alike.

After twenty minutes' drive we topped the crest of a low hill. Joe checked the horses, pointed with his whip across the valley to a large, old-fashioned mansion on the opposite side, and then described a sort of semi-circle, following the lines of a park wall; and I knew this must be Guiseley Hall, his home and inheritance.

As we drove down the hill, across the stone bridge, and up through the park, my thoughts jumped suddenly to the Indian frontier, to a grave which I knew must be there; and the man who had been trained to consider all this as his. Then, just as suddenly, to that scene in the "Cremorne," nine years previously, and those words spoken in the hospital corridor—"I was born in Chicago, I expect practically in the gutter."

This thought was still lingering in my mind as the tandem swept from under the shadow of the copper-beach hedging into the circular drive in front of the Hall, and there—standing under the wide portico—was the connecting link in my thoughts, a picture of radiant health and happiness, and something more; the higher life was hers now—outwardly as well as inwardly.

I passed three weeks at Guiseley Hall—the holiday of my lifetime—Joe trying to make me understand farming and country life; the boy, with equal zest, attempting to interest me in his dogs and pony; and Joe's wife passing in and out amongst us all the time—the radiant head of the household. I verily believe it was an intensely happy quartette; the only clouds that passed across the sky being little bursts of irritation from Joe, because one or two old ladies—heads of county families—had neglected to call on his wife. I thought then, and still think, he was magnifying the trouble, for I soon found all the younger folks in the district were already her friends, caring nothing about where she had sprung from. Given a few months longer, her own personality would have won over the old tabbies—as Joe styled them—but he was impatient, and made matters worse by

retaliating on imaginary slights. It required all Lady Brady's tact to keep him within bounds and prevent a breach with some of the neighbours—a breach which might have become impassable. During these three weeks I had ample time for a study that has always been one of my recreations—the noting of development of character from both internal and external sources.

The improvement in Joe was marked. He was still impetuous, but the bohemian carelessness and rashness had, in a great measure, disappeared. I found he had learned the meaning of the word "Tomorrow," and I remembered she had said: "My strength will correct his weakness"—and I knew that from her he had gathered strength.

To say that Aileen Brady was a beautiful woman, correctly mannered; would be the verdict of a casual observer only. You could not be with her long, without seeing; that behind the mask of mere beauty and manners was a strong, brave heart, self-reliant, and—better still—able to gauge another's sorrow and help to soothe it, in such a manner that the sufferer felt no debt. To me it seemed, as if the seed of some beautiful plant had been sown by the wayside; the plant had grown up among the coarsest grasses and weeds, defending itself with armour of a like coarse nature; then had been suddenly transplanted into more fertile soil, clear of the unwholesome surroundings; without hesitation it had thrown off the coarse armour and trusted entirely to the head gardener—God. I was soon to learn that improvements in her social well being had in no wise diminished her native courage.

Guisely Hall was a long, low, rambling building of two stories. It is impossible to describe the style of architecture, as it was evidently built in sections to please the fancies and whims of various owners. Luckily age had mellowed what would otherwise have been a somewhat uninteresting building. The main entrance was in the centre of the building, immediately in front of the rose-garden; a broad flight of stone steps led down from the entrance and divided the wide porticos which ran the entire front of the Hall. The only other points

of interest were a very heavy oak cornice supporting massive overhanging eaves; the eaves were built of strong oak beams bolted together with iron. I knew those eaves well, as the boy Joe delighted to take me out through the man-hole in the roof, the view from this vantage point was something to be remembered. The remaining point of interest was the ivy, which covered the entire front, growing from two roots, one at either end; the great age of the Hall could be guessed at by these enormous creepers.

On the third Sunday evening after my arrival, we retired early; as Joe had arranged for a long drive in the morning. The day had been hot and, for a wonder, I slept badly. My bedroom was at the western end, the wind, having changed, was now blowing from the north-east, probably the reason why I got the first intimation of the impending doom of Guiseley Hall.

It must have been about 3 a.m. when I noticed the fitful glare of a flame reflected on the window; at first I thought it was merely imagination on my part; but immediately afterward the air seemed pungent with burning wood. I jumped out of bed, threw up the window, opening on the courtyard at the back of the Hall. There was no mistaking the fact, the whole of the lower part of the centre was on fire.

To partially dress occupied only a few seconds; within a few minutes I was stumbling down the corridor, locating Joe's room; reaching it just as the door burst open and Joe and his wife rushed out, the heat having already told its dread tale. The boy occupied a room next to his tutor, away at the east end of the building; without a word Aileen Brady ran to that quarter, whilst Joe and I rushed to the servants' rooms, hammering on each door as we passed, for already the heat was getting unbearable. By the time we had aroused the household, Lady Brady returned, with the information that the tutor was up, and—acting under his instructions—the boy had already left his room for the garden.

Within ten minutes the whole of the inhabitants of the Hall were apparently gathered in the rose-garden; watching

the avalanche of fire now pouring through the centre of the lower story—it struck me as curious then, and even yet I can hardly explain, how the people from the country side were already assembling; evidently the fire must have been burning some considerable time before we noticed it. Little or nothing could be done, there were no fire engines nearer than Reading, and even then the water supply would not have been adequate—Guiseley Hall was doomed.

Just as this fact struck me, I noticed Aileen Brady rushing in and out among the people. It was so unlike her to be excited that my curiosity was aroused; but the moment I knew she was looking for her son, I cried out—"The boy is missing!"—the whole crowd caught up the cry; we rushed hither and thither; for a moment the building was entirely forgotten—one party was sent off into the shrubberies—another to the stables at the rear, with instructions to let go the horses and look for the boy. There were plenty of willing helpers, as by this time other parties had driven up from the outlying mansions—anxious to do their utmost—the whole population of the district must have been there—high—low—rich—and poor.

Joe came across to me, seized my arm, and almost hissed in my ear—"let us go on the lookout, old man!"—I knew what he meant; we divided about the width of a ship's fo'castle-head; he took the port side; I, the starboard; then—aided by the flames—we stood and concentrated our gaze—just as we would have done on board ship; no rushing, but just standing still and looking.

Flames were bursting through every window on the lower floor; in the centre the old oak door had just given way, allowing tongues of flame to pour out through the doorway; they shot up and brought into clear relief the heavy overhanging eaves at the top of the Hall. Joe and I gave a simultaneous shout; for there—plain to be seen—was the lad, running to and fro, looking for a place of escape. I yelled out for a ladder, but Joe made one break for the ivy at the east end, and by the time the ladder had arrived he had scrambled half way up the face of the building. He had

taken the only course—the ladder was useless—even had it been long enough, the belching flames from the lower floor would have been fatal.

The shouts from the crowds had drawn in the outlying searchers, we stood in a mass watching with bated breath, as Joe drew himself gradually higher and higher, until his head was right underneath the eaves; then, for a moment, his progress slowed down; every man in that crowd expected to see him fall, as he clung to the branches of the creeper under the eaves, and gradually worked his way under and over the abutment; at one time his body must have been horizontal. A sigh of intense relief came from the crowd when his head and shoulders appeared above the eaves, and a shout rang out as he stood upright on the roof. It was a shout that spoke of anxiety, for the all-conquering flames had at last dried up the sap in the ivy; the lower part was already in flames, cutting off the means of escape.

As this thought struck the crowd, I turned to Joe's wife, who stood close to me while Joe had been climbing the ivy. I scarcely dared to look at her, fearing the truth would overwhelm her. To see husband and son perish before her eyes, almost at the moment their life's battle had been fought and won, was a terrible end to their struggles. When I did look there was no fear, just simply the same resolute face I had seen at Joe's bedside.

But I had looked enough; it was time for work—Joe had reached his son; the two stood together right in the centre of the building, seemingly on the very edge of the eaves. A cry went up for blankets and tarpaulins, but none were forthcoming, and the nearest house was the lodge at the park gates. What had to be done, must be done in the next few minutes.

Suddenly Aileen touched me on the shoulder and rushed forward, taking up a position a little to the right, where the scorching heat from the flames was less than in the centre of the building. I followed and saw her wave her arm to Joe; they ran along the eaves until father and son stood immediately opposite the wife. Then she made several signs to

him which I did not understand, but which he seemed to catch immediately—then to hesitate—but as if her power over him was greater than his own will, I could see he both understood and agreed. He spoke to the boy, and I wondered if the lad had lost the power of action, in fear, and wondered still more what possible means of escape she had devised.

Joe stretched out his hand, bent a knee; the boy grasped the hand, stepped on to the knee; in another second he was on his father's shoulders. The crowd stood in absolute silence, for it was hid from them, but my mind went rapidly back to that scene in the Victoria Theatre and for a moment I almost clutched and dragged her back; but another look at her face told me she would go through her part without fear.

She steadied herself for a moment, folded her arms just as on the stage, looked up at the boy for another second, and then, clear over the raging of the fire there was a sudden exclamation of—"Now!!!"—and immediately the lad made a spring; the crowd gave a groan of horror as—obedient to his training—the little fellow sprang from his father's shoulders clear of the burning building, turned a double somersault in the air, dashed through the intervening space, and landed fair and square on his mother's shoulders—she staggered for a moment, raised one steadying arm, then dropped as if stunned from the impact—the lad himself was unhurt.

Careful hands picked her up and carried her out of the heat of the fire; but only for a moment, for she struggled to her feet and looked back at Joe—a look in which we all joined; for the end had come.

The fire had already undermined the centre of the building; flames were leaping up from the back part of the roof, both wings were a mass of flame; only a semi-circle consisting of a small portion of the upper story and the roof, was left untouched; and it seemed floating on a sea of flame. A mad impulse seized me to dash at the building; an impulse in which I saw she joined; but at that moment there was a cry from the people and a sudden rushing back;

the whole unburned portion of the roof was rocking and swaying like a ship at sea. My God! What an awful death for Joe to die—he stood there just on the edge of the big eaves and never moved—stood amid the terrific heat and swaying of the burning building.

In a few seconds all was over. The massive roof swayed to the rear; then, as if propelled by some unseen hand, it lurched forward again, but this time the immense weight of the cornice and eaves was too much, and the whole compact mass shot forward like an avalanche—very slowly at first—but faster and faster as it gathered momentum—till it dashed itself in pieces on the solid ground, almost at our feet; but just before the wreck touched the ground, Joe gave a spring and seemed literally, to bounce from the falling debris, and in another second was at his wife's side and had clasped her in his arms; she did not faint, but I saw an agony of pain in her face and knew she must be injured.

V.

It was about ten days after the fire. Joe, his wife, and the whole staff from the Hall were located at the village hotel—a quaint old building amply large enough for our wants—plans were already being drawn for a new and larger Guiseley Hall. It was the last Friday in the month, the day on which Lady Brady received, and this afternoon we had taken possession of the dining-room. She was seated in one of the comfortable old oak chairs close to the open window, through which the blackened ruins of the Hall were plainly visible. The dislocated shoulder had soon been put right; the internal injuries, though slight, required more care. Joe laughed at the idea of receiving, but Aileen was terribly methodical in these little matters, and had her way. I merely looked on, to study the faces of sundry callers; and because, on this day, I did not wish to be far from them.

At three o'clock visitors began to drive up; from that hour until six I think everybody within a radius of twenty miles paid homage to our heroine. My interest began when Joe's pet aversion—Lady Sowerby—was announced; she had

never called before, and her *modus operandi* on this occasion would be a study for me. The room was packed with callers; they made way for her ladyship—casting covert glances at one another—as much as to say—"what a cheek to call after keeping away so long." She walked straight up to Aileen, and I think everybody was ready for one of those cutting remarks for which Lady Sowerby was noted; but no remark was made; she just stooped down and kissed her hostess, not once, but twice; and when she stood upright again, I saw tears were rolling down her old withered cheeks.

The next caller was old General Creighton; he had never stood aloof from Aileen—in spite of his wife's evident antipathy to her. On this occasion the old boy had donned his uniform; he was wearing his V. C., medals, and orders, which almost covered his breast. Nearly all his life had been spent abroad; even his wife was a comparative stranger to him. On this afternoon his face seemed radiant with happiness, and as the crowd moved on one side, he passed up the room, his wife meekly hanging on to his empty sleeve. He made his bow to Aileen; it was one of those courtly bows that only those who were trained in the early part of the nineteenth century have brought down from more courtly ages. With his solitary arm, he took a package from his pocket, struggled with it for a moment—I longed to help him—finally succeeded in opening it, and took out a bronze medallion which he pinned on to her frock; then, handing her a letter, said:

"My dear lady, this letter and token are from one brave lady to another—Queen Victoria bids me hand you this as a mark of her esteem."

The rest of the afternoon he spent at Aileen's side, fussed over her as if she had been his own child and I knew that he was making amends for others' misdeeds—misdeeds that seem little, but rankle much; and was silently telling everybody in the room—our dear lady was more than their equal—that she had conquered in her own right.

That night we held a family council; I had spread a telegram on the table,

from the owners of the "Drummond"; it read:

"Join tomorrow; got charter as transport."

Joe offered to answer it; Aileen offered to answer it; and the boy—all three in a manner that would have utterly prohibited my further service with

those owners—but I knew "God had given him to her—*She* was his strength"—so I picked up the telegraph blank and wrote:

"Screws London"

"Wire received; joining tomorrow."

"WILSON."

AFTERTHOUGHT BY THE AUTHOR.—Gold is frequently found imbedded in the coarsest rock. The diamond is mined from clay. The gold is purified in the refiner's fire; the diamond is polished by the cutter's wheel. The goldsmith takes the gold and fashions a ring, into which he mounts the diamond—the gem is held securely in position by a few slender tentacles of gold—the coarse rock and the clay have disappeared.

Inborn Faith.

John Barrow.

Whoever sees the crimson sun decline,
With ling'ring beams aslant the smiling lawn.
And hopes to see again tomorrow's dawn,
Sweep o'er the autumn fields and flashing brine,
Who looks to see the harvest moonbeams shine,
Above the ripening vales which he had sown;
Or he, who, simply tossing up a stone,
Awaits its fall, has faith in The Divine.

We could not live apart from God, and faith,
Nor seek our daily toil, our nightly sleep.
As well might finny tribes desert the deep!
Or trees the soil,—refuse the spring's life-breath!
We eat and sleep by faith. We sow and reap
In Him, and trust for something after death.

The Widow of Baalbek.

Aubrey N. St. John-Mildmay.

Author of "In the Waiting Time of War."

THERE was mourning in the house of Armid.

Mohammed Abu Armid, the wealthy Christian merchant, had succumbed to a September attack of fever, and Cora Armid, his relict, who had once been the reigning beauty in the Armenian quarter of Damascus and was now a comely matron of fifty, was prostrated with grief.

When she announced to the worthy Archimandrite who had been summoned from Beirut, by special messenger, to perform the last rites, that she was going to bid farewell to house and friends and spend the rest of her days in uninterrupted communion with the spirit of the departed carpet-merchant, and tearful meditation upon his cruel fate, and many amiable qualities, the old priest shook his head.

Partly because he was sceptical; partly also because, as his eyes travelled over the priceless curtains and tapestries which bore witness to the opulence and taste of the deceased connoisseur, he felt that it would be better for the poor Christians of Baalbek and for the finances of his diocese, that Widow Armid should remain an active church member, and take her place as a leisured leader of piety and fashion among the Greek community of Baalbek, surrounded as they were by the hosts of Islam, the favourites of the Turkish Government, and by the Druses of anti-Lebanon, whose bitter hatred of the Mussulmans did not prevent their being serious rivals and competitors for popular favour with the "Giaours," as these Mahommedan non-conformists still called the Levantine Christians.

But the women were too much for him. The very extravagance of the high-born

widow's impulsive resolve appealed to their 'Galatian' susceptibilities and captivated their foolish fancy, so that the caveats of the Archimandrite, whose ripe experience of human nature in general and of Mrs. Armid's temperament in particular, persuaded him that the frenzy of self-immolation would not outlast the first weeks of widowhood, were drowned in a chorus of Syrian superlatives and adulatory hysterics.

Mrs. Armid was determined to be a world's wonder of exemplary widowhood.

She caused a divan to be carried down into the marble chamber adjoining the actual place of her husband's sepulture in the great mausoleum, which he had prepared for himself and his descendants, and there she protested that she would henceforth take up her permanent abode. A few other necessary articles, together with a whole array of eikons and books of devotion, were transported to this melancholy place, and shortly before sunset on the day after the funeral, having made arrangements for the sale of all her other property, Cora Armid bade a solemn farewell to the world, and prepared to spend the first night in her self-chosen place of life-long exile from mankind.

Mrs. Armid retained only one of all her husband's servants, a faithful Cypriot handmaid, who was to bring her daily meals to the monument from an adjacent lodging. No other living soul was ever to be permitted to enter the sacred precincts; and the faithful Theodosia herself was to be admitted only at stated intervals during the hours of daylight.

Throwing herself upon her knees, the inconsolable and heroic widow poured out her heart in tears and lamentations,

interspersed with solemn vows of lifelong adherence to the pious and solitary programme which she had so strenuously embraced.

Then she paid a first visit to the sepulchral chamber, where she renewed her vows, and while gazing long and ardently at the marble and alabaster sarcophagus beneath which reposed all that was mortal of the husband to whose memory she had vowed the touching sacrifice of her remaining days, her heart glowed with an exhilarating sense of the sublime, novel, and yet dignified existence upon which she had now entered.

Nor did any doubt of the permanence or sufficiency of these agreeable and flattering sensations disturb the exquisite satisfaction of her first experience of the new conditions.

Presently the faithful Theodosia descended the marble stairs with her mistress' coffee, and having helped her to disrobe, bade her good-night, not without giving lively evidence of her admiration for the piety and devotion which had prompted the touching experiment.

Glowing with vague emotion, Cora turned over page after page of the "Lives of the Hermits," by the light of her single lamp, and was reading, not without a shudder of conscious superiority, sundry realistic details of the temptations of St. Anthony, when she was startled by a sound of clanking steel.

With heavy footsteps someone was approaching from the gate of the churchyard. When, after a moment's pause, she realized that the intruder was actually descending the marble steps of the mausoleum, she sprang to her feet in an agony of terror. Peeping through a chink in the massive door, she beheld a Turkish janissary in full armour, carrying a flaring torch, by the help of which he was clearly endeavouring to find the handle of the door.

She withdrew in horror to the far corner of the apartment, only to encounter the still more disconcerting vision of a handsome helmeted face gazing in upon her through the narrow lancet window.

Then mastering her fear, she withdrew the bolt and opening the door was about

to challenge the unexpected visitor, when the soldier anticipated her.

"Madam," he said, smiling, "I am discharging a somewhat peculiar office, under the instructions of the Pasha, and being on guard for the night in this churchyard, I was naturally surprised to see your light gleaming from the window of the revered Nicolas Armid's mausoleum. Peace be to his holy soul!"

"Ah, soldier," said the lady, completely disarmed by the courtesy of his address and the engaging smile upon the soldier's open countenance, "the loss of such a husband is irreparable. Did you not know that I had sold my possessions and betaken myself to this sacred retreat, there to pass the remainder of my days in perpetual lamentation for my beloved Mohammed Abu, cut off in the meridian of his days?"

Her face had fallen a little at finding that even one of the Sultan's soldiers should have failed to hear already the report of her heroic and singular devotion. Womanlike, she saw no inconsistency between such anxiety about the world's appreciation of her conduct and the complete renunciation of all worldly interests which she had espoused as her profession.

Quick to discern his mistake, Alexis Caftanioglu hastened to explain that owing to the disturbances in the city between the Druses and the followers of the Prophet, the janissaries had been too much occupied to receive any news for days even of their own relatives outside the walls.

"Yesterday, madam, for the first time for seven days we were allowed to lay down our arms, for half an hour, in order that every man in the regiment should attend Mass to pray for the soul of your late sainted husband. May St. Nicolas intercede for his soul!" he added, as the peroration to this unblushingly mendacious apology.

By this time her visitor was so far advanced in Cora's good graces that she (who had but lately renounced all human society) could scarcely conceal her mortification when Alexis rose, explaining that he must return to his duties.

"I shall be close at hand, till the guard

is relieved at dawn," he explained, with a reassuring smile. "So while I watch the corpses of the felons, I can also keep an eye on this place, so that no night prowlers may disturb your holy vigil. If only there were more such women in Syria, this hard and careless world would be more like the Paradise of the large-eyed houris which the Koran promises us up there. For myself, I do not take much stock of these sayings of the Hadji. I think I am half a Christian—though you must not give me away to my captain."

Then Cora returned to her "Visions of St. Anthony," and assured herself that she was deep in the edifying recital of the African hermit's allegorical combats with the devil, though as a matter of fact she was counting the distant footfalls of the loquacious sentryman, as the ironshod heels clanked on the pavement of the small churchyard.

It was cold work marching up and down in the winter night, and the naked corpses of the single Mussulman and the two Druce rioters, whom the authorities had strung up as a warning to the turbulent factions, who make life in the Lebanon a perpetual orgy of sanguinary religious conflicts, were dreary companions enough.

After a time the faithless Alexis slipped out of the churchyard, in spite of his promise to the lady below stairs, and repaired to a nearby caravanserai. Presently he emerged with a bulky parcel under his cloak, and to Cora's secret delight once more descended the marble stairway and knocked softly on the door.

"Who is it," called the widow, in tones of stimulated indignation, "that disturbs the peace of the good Armid's sepulchre? Heaven rest his soul."

"Do not disturb yourself, madam," replied the janissary, humbly. "But I was uneasy at the thought of your sojourning in this place, since the night has turned suddenly cold. At the risk of my neck I repaired to the city and have brought you as an humble offering two most unworthy litres of the good red wine of Hermon."

"Nay, but you must come in and comfort yourself with a glass, at least," was

the widow's smiling answer, as the soldier handed the bottles to her and was preparing to withdraw.

"No, no, madam. I have been doubly too bold. It was a most reprehensible boldness to venture to disturb your holy meditations a second time. And it was a fearful daring to withdraw from the place I have to guard. You must know that if I am too long from my post those miscreants will come and take down the bodies of the three felons, and my own life will be forfeit if but one of them should be gone when to-morrow dawns. I am not afraid of the Druses; they are not so particular. But it is a terrible thing for the faithful (murderous crew as they are), to allow such indignity to be inflicted on the body of a believer. And they will surely attempt to carry off the body, if I give them a chance. No, madam," persisted the artful Alexis, "you would not have me risk my life?"

"Time was," replied the newly-vowed lady-anchorite, "when many a brave Christian, aye, and Mussulman too, of Baalbek would have risked his life three times over for Cora's invitation. But when one becomes an old woman"—she interrupted herself to indulge in a sigh, a different kind of *sospiro*, differently tempered from those sighs, many and long-drawn, which she had heaved so dolorously and well for her sainted husband just forty-eight hours dead.

"Well, then, madam, adorable Cora, I will risk my life—trebly for your sake. One life for each of those nasty, naked corpses up there. Ugh! . . . Let me draw the cork."

Hospitality was Cora's second nature, and it was not long before the handsome soldier felt entirely at home. Cora had made up the modest fire into a cheerful blaze by the addition of abundant fuel, and by the time that the second cork was drawn, the soldier guest was moved to propose a merry toast.

"Let us drink, adorable Cora, to the memory of——"

"Sir!" Cora began, with a fearful and indignant glance towards the inner chamber close at hand.

"To the memory of all foolish vows," continued Alexis, quite unabashed.

Cora's hospitable instincts forbade her to decline the innocent but artful toast. They drank, and the good red wine wrought upon the mood of each of them.

If the sage Archimandrite had doubted the wisdom or permanence of Cora's much-applauded resolve of yesterday, even he would have been staggered at the remarkably prompt fulfilment of his predictions which a single night was to bring.

By the time that the hour of midnight tolled from the belfry of the Church of Santa Sofia, not only had Cora forgotten her imprudently-contracted obligation to the life of an anchorite, but the so-disconsolate widow had taken upon herself yet another vow of lifelong import.

Good fellowship had ripened into friendship, and friendship into a yet warmer entrainment; in fact, Armid's widow was the affianced bride of a soldier of the guard, an adherent of Islam, a handsome stranger with an engaging smile and, for all she knew to the contrary, a seraglio of his own, to which this sudden betrothal might be merely introducing her as an additional unit.

So frail is the edifice which disordered emotion builds for itself in the first poignant moments of bereavement. So easy is it for a shallow-hearted and impressionable widow to mistake the mere self-importance which sudden calamity and the solicitude of flattering friends lends to a mourner in high life, for the solid evidence of exceptional and heroic virtue in her little, lacerated apology for a heart.

But at the sound of the Basilica clock, the bridegroom aspirant started up in dismay, and with scant ceremony of adieu hastened back to the gibbet, which he had been set to guard from Mussulman marauders on pain of death.

Alas! for the fleeting pleasures of that midnight assignation, that which he dreaded had indeed come about. One glance at the corpses swinging in the ghostly moonlight was enough.

With the cold perspiration standing on his brow Alexis Caftanioglu returned to the fatal trysting-place.

"Unhappy woman! I will go for the patriarch. Though the curse of Allah

rest upon me, I will turn Christian, and we will be wedded here at the tomb of your husband of yesterday. And tomorrow you will be once more a widow. Embrace me for the last time. The corpse of the Mussulman felon has been stolen from its tree, and at 9 o'clock this morning my life will have to pay the penalty."

Cora understood. But it may be that the hysterical self-abandonment of her brief two days of widowhood had exhausted the shallow limits of her superfluous emotions, or it may be that the natural and the womanly in her had triumphed over the unnatural and morbid developments with which the long service of superstition had clogged her womanhood, and that the change had been effected by the accident of entertaining the unexpected lover and submitting to his embraces—in face of her lover's despair, Cora retained her self-command, and calmly reviewed the situation.

A sudden inspiration rewarded her for her self-control.

"How was the corpse dressed?" she asked.

"Dressed? What does it matter, Cora? Are you crazed? Would you like to come and look at its comrades out there?"

Bravely the little widow drew her mantle over her head and followed Alexis out to view the remaining corpses. It was not a comely sight for a man's lady-love. Cora came, and saw—and if she blushed, her soldier-lover never knew it.

"Cheer up," was all she said. And as his strange innamorata drew him back into the monumental chamber, her expression filled him with amazement. Instead of the dismay which was written on his own countenance, he saw there a strange mixture of thankful confidence and unholy merriment.

"Alexis, you need not go for the priest, just yet. It seems to me that without his clothes one man's as good as another, especially dead men. Was this poor Mohammedan a very stout man? My late husband—Heaven rest his soul—was somewhat spare of figure. I shall always be glad to think that he had so fine a funeral. Six of the principal men of the

city were the bearers. But, after all, now he is dead and buried, he'll never know, and nobody else would ever guess it. . . . It is a grand thing to save a life."

The rough Mohammedan soldier was taken aback, as the whole daring of the scheme began to dawn upon him.

* * * * *

It is a wonderful thing, woman's wit. And woman's curiosity also is a thing unfathomable. For all that remains to be recorded is that when the trusty Theodosia brought the early cup of coffee to Armid's mausoleum, she was surprised to find the door open and no signs of her unfortunate mistress.

Cora and most of her belongings had vanished.

The maid searched the churchyard in some alarm, which was in no way diminished when she came upon a gibbet, upon which were swinging three naked

corpses, two of them stout rascals of dusky hue, and the third of a somewhat different appearance, sparer and lighter of complexion, and comely even in death.

The sight chanced to awaken in her a certain morbid curiosity, and returning to the marble mausoleum, she bethought herself that she would like to peep at the alabaster sarcophagus in the inner monumental chamber. There she was somewhat horrified to find the alabaster lid laid awry, so as to expose a small space at the outer corner, instead of fitting closely over the sarcophagus.

Lighting the fragment of a torch which she found in the outer chamber, she peered in. Theodosia saw plainly the whole of the interior, which, to her amazement, contained, instead of the expected corpse, nothing but a winding-sheet and a heap of cerements lying in unsavoury disarray.





I HAVE been asked to write something of Portland, Oregon, and the surrounding country, and to one who was born in the Middle West and whose six years on the coast has completely wedded him to the section, the subject is one of genuine pleasure, excepting the fact that there is so much to say that one is bewildered as to where to begin and where to end.

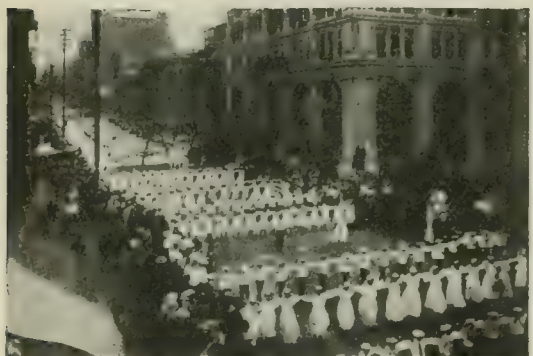
Europe possesses nothing of scenic interest that is not equalled or surpassed in America, and her greatest competitor for honors is that vast domain in the Pacific Northwest drained by the majestic Columbia River, rapidly becoming famous the world over as the "Tourists' Paradise," where the beauty of Nature is exceeded only by the healthfulness of the climate. Easy of access and incomparably grand in scenic attractions, it is destined to become the starting point for those loyal American citizens who have appropriately taken for their slogan "See Europe if you will—but see America first."

From the very sources on the Columbia River, through an area of nearly five hundred thousand square miles, past Astoria, where it pours its waters of crystalline purity into the Pacific, Nature has pictured entrancing scenes, and everywhere throughout the section is the charm of legend and romance, clinging to it like the invigorating and health-giv-

ing perfumes of its pines; lofty mountain ranges whose snow-capped peaks defy the sun's warmest rays in July and August and look down upon fertile valleys that fairly groan with their weight of luscious fruit and golden grain; ice-cold mountain streams and unnumbered lakes gleaming like jewels amid wild gorges and primitive forests where hunting and fishing is unexcelled; great high walls of verdure-clad and moss-covered rocks with streams and cataracts tumbling over their sides in mad rushes to join the Columbia; fountains of marvelous healing and long stretches of sandy beaches—all combining to make it the mecca of the health-hunter and pleasure-seeker.

Portland, the metropolis and pride of the Pacific Northwest, is the very center of the region; and from the city innumerable resorts, holding their charms from season to season, are easily and cheaply reached. By boat or rail—up or down the Columbia, to Mount Hood or to the beaches, to fertile valleys fragrant with the perfume from garden and orchard, or to the mountains where the dry and pure air is laden with the balsamic influence of the pines and other native trees—go where you will and there is always something new and fascinating to instill in one the longing and determination to take the trip over again.

Queenly in its majesty, peerless in beauty, with a wealth of historic facts and legendary lore, the mighty Columbia River, with a flow at times of over 1,600,000 cubic feet of water every second



—greater than the Mississippi or Saint Lawrence ever attains—fed by everlasting snow-fields and glaciers, gracefully winds its way through the Pacific Northwest, growing in size until at a point fifteen miles above its mouth it reaches the remarkable width of seventeen miles. For two hundred miles or more it forms the boundary line between Oregon and Washington, and for the greater part of this distance the scenery is unsurpassable. From the Pacific Ocean to Portland, one hundred and ten miles, the Columbia and Willamette are navigated by the large ocean-going vessels, while from Portland to The Dalles, nearly one hundred miles, lines of steamers ply, passing through the Cascade Locks.

From Portland to the Pacific on one of the palatial river steamers of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company is a trip long to be remembered and is seldom missed by the excursionist and visitor. The usual heat of a summer day is tempered by a gentle breeze freighted with the aroma of pine trees and seasoned with salt sea air, while the winding Columbia with its graceful curves, reflects a radiant sky, green banks and forest covered hills.

He whose travels have been the most extensive at home and abroad is wildest over the trip between Portland and The Dalles as enjoyed from trains of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. In this eighty-eight mile stretch Nature has strewn a scenic panorama of valley and hill, mountain and river, field and forest, great high and picturesque walls of rock, fern and moss-covered crags, gorges and cascades that has no equal, the extreme wildness and beauty of the scenery filling the heart of the tourist, recreationist and visitor with a constant succession of delights.

In the Pacific Northwest there is a wild and picturesque domain of forest and mountain that offers an irresistible charm to the recreationist. The air, laden with balsam, is always cool, invigorating and healthful, while the lakes, rivers, and streams afford hunting and fishing that is a revelation to the most experienced sportsman. Perpetually crowned with snow, Mount Adams, Mount Saint Helens, Mount Jefferson

and Mount Rainier stand forth in wondrous fascination, but the trip of all mountain trips in this matchless scenic wonderland in to the summit of Mount Hood, more beautiful and impressive than all combined and easily the pride of the mountain-climbers and tourists. Fifty miles east of Portland by air line and ninety-three by shortest route, this favorite proudly rears its head 11,225 feet heavenward, thousands of feet above every neighbouring object. Easily accessible, hundreds climb to its summit each year, those who have once experienced the pleasure always being eager to repeat it.

No city enjoys greater charms of climate than Portland, the metropolis and pride of the Pacific Northwest, most beautifully situated on both banks of the Willamette River, twelve miles above its junction with the Columbia. Nowhere has Nature pictured more inspiring scenes than are found in and around the city, and few, if any cities, enjoy greater charms of climate, green trees and grasses and blooming flowers being found in the open yard every month in the year.

Rightly has it been called "The Rose City," for nowhere else do such beauties grow. From every yard and alongside many walks in the street sweet fragrance is wafted to the breeze from rose hedges and gardens, the dweller in the humble cottage, as well as those in the palaces, growing to perfection the beautiful La France roses and other varieties that require the greatest skill and care to do even moderately well in other favoured localities and under most favoured conditions. In size, colour and fragrance they have no rivals, all the well-known desirable varieties being grown. A trip through the residence section of the city in the summer time is a surprise and revelation to the visitor, Samuel G. Blythe, special correspondent for the New York World, after a visit said in writing to his paper:

"Portland is bowered in roses, blooming all the year round. No home is too shabby, no person too poor to have a rose bush in the yard or climbing up the wall. When you go along the streets in Portland the roses nod at you from



every lawn, and you smell their fragrance everywhere. A drive up Portland Heights, viewing the city below and the snow-capped mountains in the distance, would make a poet out of a butcher."

Mr. Blythe was right and his statement will be verified this June during the first week of the month, when we hold our "Rose Festival," which will be pulled off at an expense of \$100,000. The event will be the finest affair of the kind ever given in the United States and the city will entertain as never before.

During the "Rose Festival" the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's Convention will be held in Portland and the brightest intellect of the coast will be assembled for a most interesting and profitable session.

Again, the healthfulness of Portland is as remarkable as the scenery in and around it is beautiful. Its mild and equable climate, wholesome water supply, coming from the everlasting glaciers of Mount Hood, piped for a distance of over thirty miles, always soft, cold, clear as crystal and unsurpassable as to purity; and its improved sanitary systems are factors to which is due the phenomenal death rate—about 8.5 to the thousand, while that of Denver is 18.6, Chicago 16, Cleveland 17, Cincinnati 19, Washington, D.C., 23, and Portland, Maine, 22. Portland is almost exempt from the diseases so common in many eastern and southern cities. Epidemics of typhoid and malaria are comparatively unknown in the city, the mortality never exceeding from 1 to 2 per cent in typhoid cases.

Portland has an enviable reputation as an educational center. Over \$1,500,000 has been expended for grounds and structures, and over 20,000 pupils enrolled. And what is true of the schools and school-work is true of religious work, few cities of 220,000 people having such handsome and costly churches, every religious denomination being represented, and the ministers men of high culture and wisdom. The city is well built and metropolitan in appearance. With miles and miles of splendidly paved and well-lighted streets, 250 miles of electric street railway, including a first

class suburban service, handsome public and private buildings—custom house, chamber of commerce, court house, hotels, theatres, schools, churches, hospitals, mercantile blocks and residences—it is, in every respect, an eastern city.

Portland is the most substantial American city west of the Rocky Mountains, and stands near the top of the list in the entire country. Few cities are wealthier in proportion to population, its business firms being rated at \$150,000,000.

Statistics are dry reading, so just a few must suffice—1907 figures being used:

Bank clearings, \$350,932,422.11.

Building permits, \$9,585,797.

Custom House receipts for fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, \$1,163,856.08.

Jobbing trade, \$220,000,000.

Imports, \$4,417,038.

Exports, lumber, \$3,000,000; wheat, \$9,000,000.

Portland's greatness will be increased by the numerous important railroad projects which are under way; the deepening of the Columbia River bar and the construction of The Dalles-Celilo canal, at a cost of over \$4,000,000. Both of these projects will open the Columbia River to the largest Pacific steamships and extend its navigable waters for rivercraft back to the heart of the Inland Empire, where about 50,000,000 bushels of wheat are produced annually, where lumber is in illimitable quantities, agriculture in general is claiming vast untouched areas, and mineral, live stock, fruit and other products are as rich as in any other part of the world.

Visitors to the city will find many points of interest quickly and cheaply reached by street car from the business center among which are the following:

Lewis and Clark's Exposition grounds.—In Northwest part of the city, at foot of Willamette Heights.

City Park.—West of the heart of the city, among the high hills, commanding a fine view; has beautiful walks and drives, and flower beds and shade trees; interesting collection of wild animals and birds.

River View Cemetery.—Four miles south of the city. Reached by a de-

lightful drive or car ride along the river and foothills.

Council Crest.—Southwestern part of the city. From here can be had an unobstructed view of Portland and its surroundings to the north, east and south, including the Columbia River and five snow-capped mountain peaks in the Cascade Range. An especially fine view is obtained from the Observatory, powerful glasses being brought into service. This trip is one of the finest scenic car rides in the entire west.

Mount Tabor.—Four miles from the center of the city, reached after an interesting car ride through residence districts and suburbs, and affording a good view of city and mountains.

Willamette Heights.—A beautiful residence section on the hills in the northwest part of the city.

St. Johns.—A thriving suburb, overlooking the Willamette and Columbia Rivers; a pleasant trolley ride of six

miles through the northeastern part of the city.

Riverside Driveway.—A beautiful six-mile driveway skirting the foothills along the river bank in a southerly direction.

Oregon City and Willamette Falls.—Twelve miles south of Portland; one of the oldest settlements in the state, with a population of about 5,000. Here the Willamette, about one-third of a mile wide, plunges over rocks forty feet high, furnishing water power for many large factories, including electric light plants, paper mills, woolen mills, flour mills, etc. Reached by car and steamer.

Vancouver and Ft. Vancouver, Wash.—Situated on the north side of the Columbia, distant from Portland six miles by trolley line and ferry and fourteen miles by river. Fort Vancouver, the largest army post in the Northwest, is located at Vancouver. It is claimed to be the most healthful and picturesque barracks in the entire United States of America.

The Second Claim.

Billee Glynn.

FORTY-MILE CITY, the Yukon, in July of 1896! That is the place and time of our story. A number of blue-shirted miners were gathered in the company's store, patiently waiting the winter to begin work, and incidentally gossiping.

"Yes," reiterated Bill Hudson, with a leer in the surprised faces about him. "Geordie Carmack has turned good an' bought a church for Forty-mile, an' as the new minister's duly installed, you fellows had better get a sight on your morals."

"But how did it come about?" chimed a dozen voices.

"And how did a parson ever reach this forsaken country?" asked one, who had just returned from prospecting.

Hudson paused to answer the latter first. "It's easy seein' you come from the country, Jack. He's a young feller that's drifted in with the last crowd from Juneau. I don't know whether he came on purpose or whether he came to mine, but when he saw the place with the saloons running full blast, fell into the notion of preaching some good into it; but anyway he took hold of the idea and began lookin' for a place to speak in. Well, there was only that big shack of Jim Birchard's—that was the Company's first store—an' Jim wanted five hundred for it, an' the parson didn't have the dust. It was pretty mean in Jim, too, seein' he was off for Circle City, an' would have no further use for it, but he at length made it up with the parson to

let him have one meetin' in it to raise the necessary wad. That's how we all come to be invited down there last night."

"But how did Geordie Carmack come to buy it for him?" vociferated a dozen miners, crowding about the narrator.

"Well, Geordie an' I was comin' by there about nine o'clock last night, an' the minister was standin' at the door, lookin' pretty glum. We knew what was wrong with him all right. The meetin' had been set for eight o'clock, an' no one had turned up. It was really too bad, becuz he has a nice, kind look about him, an' so young that one could almost imagine a mother down in Canada somewhere prayin' for him. I was a little touched myself, an' Geordie has the heart of a woman, anyway.

"This is too bad, Bill," he says: 'let's go in.'

"So in we went. And the only person we found inside was Jim Birchard, waiting for his five hundred. Well, the minister shook hands, introduced himself as McDonald, an' told us he was very glad to see us. Then he read, sang, and prayed a little—Geordie an' I joinin' in the singin' as best we could—then ended up by tellin' us that he was sorry he could not invite us to another meetin', as he could not expect Mr. Birchard to let him use the place for nothin' when he would not, as he had hoped, be able to buy it. Well, I could see Geordie meltin' all along—an' in fact I was thawed considerable myself; but anyway, when the young feller came over this about havin' to give the thing up, Geordie turned plump around on Birchard, with a glint of fire in his eyes, an' asked him his price.

"Five hundred," said Birchard.

"Well, come down to my shack an' get it," said Geordie.

"But you're not going to do this alone, Mr. Carmack," exclaimed the minister.

"I guess I'll have to make up for the ones that didn't come," said Geordie, grinning. Then he went out, Birchard an' I after him, leaving the minister kind of done up, like a fellow that's run his pick against a nugget.

"I went down with Geordie to his

shack, where he weighed out the dust for Birchard, and then ordered him out, telling him what he thought of him for selling to a minister what he didn't pay for himself. The Company gave it to Jim, you know. So the summing-up of the whole thing is that Geordie Carmack has bought a church for Forty-mile, that there's a minister to go into it, an' you're all invited to attend."

The blue-shirted men clustering about Bill Hudson fell back and surveyed each other questioningly, then proceeded to thresh out the sensation among themselves. For sensation it was, and one of the most flagrant character. That old Geordie Carmack—who had figured in "gold rushes" and mining camps since his teens, who had seen the boom days of California and even South Africa, who as far as morality went was no better than his varied experiences—should have bought a place of worship for Forty-mile was a puzzle that demanded explanation. By that evening all Forty-mile were shaking their heads over it, and wondering if Geordie had got "converted," and how the "preachin'" would take.

Down in his own shack, George Carmack was finding his action in the matter—now that it was over—somewhat of a puzzle to himself. He, of all men, establishing a place of worship, and in a mining camp especially, where no one ever thought of such things! The money was nothing, but it was absurd on the face of it. Well, the boys would have something to banter him about for the next month or two, till work set in, and he was too old an head to mind them.

Beneath this, however, was still the sympathy for the young man, which had caused his action—a sympathy that sprang from kindness, and partly from a feeling that this young minister represented in some way all he, himself should have been.

The next day being Sunday, the miners all flocked to worship. They were not very anxious to hear the service, perhaps, but decidedly so to see "Geordie" and his "new pard," as they called the young minister, "working in harness." They were disappointed in this, however.

for George Carmack was not there. Perhaps he had feared the minister's compliments, perhaps he thought he had done enough. But the sermon was forceful and eloquent; inspiring no little respect among the miners for the speaker, and many of them turned homeward in a thoughtful mood. The young minister watching Foley's saloon, from across the road, that night, saw with a glad heart that it did not do its usual roaring trade.

It was the following Monday night—in regard to time only, for the Yukon summer is one long day—that George Carmack met the crowd in the Company's store. He was hailed on all sides with good-natured chaff and met it in the same spirit. They had not expected to "rile" Old Geordie, of course, who had seen more life than any of them, and did not; but there was one who was particularly persistent in his gibes, which were of an ill-flavoured character. He was a fellow by the name of Snogley, who tended bar at Foley's saloon.

"You should've been down yesterday to hear that sermon of his on castin' your bread on the water an' gettin' it back agen," he said. "You might've got onto a plan to get that there five hundred of yours back agen, doubled up a few times. Do you think it's likely?"

"Who knows?" remarked George Carmack, quietly, meting the other's eyes with a glance that caused them to fall.

It was not the last time he answered that question in the same manner to Snogley. When the meetings at the log church, which were held three times a week, dwindled down to an attendance of five or six, Carmack, out of his growing respect for the young minister, became one of these; and Snogley's gibes in regard to returns from bread cast upon the waters became more cutting. But Carmack always met them with that quiet question, "Who knows?"

About the last of August, however, he left Forty-mile on a prospecting tour, and was absent so long that it was thought he had drifted to the boom in Circle City.

In early October the Yukon River commences to close up. Blocks of ice, loosened from the bottom by the long

summer's thaw, come floating down from the tributaries, increasing in number and size, till the whole river is a moving, grinding mass of floating ice, which it is impossible to cross either on foot or by boat.

During the first days of October a man was seen on the eastern side of the Yukon, opposite Forty-mile, making signs that he wished to cross. With the condition of the river, however, this was not to be considered, and the miners gathered on the bank at Forty-mile were unanimous in the opinion that he would have to stay where he was for a couple of days till the clogged mass of loose ice froze into solidity. But the man seemed determined to gain the Forty-mile side without delay, so determined that the watchers fancied he must be without food. He ventured out on the ice cakes from the shore several times, and pausing where the water evidently formed a gulf, would return. One time, however, he did not pause, but leaped the gulf, and the watchers held their breath, for they knew the man was taking his chances of life or death, and was going to cross or die. It was at least three hundred yards. On and on he came, leaping from cake to cake, now trembling on a small berg now fairly falling on a larger one, as he saved himself from the submersion which meant death should the swift undercurrent of the river catch him. On and on he came, till half way across, and the watchers could make out his form. Then as a dozen voices exclaimed, "Geordie Carmack!" the man, making a long leap reeled suddenly, clung desperately for an instant, and then disappeared in the river depths. With paling faces and straining eyes those on the bank watched for him to reappear. He did so, a few rods farther down, when they had given him up for lost, endeavouring to drag himself on top of a berg, then finding it impossible, clinging frantically to the edge; his head a black knob on the white surface of ice, his one hand sometimes waved in an agony of appeal. That was all. The man was helpless and must perish.

At this moment young McDonald, the minister, came running into the crowd.

"Can no one save him?" he cried.

A murmur of dissent arose.

"Then I will," he said, and he made towards the river's edge. A dozen hands were put out to deter him, but he shook them off.

"I know my duty," he averred, quietly.

At the brink he paused, his eyes raised to Heaven. The crowd knew he was praying, and in accord a silent prayer went up to God from every heart—rough, unpraying hearts, as most of them were. Then he swung gallantly out on the ice. Out he went, out and out—tall, slender, agile—swaying, tottering, recovering his balance—now in quick little runs, now with the long sure leap of the greyhound—till gaining speed and dexterity, his weight seemed scarcely to touch the ice. Twenty yards from the expectant head he fell on his knees. The crowd on shore held its breath. They had begun to love him now that they might lose him. But he was up again, and the next minute had reached Carmack and was pulling him on the ice. When they stood up together a great cheer greeted them from the shore. But the return journey was yet to be made. There was a moment's rest, then the watchers saw the minister start out, moving ahead of the older man to show him the way. On and on they came, slowly and carefully. Twice Carmack fell and would have gone down but for the quickness of his companion, who never went more than one leap ahead of him. Fifty yards now. The crowd prayed silently. Now twenty—ten. The minister leaped on shore. A

great cheer went up, and Carmack fell fainting in outstretched arms.

When he opened his eyes it was in the Company's store. The young minister was bending over him. The men were gathered about, Snogley standing nearest at his feet. Carmack's eyes drifted with growing expression from the minister's face to that of the bartender. Then, with returning consciousness, a sudden impulse seemed to seize him. He rose to a sitting position, then to his feet, and with his hand on his rescuer's shoulder he looked Snogley in the face.

"What have you got to say now?" he asked, slowly and with meaning.

The bartender slunk away, while the two men wrung hands in an awed silence.

"And that isn't all, boys," continued Carmack. "You must have thought I was pretty anxious to get across the river. Well, I was. I was starved for one thing, and for another I have here a nugget to register two claims—one for Discovery, you know—in the biggest find in this country. You're all in it too. It's down on the Klondike. So go and drive your stakes. I am off to the Mounted Police at the Fort to register my claim, and also"—he paused, "and take my friend here, Alexander McDonald, to whom I am giving the other."

So started the Klondike boom, and so did a young man achieve wealth by a brave deed. But Alexander McDonald ever found the greatest joy of that wealth in works of charity.

THE END



HOME ARTS & CRAFTS

By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Stencilling.

No. 2

J. KYLE

IN my last article I promised to deal with the designing of a portiere or hanging, something which requires more thought and knowledge of principles than d'oleys, table centres and such like.

To set out a large surface for decoration, and make it look well when the material is hanging in folds, needs careful work. It is interesting to watch how various designers have surmounted the difficulty.

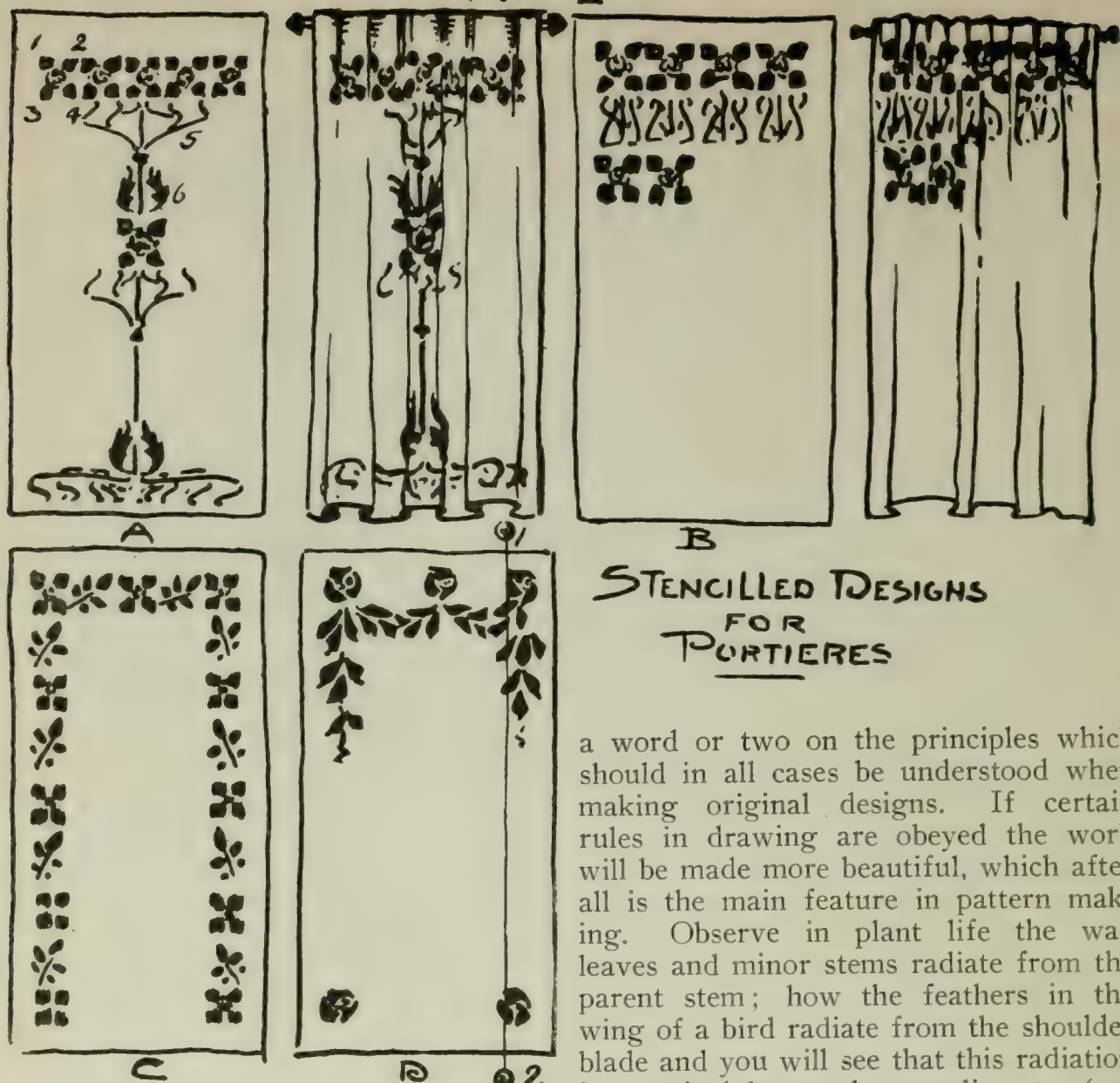
The scaffolding for the design is best treated geometrically, that is, the surface divided up mechanically into squares, oblongs or circles and then the disposition of the masses and plain spaces decided on. All these things being quite clear in the mind before the details are drawn at all. Remember the motto: "Plan out your work, then work out your plan." A design for material to be hung in folds, is always most successful when arranged in bands. A strip of ornament full of work, contrasting with another strip of opener treatment as seen in Illustration B. This is simply made by the repetition of two details arranged in squares and oblongs.

An equally good effect might be obtained by dividing the portiere into three

parts with a Friese and Dado as in Illustration A. Notice that the detail 1, 2, 3, 4 is repeated six times in this pattern; while a simpler design is shown at C with two details arranged as a border.

When guiding lines are required on the portiere have it stretched firmly on the table; then cover a thread with chalk and pin it tightly across the cloth as shown in Sketch D. With the blade of a pen knife lift the thread at the centre and let it down with a spring; this will make a thin chalk line on the cloth which may be used as a guide for keeping the pattern straight. The ornamentation should be treated in a big style. Simple masses of good shape will tell far better than little bits of detail. A large flower or plant should be selected to design from, and the character of the stencil, which is peculiarly its own, should be preserved. It is always best to go direct to Nature for inspiration and hints; the one point to remember is not to try to copy Nature in a pictorial way, but to obtain as many ideas from the growth, form, and colour of the natural plant, as is necessary for the drawing of an agreeable and harmonious pattern. Choose just the necessary parts of the

No I



STENCILLED DESIGNS FOR PORTIERES

plant and leave out all that is superfluous.

The example in Illustration No. II may make this explanation clearer. It is the taste displayed by the craftsman in selecting just those parts which are best adapted to an effective design, which gives success, and the scheme of colour may be adapted from nature likewise.

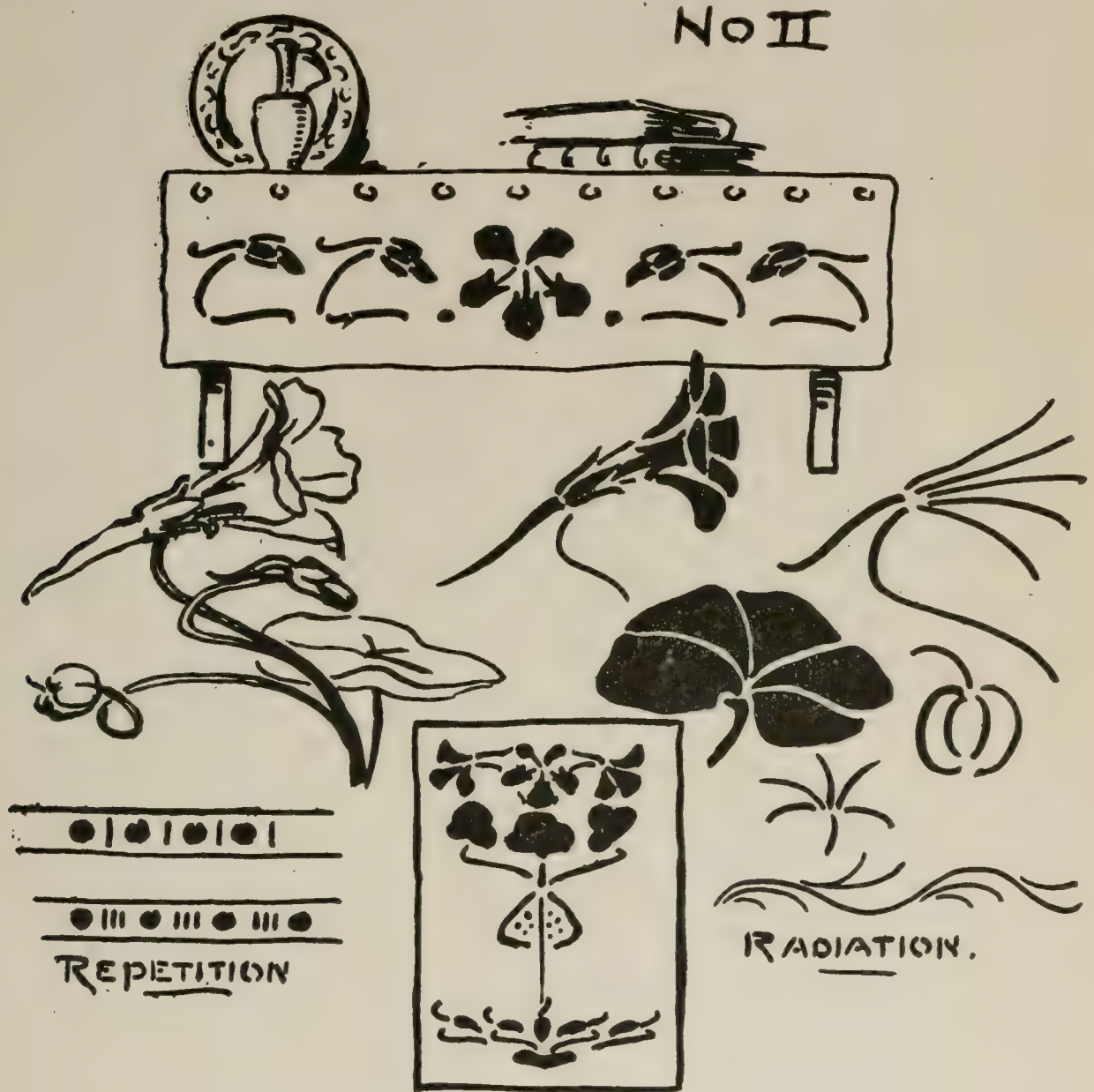
Can one better the colour scheme of a peacock's feather for instance, or the tints and shades of some of our flowers, or the superb combinations of red, brown and green in our forests at this period of the year. Let us look round about us for ideas and we shall never want. The fruit and flowers in their season, the birds, insects, and animal life are all given gratuitously to the artist and craftsman to use at his discretion. Just

a word or two on the principles which should in all cases be understood when making original designs. If certain rules in drawing are obeyed the work will be made more beautiful, which after all is the main feature in pattern making. Observe in plant life the way leaves and minor stems radiate from the parent stem; how the feathers in the wing of a bird radiate from the shoulder blade and you will see that this radiation is a principle worth attending to (see Illustration No. II). When drawing out any pattern see that the lines run harmoniously towards one another, not necessarily touching each other, but giving the impression that they would ultimately do so. One could dwell at great length on this point and examples could be shown from the finest styles of decoration, but for the present in drawing out a design give thought and attention to it. Its importance will soon become evident. Symmetry is another principle worthy attention. To trace a design from one side to the other is a common method used by designers, and an easy way, but of course not absolutely necessary. It has a tendency to make a pattern look mechanical, while a slight difference on either side would obviate this.

On Illustration No. II will be seen a

cover for a bookshelf, the ornamentation consisting of the front view of the nasturtium and the bud. The repetition of such details form excellent borders for curtains, etc., in fact repetition is another principle which all decorators take into consideration. The repeating of two or more forms to prevent monotony may be recognised in all good work.

linen, a harmony will be pretty well assured. In this article I have endeavoured to give guidance to those who wish to make their own designs. First to select a plant which will be suitable for the size of the work to be undertaken. Next plan out the part to be ornamented and then begin the drawing



A book-cover as in Illustration No. II, may be suggested as a very suitable and useful exercise. Made of brown Holland it will form a rare background for rich colouring, and as all the colours will be slightly influenced by the hue of the

of the details. Preserve the character of the stencil, and recognise the principles of Radiation, Symmetry, and Repetition. A former article explained the cutting of the stencil, and preparation of the colour.

Emerson and His Lectures on "Representative Men."

Robert Allison Hood.

MEN have a pictorial or representative quality and serve us in the intellect. Behmen and Swedenborg saw that things were representative; first, of things, and secondly, of ideas." So says Emerson in the lecture on the "Uses of Great Men," which forms the introduction to the series entitled "Representative Men." The six great names with whom he deals—Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Goethe—have been chosen by him as possessing in the highest degree the pictorial or representative quality of which he speaks. He shows us, as it were, their portraits one after another, and reveals to us by means of his greater insight, the type which each stands for and the ideas that he represents.

Valuable as these studies are for their own sake, they have a reflected interest for us in the light that they shed upon the character and the opinions of the writer. He has said to himself in his *Essay on Compensation*: "A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eyes of his companions by every word." It is as they reveal the man Emerson himself then chiefly, rather than the various great men of whom he treats, that we will consider this series of papers.

In the first paper, that on "Plato, or the Philosopher," Emerson hails the great Ancient as the man who first combined in his teachings, the idea of one deity existing in all things, with the practical, matter-of-fact philosophy of materialistic Europe. "In short, a balanced soul was born perceptive of the two elements," he says: "A man who could see two sides of a thing."

It would seem that Emerson has sought to realize this excellence in himself, for he, too, has managed to combine the transcendental with the practical. He is no mere "dreamer of dreams and seer of visions," but a man who takes a wide interest in his fellow-men. True, his function is that of the scholar to think for them, and does not require him to mingle with them actively, but the service he renders is none the less real. All his writings have a practical bearing. Honesty in business, purity in politics, vitality in religion, are the doctrines that he preaches; and he drives home his truths by examples drawn from the office, the farm, and the forum, in such a way as to be almost irresistible. He is the apostle of a glorified common-sense.

Emerson is an admirer of the broad minded man who is willing to look at both sides of the shield; and this is one of the excellences he finds in Plato. "He is a great average man," he says; "one who to the best thinking adds a proportion and quality in his faculties so that men see in him their own dreams and glimpses made available, and made to pass for what they are." Again, "Plato seems to a reader in New England, an American genius. His broad humanity transcends all sectional lines."

This same quality stands out in Emerson's own writings. They voice the better feelings of the average man when his judgment is free of the dictates of worldly ambition and self-interest, when his moral nature, as it were, stands on tiptoe. They are addressed from a plane above all party strife and faction, all considerations of race or convention. Emerson stands on the rock of truth and his judgments are sincere and unbiassed.

Plato recognizes three forces in the universe which must govern all things—Nature, Intellect, and the Divine. "Plato," says Emerson, "lover of limits, loved the illimitable, saw the enlargement and nobility which comes from truth itself and good itself, and attempted as if the part of the human intellect, once for all, to do it adequate homage."

Again, he says: "The banquet is a teaching in the same spirit, familiar now to all the poetry and to all the sermons of the world, that the love of the sexes is initial." This is the doctrine that he sets forth so beautifully in his essay on love.

Even Plato, however, is found wanting in certain respects. His aim is intellectual merely. Even in his greatest flights of eloquence in describing the highest laws of the universe or the deepest passions of the human spirit, he is the literary man and not the priest. "It is almost the sole deduction from the merit of Plato that his writings have not—what is no doubt incident to this regnancy of intellect in his work—the vital authority which the screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess."

Emerson was entirely free from this failing which he condemns in Plato. He had none of the literary man's self-consciousness. His writings have this much in common with the "screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs," that they were entirely the spontaneous utterances of inspired thought rather than the polished product of the literary man. Literature with him was never an end, but a means. This is to be seen in the subordinate matter of style, in which Emerson leaves much to be desired, not because he was incapable of greater stylistic excellence, but because it was a matter of comparative indifference to him. His sole care was to give expression to his thoughts which come forth in such profusion that the ordinary brain finds it hard to connect and assimilate them.

Again Emerson scores Plato for his lack of a system. His theory of the universe is neither complete nor self-evident. He does not stand by his guns, but

shifts from one side to the other, so that there is no one who really knows what his system was. Thus his attempt to dispose of nature fails, and his work, in spite of all its brilliancy, must fail. "No power of genius," says Emerson, "has ever yet had the smallest success in explaining existence."

In the appendix to the essay written after reading some new translations that had appeared subsequent to his writing of the first part, Emerson seems to repent somewhat of what he had said as to Plato's aim being intellectual and literary merely, for he says: "The secret of his popular success is the moral aim which endeared him to mankind." "Intellect," he said, "is king of heaven and earth; but in Plato intellect is always moral." He praises him, too, for his Doctrine of Ideas. "Plato's fame does not stand on a syllogism or on any masterpieces of the Socratic reasoning. He represents the privilege of the intellect, the power namely of carrying every fact to successive platforms, and so disclosing in every fact a germ of expansion."

Throughout the whole essay is evident the admiration and love with which Emerson regards the greatest of the Ancients. One cannot help seeing that he must have drawn a large part of his inspiration from him. His whole philosophy is saturated with the doctrines of the Platonic school. As one writer has pointed out, Emerson's essay on "Intellect" is permeated with them. "That intellect is impersonal, that we are nothing of ourselves, that all thinking is a pious reception of truth from above, that one person knows as much as another, that silence is necessary for the incoming of God's grace, that entire self-reliance belongs to the intellect as representative of the over-soul, are all ideas to be traced to this source."

Turning from Plato to the scholar, to Swedenborg the Mystic, Emerson passes from "the mere gownsman, the robed scholar," to the man who did things, the man of action and thought, combined; for Swedenborg was a scientist and a man of affairs before ever he became a mystic. His chief service to the world in Emerson's eyes, seems to have been

that he set forth a religion which was practical, a religion for the needs of every-day life, and that he pointed out the great correspondence existing between thoughts and things. His mind however, was enslaved by the doctrines of the Church. He was too much influenced by the Hebrew theology instead of by the moral sentiment. "Nothing with him has the liberality of universal wisdom, but we are always in a church. That Hebrew nurse which taught the lore of right and wrong to men had the same excess of influence for him it has had for the nations. The mode as well as the essence was sacred."

We get here the keynote of Emerson's own attitude towards the Church. "He regarded its dogmas and ceremonies as a hindrance to the free exercise of thought. Even the broad avenues of Unitarianism were too straight for him to walk in."

It is evident that Emerson had profound sympathies with the mystic beliefs and was much influenced by the religion of the Hindus, with whom mysticism had its birth. Indeed, a Hindu gentleman lecturing before the Concord School of Philosophy on "Emerson, as Seen from India," claims him to be in far more sympathy with the Oriental world than with the bustling active life amid which he lived, and regrets that Emerson had not been placed there within its more auspicious environment. His doctrine that all evil is negative is carried out to its farthest significance in the teachings of Vishnu, whom he quotes from in condemning Swedenborg for his belief in a hell.

"To what a painful perversion had gothic theology arrived that Swedenborg permitted no conversion of evil spirits," he says. "But the divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers, and man though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." What an inspiring optimism is here! No wonder Emerson's life has been such a happy, peaceful one, such a great contrast to that other seer of the age, his friend, Carlyle, eating out his heart in doubt and despair over in London, when he could own to such a faith

as that. As Mr. Bartol has said of him "Emerson is Adam before the Fall. The ground is not cursed for his sake or in his view. He scouts the notion of doom."

As to Swedenborg's mystical experiences, his revelations from the other world, Emerson ascribes them to an unhinging of the man's brain. There is too much hocus-pocus about them to make them credible. They were not in harmony with nature and therefore could not be divine. "These angels that Swedenborg paints," he says, "give us no very high idea of their culture; they are all country persons; their heaven is a *fete champetre*, an evangelical picnic, or French distribution of prizes." What a characteristic utterance this is! With what finality his good-natured sarcasm disposes of the whole question. He cannot admit inspiration to Swedenborg because it does not appear in his writings. "It is the best sign of a great nature that it opens a foreground, and like the breath of morning landscapes invites us forward." Certainly the poet himself is not found lacking when put to his own test.

In his essay on "Montaigne, or the Sceptic," Emerson seems to feel it necessary to justify himself for his admiration of the Frenchman. He tells of finding his "Essays," when a boy, and reading the book in wonder and delight. "It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book in some former life, so sincerely it spoke to my thought and experience." He cites John Sterling, Carlyle's friend, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Byron as worthy participators in his love for the great essayist. He praises his sincerity and truth. "Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers," he says. He affirms his real faith underlying his outward scepticism. No doubt, he can sympathize with him all the more deeply because of the criticism and condemnation that his own heterodoxies had evoked. "Great believers," he says, "are always reckoned infidels, impracticable fantastic, atheistic, and really men of no account. The spiritualist finds himself driven to express his faith by a series of scepticisms. . . . Even the doctrines dear to the hope of man, of the Divine Provid-

ence and of the immortality of the soul, his neighbours cannot put the statement so that he shall affirm it. But he denied out of more faith and not less." Scepticism is justified, he says, and "Belief consists in accepting the affirmation of the soul; unbelief in denying them." According to him, then, scepticism is a proper attitude of mind and consistent with his theory of the right of each individual to be his own interpreter of nature and the universe.

One of the chief merits of Montaigne's writing, Emerson finds in the fact that they spring out of action. "He likes his saddle," he says; "you may read theology, and grammar, and metaphysics elsewhere. Whatever you get here shall smack of the earth and real life, sweet, or smart, or stinging."

Emerson finds Montaigne in sympathy with him also in his hatred of evil and his contempt for its would-be reforms whose aims are selfish and whose sympathies are narrow. "The superior mind he says, will find itself equally at odds with the evils of society, and with the projects that are offered to relieve them." Throughout the whole essay, it is very evident that there were many things in common between Emerson and Montaigne, and that Emerson felt a deep debt of gratitude towards the earlier writer.

In dealing with Shakespeare, the poet, Emerson finds in him an example to point his doctrine that great genius is simply complete receptivity to the spirit of the age. Shakespeare, he says, was the product of the Elizabethan Age. He absorbed into himself all that was best in it, and passing it through the alembic of his master mind, gave it forth again clothed in beauty and marked by a new significance. He regrets that we have so few details about his life, and yet he says we know all the material facts from his plays and sonnets. He has portrayed himself there in all that really counts, his standing and beliefs on every question of life and nature. Emerson contends that he was primarily poet and philosopher, only secondarily a dramatist. The drama was simply the vehicle of expression for the thoughts that thronged his brain. "Shakespeare is as

much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd," Emerson says; "he is inconceivably wise; the other conceivably. A good reader can in a sort nestle into Plato's brain, but not into Shakespeare's. He is unique because his writings lack egotism and personal idiosyncrasy. The other men show their personal history, their faults and foibles in their work, but not so Shakespeare."

The other great quality that Emerson assigns to Shakespeare is his cheerfulness. This is essential to the true poet, because beauty is the end he strives for. By this alone, Shakespeare has proved a fund of never-failing joy and encouragement to the heart of man.

After such a sympathetic and glowing critique, one would expect to find Emerson admit that he had come to the truly great man at last; but no! In spite of the fact that Shakespeare could discern the rich, hidden meaning that lay behind every part of nature, the analogies between it and human life, he prostitutes his power to an unworthy end. He puts it to an æsthetic rather than a moral use. He rests satisfied with the beauty and fails to reach the truth. "Is it not," asks Emerson, with biting sarcasm, "as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into his hand, or the planets and their moons, and should draw them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fireworks on a holiday night, and advertise in all towns 'Very superior pyrotechny this evening'? It would seem, then, that Shakespeare has the same defect that Plato has, he makes literature the end and not the means. With all his talent and his genius, he fails to give us any vital counsel as to how we shall better order our daily lives and conduct ourselves toward our fellows. He was not even wise for himself," says Emerson; "and it must even go into history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement."

Without attempting to pass judgment on Emerson's views on the propriety of Shakespeare's life or the question as to whether he made the best use of his talents, on both of which points a rational

defence might be set up for him, we may at least see from them the loftiness of Emerson's conceptions of the chief end of man. Shakespeare was too merry and irresponsible, Swedenborg too mournful and so he still looks for the world's poet-priest to come.

Emerson's estimate of Napoleon can be summed up in a very small space. He is the representative democrat, the exponent of the people of France and of the world. Emerson cannot help admiring him for his personality and his power which is based on those qualities mainly that he recommends in his essays. Indeed, the man seems a kind of lay-figure on which he can exhibit most of the traits that make up the character of his ideal man. "He is strong in the right manner, mainly by unsight." His power consists "in the exercise of commonsense on each emergency instead of abiding by rules and customs. Bonaparte relied on his own sense and did not care a bean for the other people."

But there is another side to the picture and Emerson discerns it very clearly. Napoleon's aim is purely selfish. He desires wealth and power and he has no scruples as to how he gets it. "He has not the merit of common truth and honesty." Emerson deals with him unsparingly. "It does not appear," he says, with cutting innuendo, "that he listened at keyholes, or at least was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendour, you are not dealing with a gentleman at last; but with an impostor and a rogue." . . . Here was an experiment, under the most favourable conditions of the power of intellect, without conscience."

Napoleon, at first, represented the party of reform, but when he succeeded he took the other side and cast off or ignored those by whose aid he had risen and they in turn deserted him. His selfishness was his undoing. Emerson closes the paper with the characteristic epigram: "Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open and which serves all men."

In the last paper in the series on "Goethe, or the Writer," Emerson de-

scribes him as representative with Napoleon of the life and aim of the Nineteenth Century. He is the type of the scholar that Emerson is so fond of drawing and yet not the perfect type either. He forms the text of a sermon on "Contemplation versus Action," which is a subject on which Emerson feels very strongly and which forms the keynote of his paper on "The American Scholar." He voices the ever-necessary protest against the materialism of the age, which commends overhighly the practical man and looks upon the scholar as a useless cumberer of the ground. "If I were to compare action of a much higher strain with a life of contemplation," he says, "I should not venture to pronounce with much confidence in favour of the former. Mankind have such a deep stake in inward illumination that there is much to be said by the hermit or monk in defence of a life of thought and prayer. . . . A certain partiality, a headiness and loss of balance, is the tax which all action must pay."

Of course, Emerson would be the last to decry action, except as in this place to put it in its proper relation with regard to thought. He quoted the sacred books of the Hindus to show that the two things are really but one and the same. "Children only, and not the learned, speak of the speculative and the practical faculties as two. They are but one."

Emerson is filled with admiration at the great extent of Goethe's learning. His brain had ample accommodation for the huge array of facts that his century had accumulated. "Amid littleness and detail, he detected the genius of life, the old cunning Proteus nestling close beside us, and showed that the dullness and prose we ascribe to the age was only another of his masks."

Emerson admires him too for that independence of the dogmas of the past, which he praises so highly in Montaigne. This trait led Goethe to modernize in his creation of Faust, the mediaeval conception of the devil with his horns, and cloven foot, and other paraphernalia and paint him as a very real terror, combining in his nature the common sins to which mankind is heir. "He shall be

real; he shall be European; he shall dress like a gentleman and accept the manners and walk in the streets, and be well initiated in the life of Vienna and Heidelberg in 1820—or he shall not exist.”

This love of getting down to the practical in religion, as well as other things is a marked trait in Emerson's own character. He accepts nothing on trust, but passes everything under the test of his own reason.

Even the great Goethe, however, is lacking of the highest in spite of all his learning, his love of truth, and hatred of shame. He, too, like Plato and Shakespeare, lacks the complete self-render to the moral sentiment which is essential to the world-priest. Culture was the prime end which he strove for; intellect was his god. “Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth but truth for the sake of culture. All possessions are valued by him for that only, rank, privileges, health, time, being itself,” says Emerson. “He is the type of culture, the amateur of all arts and sciences and events; artistic, but not artist; spiritual, but not spiritualist.”

In his essay on Religion, Emerson declared it to be the last development of culture, its final and supreme stage. It seems then that Goethe had never reached this stage but had remained in the chrysalis. Yet Emerson does full justice to his high qualities and to the services he rendered to mankind. “I join Napoleon with him,” he says, “as being both representatives of the impatience and reaction of nature against the morgue of conventions—two stern realists, who with their scholars, have severally set the axe at the root of the tree of cant and seeming for this time and for all time.” Again “Goethe teaches courage and the equivalence of all times, that the disadvantages of any epoch exist only to the faint hearted. Genius hovers

with his sunshine and music close by the largest and deafest eras.”

Considering this series of essays as a whole, despite the fact that they are as Emerson says himself but “half views of half men,” they present a commentary that is suggestive, inspiring, and illuminative. They impress us as the sincere convictions of an earnest soul that seeks to reach the truth at all costs. If the writer's enthusiasm and love carries him at times perhaps beyond the bounds of judicial impartiality it is against his will and without his knowledge.

The series was written in 1850, however, when Emerson had reached the prime of his intellectual vigor and his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by time and a wide experience of life. He had learned by this, to take things more philosophically. This is to be noticed in the frequent flashes of humour that appear, as in his description of the character of Socrates or the picture he calls up of Napoleon listening at the key-hole. Yet, his high moral standard has not been lowered and, one by one, his heroes fail to reach it as he passes them in review.

Great as is the light that he sheds upon their characters, he has shed a greater on his own. Whether he has approached the high, intellectual plane of the men he writes of we need not enquire; probably not to that of all of them; but we are assured of the calm serenity of his nature, the loftiness of his ideals, the unselfishness of his great aim to lead his fellow-beings to a happier and higher life. All efficient thought for him must have a humanistic bearing. Intellect must be subordinate to the moral sentiment. To quote Mr. Cooke, writing on “Emerson as a Thinker”: “He has presented a theosophy rather than a philosophy in his writings, a spiritual rather than an intellectual theory of the Universe.”

The Trials of Three.

G. A. Russell.

THE job was proving harder than I imagined; not that I ever thought it would be especially easy; but I had determined on it, and must get through in some manner.

"Nellie," I remarked, "you are charming this afternoon, but for a girl who has the privilege of her sweetheart's company, you seem to me quite indifferent."

"Indifferent wooers make indifferent maids," she carelessly remarked, and there was a suspicion of heightened colour in her face, without my understanding the cause.

"Then you acknowledge that you are an indifferent maid?" I said, at first secretly greatly elated; then the second thought came and I was not so sure that I was as glad as I ought to be.

I had to acknowledge that she looked very pretty as she sat there in the hammock that languid, sleepy summer afternoon. We had been engaged so long and had known each other so well even before we were sweethearts, that it occurred to me that it was a very unusual occupation, my studying Nellie's looks. I knew in a vague, indefinite way that in summer she usually wore something fluffy and fleecy and light; in winter, something snug and cozy and fetching. and that whether it was summer or winter, she seemed very satisfying, very appropriate as it were, but I had long, long ago quit studying her looks. I wonder why I did to-day! Was it because one often thinks long and well over the possession they intend relinquishing; or was it because one of those delicate waves of colour that swept over her face, had accidentally caught my eye, just as a beautiful sunset holds the lover of nature?

A moment later she spoke, and I noticed her little foot gave the grass a

vicious kick, as she said: "I acknowledge that young lawyers usually ask their silliest questions in the courts of justice, and their most impudent ones in the courts of love."

"If I were enough of a lawyer to take myself very seriously, I would say that I did not possess a monopoly of caustic remarks—or of foolish ones, either."

I could hardly keep a ring of triumph out of my voice, for I considered I had said a very neat thing; nor in a sarcastic tone, either, because I was fast losing my temper. When I do a disagreeable thing, I wish it done right. I had come over to tell Nellie that I had learned to love Julia Churchill in the way a man ought to love his wife. How I should say it I hadn't the faintest idea; but this much I knew, I dreaded the job as much as the next man.

But Nellie was making the task altogether too easy. I can stand just as much ease in certain lines of work as anyone, but things were coming my way so fast, that I began to grow dizzy with the excitement of it.

"Jack, dear," she said, and a smile came to her face so quickly that even I, who knew her as I did, was greatly puzzled. "Jack, dear," she repeated, and the smile and the sentence faded away into nothingness, and leaving her wistful little face positively appealing, almost beautiful.

"I wish you would not be so sudden—and so extreme," I said, for I was in a secret rage at my own impotence. "First you almost wish to do me bodily harm, and then you are as lovely as the charming princess in the fairy book. Why can't you strike an average?"

That was good. I would have to crush this sentimentalism.

"Do you know that you are very hard

to understand to-day? I am going to give it up. Besides, I haven't time, if I am to dress for the drive that Harvey Jerome promised me this afternoon."

"Harvey, Jerome, that——" I was so ablaze with anger that I had forgotten that Harvey Jerome was just the man I ought to be looking for. To be sure he had his faults, a great many of them it seemed to me, now. He was too fat, too pompous, yes, I thought, too rich to know the right uses of money. This last idea was not wholly satisfying, for one of my virtues is poverty. He has a thousand faults, and yet let us be fair to the egotistical little boor—he has few vices. I have known Nellie Lawrence all my life, and loved her a greater portion of this time, and now that I am about to give her up, shall I not wish her nicely placed and reasonably happy? And yet, try as I would, I could not act less than a brute. I cut that vicious sentence in twain. It was the best I could do. I said no more, but walked from the yard down to the road with a dignity and silence that I thought crushing. An hour later, from the windows of my office, I saw Harvey Jerome and Nellie Lawrence driving by.

If it is easy for two to drive, it ought to be easy for four, I thought. Before the sun had set that night, Julia Churchill and I were spinning over the roads in various directions. If others were having a good time, we surely were, if high spirits and laughter are indications. I had never seen Julia look more lovely. She had come to our town of N—— some months before on a visit, and it was not long before she was the acknowledged belle of the place. She was lovely in disposition and charming in manners beside. It was with a self-accusing pang that I remembered that Nellie had been chiefly instrumental in promoting my acquaintance with Miss Churchill, and had insisted more than once on my taking her to entertainments and on drives.

However, this was a time to easily forget Nellie, and to remember only this beautiful girl at my side. That she was deeply in love with me, if looks and actions count, I was sure. And yet to-day she acted strangely unlike herself;

seemed unusually nervous, and at times very absent-minded.

Early in our drive we met Mr. Jerome and Nellie, and later we met him alone as he drove up, after his ride, to the hotel. He lifted his hat, smiled a pleasant greeting and seemed very glad to see us. This good humour was very irritating. "That fellow seems as happy as if a rich relative had just died," said I, trying in vain to be funny.

"Mr. Jerome may well look happy, for he has been riding with one of the smartest, prettiest, and truest of women."

"Yes," said I, for though I believed all she had said about Nellie, I would have preferred to have said it myself. I figured, however, that such gracious words contained a secret meaning that I knew nothing of. However, they sounded genuine, impersonal. I wondered, as I wiped the cold sweat from my forehead, if they were possibly personal.

"Yes," I repeated, "Nellie is all that you say and more; nevertheless, I feel rather sorry for her this afternoon, for I am confident she has had anything but a pleasant drive."

The speech was an ungracious one, and the motive convicted me. I regretted having made it the next instant. There was no mistaking the cause of the wave of colour that swept over her face; it was one of anger, and the purple of it remained for some time. "If you are speaking of Mr. Harvey Jerome," said she, "I would have you know that I regard him as one of the noblest and best of men. I am not the only one, Mr. Complacent One, that so regards him. Nellie is herself more than two-thirds in love with him. She is always praising him. Her string of descriptive adjectives tells me that she is far gone. It would be a good match," she added, reflectively; "I could think of no better for either party."

If she had intended to irritate me, she had succeeded splendidly. No one enjoys being shown up in the wrong; neither does one care to have their self-love and vanity bruised. As for Nellie's admiration for Jerome, I was confident her words were spoken merely to goad me. She succeeded admirably.

"Jerome is fortunate in the choice of his champions," I said. "I would willingly be caluminated, if I could be sure of such a fair adherent. Nevertheless, I am glad to correct myself. I did not wish you to seriously think that I felt badly towards him. He is a worthy young man."

However, we soon parted, neither of us in the best humor or spirits.

It was after eight o'clock that evening, as I sat in my office smoking my turning-in cigar, and reviewing the events of the day, that I heard a knock at the door. Bidding the intruder enter, I was never more surprised in my life, than when Jerome entered the door, smiling, complacent, satisfied. I almost admired his sleek, well-fed appearance. I am certain I was amazed at his cheek. He drew a chair up to my side, with the remark: "I saw you out riding with Miss Churchill, this afternoon."

"Yes," I said; "Miss Churchill is a very dear friend of mine, and somehow we enjoy driving together so much."

I knew this would hurt, because for a time he had been a very devoted admirer of hers.

"I see that she seems very fond of you."

"Not more so than I am of her, I can assure you," was my reply.

His face had grown drawn and white, and his breath was laboured, as if he were undergoing deep emotion. I reflected upon this with considerable satisfaction.

He paused for a few moments, as if considering words, and then began slowly: "Then what I have to say, will make my visit, and your answer, very easy."

I was mildly interested; I must have shown it.

"I came here at the request of Nellie Lawrence," said he, and paused. He evidently found it hard to choose the right words. I noticed that my lips were dry, yet I would not help him. If she were sending him to chide me for my indifference, I would sufficiently rebuke him for his interference, and her for her presumption.

"We were talking considerably about you and Miss Churchill this afternoon,"

he resumed; "and both of us were very glad to see you so fond of each other."

"Very kind of you," I said at last, in as sarcastic a tone as I could muster. "We are so young, we need looking after."

My tongue seemed thick, my throat parched, my voice grating. This conversation was taking a queer turn. I hate mysteries.

"I asked Nellie to be my wife this afternoon," he said.

I could only stare at him in helpless amazement. Speechless, whiteless, and to me it seemed bloodless, I gazed at him with assumed indifference.

"And the young lady's answer to your honoured proposition?" I finally managed to say.

"That I was to go and see you; that there was an old affair between you, which you would doubtless be glad to break, but she could not cast you off without your consent."

"I think I will see the young lady myself on the subject," said I, as I arose stiffly and walked to the door, with what dignity, if any, there was left in me, leaving him sitting there.

When I met Nellie, I noticed several things that had long ago escaped my observation. She had never seemed so pretty to me as she did that evening. Her eyes shone with a brilliancy and lustre that was positively unusual, and her cheeks were like the painting of the rose. As I thought of the probability of losing her, I knew that I loved her, always had loved her, and it would break my heart to lose her.

"Nellie," I cried, and I rushed forward to embrace her.

"Not so fast, Prince Ardent. I took a drive this afternoon, and if you do not know all about it, I wish to tell you."

"I know all I care to know," my face blanching at the thought. "I know that I love you more than I ever did in the days of long ago. I know how well that is. I know that I am a mean, insufferable cad, but despise me if you will, I cannot help it. Oh! Nellie, you don't know how dear you are—the whole world to me."

I was afraid I was losing ground fast.

The very thought of it turned me sick. The room seemed to be whirling, and hope was fast leaving me.

"How about our fair, mutual friend, Miss Churchill?" said she, after a pause; "would you have her grieve and pine away over your perfidy?"

"She will never do that," said I, with conviction.

"Then there is my friend, Mr. Jerome. It would be too bad to disappoint both of them," said she, musingly.

"They are nearer finding consolation in each other's company, right now, than you think," said I, with a trace of my old spirit. I afterwards found that this was

one of the most truthful lies I ever uttered.

"You are so egotistical," said she, in the same tone, as if not noticing my interruption.

"I know it," said I.

"Not more so than most men, Jack; not more so than most men. And," she continued, "I never said that I didn't love you."

"Nellie!"

And this time the bound forward was effective, for in one moment I had her in my arms, and every agony of doubt was forgotten, as I strained her to my breast in a transport of happiness and content.

The Brain-Storm.

L. McLeod Gould.

IT was just seven-thirty as Jackie passed the big Departmental Store on Trinity Street, and though it struck him as somewhat curious that the doors were open so early, he took no stock of the occurrence; everything had been out of the usual run that morning. On a sudden impulse he turned in. The mere fact that he had only a nickel in his pocket worried him not at all. That also was one of the curious things, Jackie had never to his knowledge awakened in the morning with such vast potentialities of wealth.

"Good morning, Sir," said a pleasant voice. "What can I do for you this fine day? Anything in the brain variety? We have some fine specimens on hand today."

"Jackie turned round in surprise. He was unaccustomed to such treatment. "Skidoo; 23" was more in his line. He tried to speak in his ordinary whining voice, and to say that he had just turned in out of the cold. But his voice—it was changed; he couldn't say what he wanted. Instead:—

"Ah, I just turned in to see what you could do for me in the authorship line. I've fitted him out now all except the brain part; if you could manage to spare me a few minutes, I should like to talk over a few specialties with you."

"One moment, Sir. Mr. Gabriel will attend to that. I only make out his prescriptions."

Jackie stared again. It was all so different; and as he stared everything seemed to change, and the store seemed to fill with long lines of shelves arranged alphabetically; and each shelf was composed of little boxes having names on them, but he was too far away to be able to read them. Anyhow, he knew that it was all wrong, and that he ought to be turned out into the street in his rags. But—wonder of wonders; where were his rags? Involuntarily he looked towards a big mirror in which was reflected a kindly-looking, stout gentleman, well-dressed, and bearing in some unmistakable way the lineaments of Jackie's face.

"Oh well," he muttered to himself; it's

all much of a muchness anyway; my voice has changed; what I wanted to say has changed, and of course I've changed. "Yes," he broke off aloud, "I've come about the brain equipment."

Facing him was an austere personage with business written clear on every feature. A certain brightness around the head, which Jackie inconsequentially connected with a halo, seemed to be quite in keeping with everything else; but then, everything, as has been said before, was curious.

"Brains? Yes sir. This is our department. What kind of brains sir? Electrical, organizing, administrative, literary, scientific, or what kind, sir?"

The haloed personage seemed to be sincere; the shelves and boxes looked businesslike; even the nickel seemed to promise help, so Jackie answered, feeling as though he were but a mouth-piece, but presumably out of his own mouth and by help of his own tongue.

"Just literary please. I've fixed the rest in that line. The infant is pre-destined to a solitary boyhood with kind but unsympathetic parents; his character is honourable but misunderstood; the very attic to which his manuscripts are to be returned has been located; the finest selection of good but well-worn clothes has been made, and the landlady with a gruff exterior but with one soft spot in her heart has been chosen; all that remains for his equipment is the right sort of brains."

Jackie finished and gasped. What on earth it was all about was a double-dyed mystery to him; but he had to say it, and the austere individual did not seem to be surprised.

"Very good, sir. Now what class am I to draw from? Literature is somewhat vague you know. We have the very best ingredients taken from the brains of the close of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries to draw from. Is it novels, essays, philosophical treatises, or in short what do you require in this line?"

"Novels," said Jackie.

"Certainly, sir. And now what kind of novels? You must understand that in pursuance of Dr. Osler's theory the people of the early twentieth killed off

their brightest men, and following a later idea dissected and assorted their grey matter; thus giving to future generations some idea of the ingredients necessary for the compounding of brain material suitable to various walks in life. Now the novelists of that period ran very much in grooves, and we have here the information necessary for the filling of prescriptions suitable for the brain composition of any particular groove. If you will kindly walk with me I will show you what I mean."

So saying Mr. Gabriel moved down the nearest row of shelves followed by the wondering Jackie.

"Here, you see, under the heading 'D'," said the leader, "is an assorted sample of detective brains. This large box on which we frequently draw is full of material similar to that which formed such a prominent brain feature of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The smaller box above contains the Arthur Morrison dust; we have smaller quantities for mixing purposes based on scientific analyses from the brains of celebrated working detectives. I can recommend our product as furnishing a big money-maker."

"What can you do in European history?" asked Jackie.

"Well, pretty good, sir." And Mr. Gabriel moved quickly down to Shelf "H." "We find that the best results come from a judicious mixture of Henry Seton Merriman and Anthony Hope, according as to whether you want the underground diplomatic or the romantic chivalrous to predominate. Then again, if the hero is to appeal to the American reader a slight flavouring of MacCutcheon draws the masses. Of course this only deals with fiction history; we don't go in for real facts."

"How's religion go now-a-days in novels?" queried Jackie.

"Very well indeed; provided you have Marie Corelli and Hall Caine properly combined; we can fix you up well. To bring in an Oriental turn if desired a solution of Rudyard Kipling is advisable."

"And what else can you show me?"

"Well, sir. Just walk along. You'll see W. W. Jacobs for vernacular sea;

Jack London for adventurous wilds; Max Pemberton for imaginary invincibles; Gordon Smith for Nipponese romance. Look around and take your choice.

Jackie looked around.

"Say, mister," he said at length. "I don't see anything here which guarantees me that there'll be what I've always learnt is most necessary for the attic business. Where's the genius guarantee?"

"The face of the haloed one fell. He looked round apprehensively. "Kid," he said, "you've struck it in once. We can't do it. Call it a bunco shop if you like; we'll furnish the fittings, give the outlines, place the surroundings, but—we're up against it when it comes down to that. Say, I'll tell you; they call that the 'Divine Spark' and we ain't got it in our outfit. Most folks don't think of it,

and that's why they don't make a success when they think they've given their kids every chance in life to make a hit. Twixt you and me, we're no good unless your kid has got that there 'Divine Spark' it's no good shoving him along the wrong set of metals. If he's got it, it sort of wanders about and gets caught up, I can't explain better, he'll find out for himself that he's wrong, and when he gets to the switch, he'll shunt and the 'Spark' will put him right. If he hasn't, well—it's N. G. Now what will you take, sir?"

"I think I'll take a five-cent beer please, waiter."

Jackie blinked his eyes at the waiter, who went off wondering whether Mr. John H. Gilroy, so lately a father, had been asleep or had merely had bad news in the long envelope which he had personally given to him an hour before.

A Hero of the Plains.

Charles Doran.

ROBERT CLEWS, or "Honest Bob," the name by which he was known at Four Creeks, was a man whose life for six years had been shadowed by a crime. A crime which he had allowed to fasten itself upon him rather than let the truth be known and a mother's heart be broken.

Clews was a handsome, broad-shouldered fellow, above the medium height, and in years not far beyond the thirty-five mark, although his prematurely gray hair and careworn face made him look many years older.

He was a man of refinement before he came to the Territory, and until the event occurred which changed the whole course of his life, he was highly respected back East.

When he crossed the Rockies he set aside any thought of ever returning home again, and resolved to forget all that had once been dear to him. It was a very hard and cruel task at first, and

often Clews had fallen back on rum to drown his sorrows.

Life was pretty rough in the Territories for a man accustomed to the culture and comforts of a refined home, and it was a long time before he could get down to it.

Four Creeks was a typical border-town, with its full quota of gamblers, half-breeds and cowboys. It was the rounding-up place of all classes of men who lived in the saddle, and life was as little valued as the Mexican silver that filled the pockets of the faro bankers and the saloon keepers. The town was the only one within two hundred miles of a railroad, and long, hot stretches of prairie separated it on either side from the next inhabited spot. It had no laws except those made by a sort of vigilance committee, whose trials were usually very short, and whose verdicts seldom differed from the one for all crimes in those days—hanging.

The Vigilance Committee liked Clews, and soon chose him their leader. He was a brave fellow, with a record for rounding-up and checking a stampede of wild cattle with a prairie fire in their rear, and just the man they needed.

Everybody at Four Creeks knew the stalwart fellow and respected him, and his say always carried weight. He was one of the few men in the town that was liked as well by the law-abiding class as by the tough element that held the balance of power there, and when he presided at a trial his decision was seldom questioned, even by the man to whom the verdict meant a "swing in the air."

Clews lived on the outskirts of the town—if you could call the end of the only street the place could boast of, an "outskirt." He seldom left his quarters after dark, and rarely entered any of the many gin-mills, except when the thought of home and those dear to him would almost drive him wild, and he would seek forgetfulness in a glass of liquor.

It was not in the man to be a careless, shiftless fellow, although he had chosen a life that must sooner or later lead to such an outcome, and often when alone he would fight the desire to return home, which seemed to grow on him as the years rolled by and he realized that the dear mother was getting older and could not expect to live much longer. He often thought, too, of one who had once been all the world to him, and in his bitter regret at times would almost curse the day he had allowed the crime that had driven him away from her to fasten itself upon him, even if it were to shield a young brother—a mother's idol.

Estelle Gray had always loved Robert Clews and never believed him guilty of the crime that had tarnished his name and sent him a voluntary exile to the distant West. She had told him she was willing to share his sorrows and mortifications if he must keep hidden the truth of his innocence, but he refused to listen to her doing so, for he loved her and felt he had no right to connect her name with his own, to which shame had been attached.

He had never spoken to but one person of his sorrows and why he had left home,

and this one was a cattle-puncher, his best friend in the Territories, and one whom he knew he could trust.

This man had been won over to him by what he heard and the nobility of his friend, and ever after had stood by Clews. He was a rough fellow, with nothing to recommend him but a frank countenance and honest ways. Reared on the Western border, he had followed cattle-punching for a living. He liked Clews from the first, so he always said, and for two reasons: one, because he was the only Easterner that he had ever met that had the right kind of stuff in him, and the other because he was a dead sure shot, and knew enough to handle a gun only when his head was clear.

Jim Daily, as the man gave his name, used to tell the boys that he had never attended a school and what little he knew about reading had been taught him by an old ranchman, to whom his rearing had been intrusted, Jim's parents having died while they were crossing the prairie.

The man had grown up in an atmosphere of lawlessness, yet he had the making of a good man in him, and so did not suffer much from contact with the rough element in which his youth was passed. He was a fine shot and thoroughly at home in the saddle and as fearless as he was good at cutting-out with lasso and horse. The cowboys and cattlemen liked Daily, and so he always had plenty of work, and for those days got along as well as the next man, but he did not like the life and wanted to leave it and seek one where he could "amount to something," as he used to express it.

To Clews he told his desires, and seeing in him an honest fellow, the Easterner made up his mind if ever he turned homeward he would take Daily along with him.

The long dry season in the Territories had begun, and the cattlemen had already started north in search of water for their stock. Four Creeks promised a season of comparative quiet; most of the saloons and faro banks had closed their doors for want of patronage.

It was a relief to Clews and Daily to be again in an orderly atmosphere, after a winter of lawlessness with its usual

number of shootings and lynching cases.

The town had held the record in the Territories for hangings, and at seasons of the year when the cowboys were idle, the boughs of the solitary cypress that stood in front of Clews' cabin often bent and swayed after the hurried decision of a jury called to try some fellow for horse stealing or drawing his gun upon an innocent companion.

Clews' cabin was the court house. The place was divided into three rooms, one of them being used for a court-room, one for a jail, and a third allotted by the Vigilance Committee to Clews to live in. Apart from choosing him their leader, the Committee had appointed him to the office of jailer—an office of honour and trust in the Territories in those days.

With Clews lived Daily, and together the men looked after the jail side of their home. Their life was often one of much excitement, for they were frequently called upon to protect a prisoner from an infuriated mob that sought to storm the jail and take him out and lynch him. The two men usually slept with their boots on and their guns under their heads whenever a notorious character was confined in the jail, and often but for the persuasive eloquence of Clews, many a desperado would have been dragged from his sleep in the dead of night and left swinging to a bough of the cypress when daylight again broke on Four Creeks.

One day Clews and Daily went down the valley prospecting for oil, which was reported to have been discovered in the Territory to the north of the town.

The day was warm and pleasant; a soft breeze fanned the prairie, gently swaying the wild flowers that had taken root in a bit of earth at intervals along the great wastes of sand and alkali. The flowers made Clews think of the beautiful wild flowers—poppies, buttercups and golden rod, that lined the roads in his distant eastern home at that season of the year. He was sad and despondent and often rode along for a mile or two without uttering a word to his companion. Finally on coming to a small oasis, Clews suggested that they dismount, rest, and water the animals. The two men then themselves sprawled out

for a little rest, Clews all the while having very little to say. At last turning to Daily he said:

"Jim, I've been thinking of home all day; those flowers recalled many a happy summer back East and have almost made me a mind to go back." Then after a silence of several minutes he added, "But there's mother, and I promised to stand by the boy for her sake."

Daily said nothing; glancing at his companion he noticed that a big tear was slowly coursing down his weather-beaten cheek.

"I suppose I'm a bit childish, but pardner, when a fellow gets to thinking of home and all dear to him there, he's very apt to find his voice choking, and feel a tear or two trickling down his cheeks, eh!"

And Daily nodded his head approvingly.

"Well, it's this," continued the Easterner, after another silence. "I reckon I'll stick it out for a time longer. Pass me your flask. Mine's empty."

Daily handed the flask to his companion who raised it to his lips, got up, shook himself, and jumping into his saddle started to ride off. As he did so a sharp crack of a rifle rang out, and drawing in his reins he brought his horse to a standstill.

In the distance, coming toward them, their animals galloping at full speed, and sending up clouds of dust behind them, were two cowboys.

As they approached they drew rein, and when within a few yards of Clews and his companion, dismounted.

"Excuse us pardners, we fired to stop you to ask if you seen a tenderfoot riding your way? The chap's stolen a horse from up at Dabney's ranch."

Clews, much irritated by being stopped so unceremoniously, answered that they were not looking up horse thieves, then turning his horse around trotted off, Daily following close behind him.

It was dark when the men reached town, and after Daily had put the horses up, he and Clews turned in for the night.

They had not been asleep long when loud voices outside the cabin aroused them. Jumping up the men rushed to

the window. The street was alive with cowboys; some of them mounted, others leading or holding their animals.

"Something's up, Jim," said Clews, as he went to get his lantern.

"Yes," replied Daily, "and I'll bet it's all on account of that tenderfoot them fellers were telling us about."

As Clews opened the door, one of the crowd yelled out:

"Judge, we've got him, and a hard chase he gave us too. Here he is and he didn't give in until we piped a hole through him."

The crowd then began to jostle and push one another, and to shout and howl until the cabin fairly shook.

At last the horse thief was dragged into the room, where he was left securely bound in the custody of Clews.

After quiet had been restored, Clews fastened up everything and going into the room where the horse thief lay, bent down and asked him if he wanted anything. As he looked at the man he saw that blood was oozing from a wound in his side, and calling to Daily to fetch some water and a bit of rag, he proceeded to bind up the wound.

Soon he drew back and in a voice of mingled astonishment and horror, exclaimed:

"My heavens Phil, you here?" "What does it all mean?"

Daily heard Clews and came hurrying into the room. A change had suddenly come over his companion, and unable to speak, he stood staring at him. He was deathly pale; his brow was netted slightly, and his face bore an expression of pain and regret.

The wounded man lay still and motionless for some time, his eyes riveted upon Clews, then he spoke.

"Where am I, and what brought you here Bob?" he asked, his voice weak and scarcely audible.

"Wait, lad, don't try to talk, you are still too weak; wait until you have rested and then you'll know all."

The man sighed heavily, and when Clews had made him as comfortable as he could, his eyes closed and he was soon asleep.

Robert Clews stood looking at the

wounded man for some minutes, then he picked up his lantern and with a heavy step left the room.

The next day he told Daily everything.

"He wronged me Jim, but I promised mother I'd always stand by him," he said, after the two had been conversing together for some time as to what course to pursue if they expected to save the boy. They knew the danger they would run if they attempted to hold back the mob by force or to assist the prisoner to escape, and so they abandoned any thought of either plan.

Clews had gotten up very early and before the sun had risen was seated before his table studying a roughly sketched map of the Territories. He was pale and quite agitated, and noticing it Daily offered him a drink.

"No pardner," he replied, "I need all my wits and rum was never made for a man who expects to have to face trouble." The man's voice trembled slightly as he spoke, but he showed no signs of fear, and when Daily approaching him said:

"Bob, I'll stand by you, come what will," Clews grasped his companion's hand, and with tears moistening his eyes replied:

"God bless you pardner, you're a noble fellow. We'll see it through together."

The sun had scarcely gotten well above the horizon when the mob began to assemble in front of the cabin.

The two men got down their revolvers, examined them, and placing their rifles where they could quickly get them if needed, waited for the trouble to begin.

Clews was cool and determined. He waited until the noise outside told him the mob was ready to act, then opening the door he calmly said:

"Well fellows, so you've come to lynch my prisoner."

"Yes, judge, and we're all ready," came a chorus of voices while a man nearest to the cypress shouted out:

"Ready, you bet we are, and I've got the hemp already in place; see it there," and as he spoke he pointed to a piece of rope dangling from the bough of the tree.

Clew's face grew pale, but he showed no other signs of agitation.

"Well!" he said, "I don't reckon there'll be any hanging here today."

"Why?" came a dozen voices in surprise.

"Because the chap's as near dead as he can be, and Four Creeks isn't going to mar its reputation as a fair and square town by hanging a dying man."

There was a silence, then some one said: "The Judge is right, come fellers let's take a look at the tenderfoot and get back to the ranches."

Some of the men came in and after glancing down at the wounded horse-thief, went out, mounted their horses and rode off.

When the crowd had dispersed, Clews and Daily set to work to make arrangements for the departure they were to attempt to make that night.

The day passed without adventure of any kind, and the night came on dark and starless.

The men sat watching the little round clock hanging on the wall until the hands met at the top of its face; then they buckled on their cartridge belts, woke the wounded man, and cautiously left the cabin. Daily going ahead to get the horses.

"Mind you give the boy 'Little Annie,' Jim, for she's as fleet a steed as there is in the Territories. You keep my old mare. I'll take the one I borrowed of Watts when Annie got that splinter in her hoof last week," said Clews, as he turned to bar up the gate.

Soon Daily appeared with the horses and after the provisions had been placed in the saddle-bags, the men mounted and galloped off.

All that night and the day following the three horsemen rode on, only stopping when it was absolutely necessary. They knew their escape would be discovered before noon that day, as the cabin was certain to be visited by someone and the wounded man not being found there an alarm would be sent out and a search started.

Clews thought that in all probability four searching parties would leave town, each one taking a different direction, and

that one of them was certain to come their way. He told Daily of his belief, and they concluded that the canyon was the only place that offered any protection if they had to put up a fight, and they pressed on to reach it by evening.

Once in the canyon the men dismounted and after watering their animals led them to a clump of tall cacti and sage where they tied them and left them in search of a place for themselves for the night.

A walk of a mile brought them to a large opening in the side of the mountain, where they decided to pass the night. They knew the pursuing party could not possibly come up with them for at least twelve hours, as they had that much start upon them, so no watch was kept, and soon after they had entered the cave they had wrapped themselves in their blankets and were sleeping soundly after their long hot ride.

The next day the horses were too worn out to continue the journey, and their riders were compelled to wait in the canyon until they had rested.

Daily had been out to get some water and was returning to the cave when he saw something in the distance coming towards the canyon, and hurrying back to where his companions were he told Clews what he had seen.

In an instant the Easterner was on his feet and shielding his eyes with his hand from the rays of the setting sun, he looked in the direction indicated by Daily.

What had at first seemed but a speck on the horizon line was now clearly discernible to the naked eye.

Six men were approaching; their horses sending up clouds of dust as they came hurrying on.

The three men in the cave looked at one another. Clews was calm and resolute. Daily appeared a little excited, while Phil Clews toyed nervously with his gun.

At last Phil broke the silence, his voice quivering perceptibly as he spoke.

"And it's all on my account. I've always been a trouble to you, Bob, ever since I stole the bonds and hid them in your desk at old Gray's bank. Now I've brought you to this. Let me go out and

meet the men and give myself up. I can say that I escaped from you and Daily, and it will save you fellows."

Robert Clews got up and crossing to where his brother sat, extended his hand and said, his voice choking from emotion:

"Phil, you have still a spark of Clews in you, boy. No, we'll fight it out together. I can't go back on my promise to mother; but remember, lad, if I fall, and you ever get home again, tell Estelle I loved her to the last."

"Don't take it so to heart, lad; we may yet get out of this all right."

Robert Clews, however, did not believe what he said, for he knew that the chances of escape that lay before them were very slight, and at that moment he would have wagered all Four Creeks against a glass of rum that not one of the three men would ever leave the canyon alive.

He had hoped when they left the town that their horses would hold out until they had so outdistanced any party sent out in pursuit of them as to make their escape a certainty. He realized now that he had miscalculated the strength of his horses, and in despair settled down to await the outcome.

The cowboys were armed with rifles, and as they drew up their animals, the men in hiding could distinctly hear what they said.

"Well, fellers, if the judge and his pals ain't in the canyon, they've gone in the opposite direction from here, and the boys who started north and west will be as badly left as we are," said one of the men.

"Yes," replied another, "and I tell you it's no fun coming over fifty miles of prairie for nothing."

The men then dismounted and tying their horses started down the canyon.

The long, hot day was passing slowly, and evening was coming on. With the return of darkness, Clews hoped to perhaps evade his pursuers, and while considering what was to be done that night, should they attempt to leave the canyon, his attention was attracted by Daily, who, waving his hand to him to lay low, whispered:

"It's all up now, boys; they've found the horses."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when one of the cowboys shouted to his companion:

"Come, Joe, they're not far off, for here's the judge's horse, Little Annie, and a d—d fleet steed she is, too."

A few minutes later the men appeared, leading the horses.

"We're bottled up, boys," said Clews, as he saw their horses leave, "and it's gold to Mexican dollars that we are goners, unless we can put up a fight and get our horses back. It's hard to shoot a fellow down without warning, but it's give and take, and our only chance lies in taking them by surprise." Clews' face showed unmistakable signs of his unwillingness to adopt the course he had just named, and Daily noticing it, whispered:

"I know, Bob, but all's fair in——"
He did not finish the sentence.

"Come, boys, be ready, and be sure you see to your aim." It was Clews who had spoken.

There was a short silence, then the three men raised their rifles, three sharp reports rang out, echoing like a charge of musketry through the canyon, and two of the pursuing party leaped into the air and fell to the earth. Clews and Daily had not missed their aim. Phil Clews' shot had passed wild of its man, and burying itself in the horse he was leading caused the poor animal to drop upon its fore knees and then roll over upon the ground, neighing pitiously with pain.

The fight was on and in a second more the cowboys began a veritable fusilade in the direction of the cave. Their fire was followed by another one from Clews and Daily. Then the smoke became so dense that the men in hiding could not see out. Night was setting in, and with one farewell volley of shot the cowboys mounted their horses and leading the others started off toward Four Creeks.

"They've gone, Bob, but ten to one they'll come back to-morrow, for they know we can't get away without our horses," said Daily.

There was no answer. After a min-

ute's silence the man repeated his remarks; still no answer.

"Say, Bob," he called, "where are you? Phil, are you and Bob together?"

"Yes," came the reply; "but Bob has fallen."

Daily sprang up and striking a match hurried over to where Clews lay.

"Quick, boy, some water," he said; "your brother's shot bad. Get the flask out of yonder saddle bag."

Dropping upon his knees the ranchman raised his companion's head and gazed anxiously into his face.

"My heavens, Bob! Speak, man. They've gone. We are safe now." Then applying the flask to the man's lips, he said:

"That's right, take a good one. You'll come round all right. Just a spent ball, I reckon." But Robert Clews was more seriously wounded than Daily supposed.

He was dying, and the pallor in his face and the numbness that was coming over him told only too well that he had not long to live.

"I'm shot bad, Jim," came the words with great effort from the wounded man. "Where is the boy? Is he all right? You know I promised mother I'd stand by him."

There was a long silence, then once more Clews spoke, his words now faint and almost inaudible.

"Phil," he said, "go home to mother, and let them continue to think it was me, and try to lead a good life, boy. Tell mother and Estelle I died thinking of them. Good-bye, Jim; stand by the boy. God bless you, pardner."

The breathing became harder and longer; the eyes closed, and a deep sigh, followed by a silence, told Daily and Phil that the spirit of Robert Clews, had passed.

The next day the poor fellow's body was borne to rest in a lonely grave in the canyon.

The cowboys did not return to the fight, and in time Phil and Daily succeeded in reaching the border line, from where they once more got into civilization.

Daily remained by young Clews until he saw him safe in the arms of his poor old mother, then he turned away to look

for one person of whom his thoughts had been continually reminded by the little package sewed up in a bit of red scarf he had carried so sacredly for several months.

Estelle Gray was entertaining a lady friend when Jim Daily's name was brought to her, and she looked up with much surprise when the butler said that the visitor had a message for her from a dear friend who had been away several years.

Ushered into the beautiful parlor of Banker Gray's residence, Daily did not know where to turn, and much embarrassed dropped into a chair in an obscure corner of the room.

A handsome girl of a few years passed twenty, tall and graceful, but with a rather sad face, came forward to meet the ranchman, and with a most cordial greeting soon made him feel a little more at ease.

After a few minutes' silence, during which Daily tried to construct some sentences to express the object of his coming, he told the girl all that had occurred.

Estelle Gray's face had become very pale, and her hands toyed nervously with her lace fan.

Daily saw the effect his words had upon the girl, and stopped.

"Please continue," said the girl, summoning up all her courage.

"But, miss, you look so white," and involuntarily poor Daily's hand went to his pocket for his flask, then remembering where he was, he drew it back as though ashamed of himself, and said:

"Can't I call someone, miss? You look ill."

"Oh, no! I thank you. I am better now."

Daily then produced the little package from his shirt bosom, where he had guarded it so sacredly, and handed it to the girl.

Estelle Gray's hands trembled as she opened the package and removed its contents—a small time-worn portrait; she raised it to her lips; then burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

The poor ranchman bent over the girl, and in words full of sympathy and meaning, said:

"It's hard, miss, I know, but Bob wouldn't have you give up, for he'd want to see you happy, even if he couldn't be with you."

The girl bore her loss with courage and resignation, but with no attempt to conceal her grief. She had always hoped that Robert Clews would yet come back to her, and had long waited anxiously for the time to come when he could do so. She knew that he had not forgotten her, and so she had continued to love him and pray for his return.

You ask what became of Jim Daily? Well, Jim liked the East and concluded to settle down back there, and was given a chance to do so by Mr. Gray, who placed him in his banking house.

Phil Clews turned over a new leaf; confesed everything, and removed the stain that for so many years had tarnished the name of his noble brother.

Four Creeks is still on the map, but it is no longer a rough border town. Good influences have found their way out there, and no longer the whiskey flask and revolver play so important a part in its life.

There is one spot, however, that has not changed, and that is the lonely grave in the trackless wastes of the Territories, where rests the soul of as brave a hero as ever there fell on a nation's battle-field.

The Tree.

Blanche E. Vaughan Murison.

O tree in my garden so tall and so stately,
All robed in your vesture of delicate green;
I always have loved and admired you greatly,
You beautiful tree with your radiant sheen!

I creep to your shelter and weave sweet romances,
And peep at the sun through your lacework of leaves;
While Fantasy catches a hundred shy glances,
That flash from the depths of your shadowy eaves.

O beautiful tree, as I learn more about you,
What wonderland opens, what marvels appear;
What raimented splendor within and without you,
Enchanteth the eye and entranceth the ear!

They tell me that each little leaf that unrolleth,
Is wrought with its mystic mosaic of green.
Where perfected systems their wonders controlleth,
In miniature worlds that we never have seen.

That sunshine and sunsets gleam over the border,
Of each little molecule's separate source;
Where infinitesimal cosmical order,
Pursues its diminutive stellary course.

Oh beautiful tree, with your great revelation
Of Law in progression through infinite ways;
I come with the Spring to your glad coronation,
And sing with the flowers a song in your praise!



The Value of Magazines to Advertise Cities.

Herbert S. Houston.

BEFORE I was a magazine man, I was a newspaper man, and no one can excel me in admiration for the newspaper or my belief in its power as an advertising medium. In many ways it far surpasses the magazine and always will surpass it. Whenever advertising is for the local trade and whenever the news or time element is an important factor in general advertising the newspaper is supreme. In what other possible way can a magazine publisher, for example, advertise as effectively a current feature, such as a story by Kipling or a hunting sketch by the President, as in the newspaper? Manifestly that is the best way, because a quick market must be made for this month's magazine before next month's issue crowds it out. The newspaper is the one medium to be considered, also, for the retail trade of a retail store.

The point I want to establish in your minds is that the magazine more nearly approximates the letter in directness than any other form of advertising. This is due chiefly, I believe, to the confidence which the magazine reader has come to have in the magazine. And this confidence has been built up as a result of the strong feeling of obligation which publishers and editors have felt to the

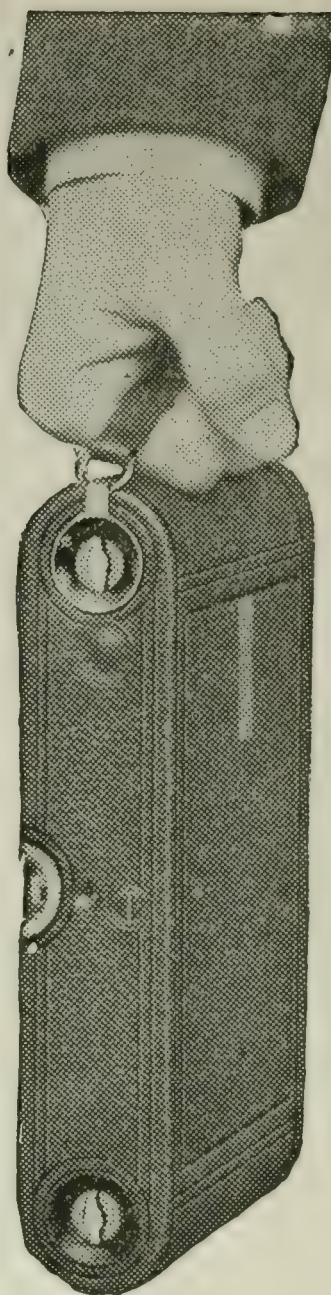
home, for which their periodicals are made. They have undertaken not only to entertain their readers, but to build them up in sound ethical views. Of course, we make no pretensions to any monopoly of either virtue or good intentions, and I sincerely hope we are not like the priest and Levite who go by and look at our newspaper brother on the other side. But I do believe that because we have such a clear perception of our responsibility, indeed of our trusteeship to the home, that we have taken great pains to have our advertising pages come up to the same wholesome standards as our editorial pages. They have excluded from their pages whisky advertising, patent medicine advertising, mining stocks, oil stocks, and other speculative announcements; indeed, they have undertaken to see that no unclean or doubtful thing should be borne in their pages over the threshold of a single home. We have reached no millennium, and like Andrea del Sarto "our reach still exceeds our grasp"; but we hope that our reach is in the right direction, and we sincerely believe that much which we have desired is already within our grasp. In a word, the magazines have already set up the standard which many

wish to see established through a national advertising law.

While the magazine is personal in the sense that it goes to its readers almost as a letter from a friend, it is, in another sense, impersonal. By that I mean that the national magazine, like some great colossus, has as its base the whole continent. This breadth of support relieves it from the questions of local interest which press upon the newspaper.

The newspaper has the defects of its qualities. Planted deep in the city, from which it draws its chief support, it is committed absolutely (both by loyalty and by necessity) to an unflinching advocacy of that city. Beyond question, the daily papers are the greatest advertisements which have ever been issued, or can be issued, for the city in which they are published. They stand for that city as against the world, arguing for its betterment, pleading its cause, and in every way furthering its interests. Their service in these broad lines is simply beyond calculation. No city, however great the advertising patronage it may give its daily press or the circulation support that it may extend, can ever adequately repay the newspaper for the service which it renders. But what is the defect of this high quality of unlimited devotion and loyalty to its own city: isn't it that the newspaper becomes so overwhelmingly a special pleader for its own city that the advertisement of any other city in its columns is in danger of becoming simply a bubble lost on the ocean?

As far as advertising a city in its own papers is concerned, their circulation, of course, is chiefly among those who live in the city itself and know all about it. But do I undertake to prove too much? Is there no place for the newspaper in city advertising, if economy and efficiency are to be considered? Most assuredly, there is. If a city wishes to do intensive advertising in a particular section, as for example, Atlantic City in New York and Philadelphia, the daily is the best medium. I can understand how a southern city could effectively concentrate its appeal in dailies of the northwest, laying great stress on winter climate. And if a city wishes to build



The
Pleasure
of your
Summer
Outings
Will Be
Made
Lasting
By a
Kodak

Write for 1908 Catalogue

Kodaks from \$5 to \$105.

Brownies from \$1 to \$9.

KODAK HEADQUARTERS

Will Marsden

665 Granville St.

Vancouver, B. C.

up its wholesale trade by advertising its advantages as a jobbing center, it can find no medium so well adapted to its need as the daily press in the trade territory it wishes to cultivate. Lynchburg has demonstrated the truth of this course in most convincing fashion. The jobbers in this progressive Virginia City have carried on a vigorous publicity campaign in the southern newspapers and told every merchant between the Potomac and the Gulf why it was to his advantage to buy in Lynchburg. The results have been definite and large, and Lynchburg is fast becoming one of the most important wholesale centers in the entire South. Here the newspaper is used for intensive work in a particular section, and it is unquestionably the best medium to accomplish this specific task.

Not only is the newspaper a great advertising medium itself, but it is a source and center of the publicity spirit everywhere. Look today at the cities of the country where the advertising idea is being quickened into life and you will find newspaper men the enlivening promoters of that idea. In Minneapolis and St.

Paul I found the leading newspaper men fully identified with the strong publicity movement which is stirring those cities. Mr. Murphy and Ralph Wheelock of the Tribune and Lucian Swift of the Journal were hearty supporters of the idea in Minneapolis, just as Webster Wheelock of the Pioneer Press and Walter Driscoll of the Dispatch were in St. Paul. And it is so all over the country. John Stewart Bryan of the Times Dispatch is one of the directing committee of the campaign in Richmond, as Victor Hanson, of the Advertiser, is of the campaign in Montgomery. Lafayette Young, with his son, is the center of the movement in Des Moines.

As a magazine man, I wish to pay to these newspaper men and to their countless colleagues of a like view the homage of my sincere respect. They are men of wide vision who see far horizons. To the narrow soul who gazes only to the boundaries of his own bailiwick, it would be heartbreaking to see money for advertising sent out of the city. But to the public spirited newspaper man this is money put at usury,

Smacking Good Syrup LESS THAN HALF PRICE

How often have you longed for a pitcher of good syrup—something better than the blended varieties you have to pay \$1.25 or \$1.50 a gallon for?

What wouldn't you have given to be able to make up a batch right in your own kitchen where you could see everything that went into it and know that it was absolutely pure and wholesome?

There are thousands of thrifty housekeepers doing this very thing every day; they're saving nearly a dollar on the price of every gallon too.

The secret? Why there's none. Just get a 2-oz. bottle of

"CRESCENT MAPLEINE"

from your grocer; enough for two gallons. Make a syrup of granulated sugar and hot water and flavor with "MAPLEINE" according to directions. If it doesn't produce the richest creamiest maple flavored syrup you've ever eaten, we'll gladly refund your money.

If your grocer can't supply you send us 35c in coin, stamps, post office or express money order for a 2-oz. bottle.

**DEPT. W—SEATTLE, WASH.
CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY**



as wisely spent advertising money always is. He knows it will come back in the growth and upbuilding of the city and add to the prosperity of every citizen. Genuine public spirit always brings a double blessing, one to the city in whose service it finds expression, and another to the willing worker who is one of the dynamos in generating that spirit. To the newspaper, this public spirit, of which it is the very life, brings growth, with the city's growth, and it brings also increased business from general advertisers, who see in an advertising city a progressive community that will buy advertised articles. And I rejoice in the prosperity of the newspaper. In this ill-starred endeavour to set the magazine over against the newspaper I have no sympathy.

For a city seeking the country over for new industries and new capital, and, above all, for new citizens, who are themselves an embodiment of both capital and industry, there is no form of publicity, I undertake to say, that can even approximate to the magazine in value. It has a long reach and a strong grasp. The magazine is the message bearer that is as personal as a letter and as impersonal as a letter carrier. And it does its service at a charge which makes Uncle Sam and his postage cost look like Standard Oil extortion. Just ponder for a moment a comparison made in an admirable address delivered recently before the Manufacturers Club in Kansas City by Mr. E. S. Horn. I give you his statement as that of a disinterested investigator, as he is a clear-headed agent who holds a brief for no one form of advertising. Here is what he found. He took a list of national periodicals for a campaign of full pages at a cost of \$4,000 per month, which was to include postage expense and clerk hire in sending out printed matter as follow up. "This list of mediums," he said, "would give a circulation of approximately 3,300,000 copies each month, or if, as is commonly considered, there are five readers to each magazine, 16,500,000 readers. In other words, by this method you can place your full page announcement before fifty-five readers at a cost of only one cent. How can you obtain

such results," he asked, "by any other method?" The answer which any student of comparative advertising costs and results is bound to give is that there is no other method that can show such results. But advertising must be continuous over a period of two years, if not of five, if it is to have a fair chance to yield its greatest benefits. Conviction in the human mind on so important a personal question as a change of residence or of business location is usually of slow growth. It is naturally so, because the stake is so great. And here lies the chief danger to the success of city advertising, whatever the medium used. The city must not only start for a goal of wide publicity, but it must keep on and attain it.

REMINISCENCES OF "SUGAR-DAYS."

By Marie Howland.

WELL do I remember the great forests of the old home in New Hampshire! In the edge of it, "the woods" we always called it, my father every spring used to "tap" the great rock maples. This consisted in boring a larger augur hole into the tree, and driving in what we called a "spile"—a tube about a foot long, through which the sap ran into a wooden pail or bucket. The whole simple operation was to transfer the sap to the big iron pot or cauldron, suspended by a chain to great straddling, green sappling trunks over a gipsy fire, and keep it boiling day and night. We children of over half a century ago could scarcely be kept out of the "woods" when the maple trees were "tapped."

How cheap was wood then! Huge rock maples, with trunks as straight as arrows, were ruthlessly sacrificed for fuel. So cheap were these giants of the forest that when the "spiles" were gathered up for the following spring no one thought of pegging the wound. It was left to bleed and bleed, and water the soil with its own blood.

At the time of "sugaring-off" there was a frolic among the young people

who dipped out of the cauldron the crystalizing syrup, and patting smooth and hard the top of a clean snow drift, poured on it slowly the partly cooled syrup. Aching stomachs followed as a rule, though we were always admonished by our elders, and sometimes, when we continued the gorging process too openly, we were sent to the house.

I wish I could remember the price of maple sugar then. It must have been inexpensive, for the children and pancake-eaters always liked it, it would not do for tea, and was not at all in favour with housewives for cooking. There was not much market for it then, but now we are told that the whole output of maple syrup in this country will not supply New York City alone. Yet you can buy "maple syrup" all over the world, nearly! What wonder that the genius of chemists and food purveyors for many years has grappled with the problem of supplying a substitute? But the delicious, distinctive flavour of the real maple product has never been produced until now when the Crescent Manufacturing Company of Seattle, Washington advertises their wonderful discovery, "Mapleine."

"Mapleine" is an original flavouring extract compounded solely from roots and herbs, and is guaranteed under all of the "Pure Food Laws" to be absolutely pure, wholesome, and healthful. A two-ounce bottle, which costs one only fifty cents, will upon being dissolved in the directed proportions of granulated sugar and hot water make two full gallons of smacking good table syrup which old Vermont and old Eastern Canadian judges pronounce an exact reproduction of the real maple.

MADE IN VANCOUVER.

A resident of Vancouver for over 15 years of which the greater part of the time he has been actively identified with the tobacco trade, L. Wilke, the popular proprietor of The Success Cigar Factory, is building up a splendid business at 14 Cordova St., West. His principal brands are "The Very Best" and "Vancouver Belle," both being popular among western devotees of My Lady Nicotine.

INVENTIONS PERFECTED.

It will be welcome news to many civil engineers and surveyors to learn that they can now have their most delicate instruments repaired or adjusted in Vancouver by the B. C. Model Engineering Works, as hitherto transits, levels, etc., and all fine instruments have had to go to the East to be overhauled. This firm also makes a specialty of developing the ideas of inventors and designers, and models can be built in their Vancouver workshop at cheaper rates than if sent to the Eastern Provinces. The B. C. Model Engineering Works have a special department for intricate machine work and fittings. They employ only expert men, and are winning universal praise in their model department for their fine and accurate results. This firm have at their command not only the men, but the machinery to do any and all kinds of electrical or mechanical work, not only devoting their skill for repairs on small launches, armature winding and elevators, but are prepared to re-adjust, build or restore anything in mechanical or electrical engineering.

A NEW FIRM.

Guaranteeing that their paper-hanging and painting is the best and cheapest that honest materials and labour permit, the new firm of Cross & Huestis, 437 Homer St., Vancouver, are gradually securing a fine business as dealers in wall paper, burlaps, mouldings, picture framing, etc. They have a new stock of Canadian, English, American and German wall papers which should be inspected by the home builder before placing his order.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

For years it has been customary for Canadians to buy motor engines from the United States. Today Western people can obtain what they need for power launches right at home. Letson & Burpee, Ltd., of Vancouver, B.C., manufacturers of marine gasoline engines, publish an interesting illustrated catalogue, which should be in the hands of all intending to purchase an engine. But

those who can do so, should make a personal inspection of their factory, and see their engines in process of manufacture. All the parts of their engines are interchangeable, and duplicate parts are always kept in stock. The firm manufacture 2-cycle as well as 4-cycle, in 10, 20 and 40 horse power. Not only will the buyer obtain splendid value for his money in buying at home, but is incidentally helping to build up a local industry, which every loyal Westerner should be proud to support.

TO SEE NIAGARA FALLS.

Travellers now find it much more convenient and interesting when visiting Niagara Falls to make Buffalo, N.Y., their stopping place, as it is only forty-five minutes ride by steam car, every hour, and by trolley every fifteen minutes. The Niagara Hotel, situated at the source of the beautiful Niagara River with a lovely view of Lake Erie, also adjoins a large public park and Fort Porter reservation. Its rooms are larger than those of any other hotel in Buf-

falo, and its palm court and sun parlors are attractive lounging places. Buffalo is itself one of the most beautiful cities in the world. In the evenings strangers have seven theatres for entertainment. The Albright Art Gallery, modeled after the Acropolis of Athens and costing nearly two million dollars, is in itself worth going to Buffalo to see. The Niagara Hotel is making a special tourist rate of \$2.50 a day and upwards, (American), and \$1.50 a day and upwards (European).

ASTOR HOUSE BILLIARD ROOMS

Among the most popular pool and billiard rooms in Vancouver are the parlors to the rear of the office of the Astor House on Hastings street—near Cambie—under the managership of Messrs. F. C. Phipps and C. E. Wells, who in planning their recreation rooms have devoted especial attention to the light thrown upon the tables during the daytime through the large plate-glass windows, in addition to the shades for the electric lights.

Many a Prosperous Farmer In the Fraser Valley

Dates his success from the day he purchased his farm from F. J. Hart & Co., Limited.

With seventeen years' experience in the land business; with offices in Vancouver, New Westminster and Chilliwack and with a capable staff of land buyers we can give home-seekers the best possible service.

Write today for maps and booklets on successful farming in the famous fertile Fraser Valley.



A New Firm

We carry a large stock of Canadian and imported wall paper in the latest designs. Our work in paper-hanging and painting is the best and cheapest that honest materials and labour will permit. We ask an inspection of our stock and terms.

CROSS & HUESTIS

Dealers in Wall Paper, Burlaps, Moulding, Picture Framing, Etc.

437 HOMER STREET

(Opposite "The World" Building)

VANCOUVER, B. C.

All cigars are good but some are better—but

"The Very Best"

is the best and is a home product.

"THE VANCOUVER BELLE" is a dandy smoke too.

These brands are manufactured by

THE SUCCESS CIGAR FACTORY

L. Wilke, Proprietor.

14 Cordova St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

Do You Hunt? Do You Fish?

If so, see

J. HUMPHREYS

THE PRACTICAL GUNSMITH

for guns and tackle, or to get your outfit repaired.

159 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C.

Express and Baggage

Furniture Moved

J. O'SHEA

Telephone 2293
319 Cordova Street

Vancouver, B. C.

WE are fully equipped for big business, and solicit orders for fresh meats from Contractors, Logging Camps, Mills and Retail Butchers.

Vancouver=Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd.

Head Office and Cold Storage Plant:

152-154 Hastings
Street, W.

Vancouver, B. C.

Commercial Photographer

HARRY JAMES
PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALIST

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

TELEPHONE B2373

578 Burrard St., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Trust It To Us==

We'll clean your fine waists, gowns or suits as only experts can do it. Our improved French method does not harm the most delicate fabrics, lace or embroidery. Waists and Gowns dyed.

PERTH STEAM DYE WORKS

562 Seymour St., VANCOUVER, B.C.

It is often said: "There is nothing Perfect on Earth." Just call and let us show you

The Perfect Bicycle

and you'll admit that it is perfect and the price is right. We do repair work well and promptly.

HASKINS & ELLIOTT

Gunsmith, Bicycle and Safe Specialists,

Cor. Pender and Howe Sts.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Splendid Drug Service.

We pride ourselves in our Mail Order service. You can shop here as well by mail as personally. Among our stocks will be found a full line of

MANICURE GOODS

Files, Buffers, Scissors, Sticks, etc.

TOILET GOODS

Soaps, Chamois, Face Creams, Talcums, etc.

TOOTH REQUISITES

Brushes, Pastes, Washes, etc.

Prescriptions dispensed promptly and with absolute accuracy.

Leslie G. Henderson

Georgia Pharmacy:
Cor. Georgia and Granville Streets.
Mt. Pleasant Pharmacy:
2419 Westminster Avenue.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER



DR. T. FELIX GOURARD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the hauton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gourard's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop.,

37 Great Jones St. - New York City.

Or HENDERSON BROS.,

Wholesale Distributors.

Vancouver and Victoria, B.C.

The Alexandra

Electrical and vibrasage scalp treatments for the removal and healing of dandruff, stop the hair from falling out and promote the growth.

Face treatments for excema, pimples, moth patches and many other skin troubles.

Superfluous hair, warts and moles removed by the electric needle.

Toupees made on the shortest notice by an expert. Street wigs, pompadours and switches in large variety always on hand; also made to order.

If your hair is turning grey try M. T. Goldman's hair restorer. Clean and easy to use, gives all the different shades—so far the best article of its kind on the market.

For 25c.—Shampoo all the Summer.

Oil massage and shampoo, 50c.

Madam Humphreys

589 Granville St., VANCOUVER, B.C.

BULL DOG

SUSPENDERS

**WILL OUTWEAR THREE
OF THE ORDINARY KIND**

More elastic, non-rusting parts
Absolutely unbreakable leather
Guaranteed best 50c suspender made
Can be had in light or heavy weight for
man or youth, extra length same price.

SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES

If your dealer won't supply you
we will, postpaid, for 50 cents.
Send for valuable free booklet,
"Correct Dress & Suspender Styles."

HEWES & POTTER
Largest Suspender Makers in the World
2494 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

The Building Permits of Vancouver, British Columbia,

for April, 1908, were nearly \$1,500,000.
This means increase in Realty Values.

Let us show you how

\$5.00 Cash and \$5.00 Monthly

will make you financially interested
in this phenomenal development.
Vancouver Realty will yield you
better returns than Bank interest.

Drop a postal for particulars to

E. H. ROOME & CO.

House, Estate and Financial Agents.

600 Westminster Avenue,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Reference—Royal Bank.

Telephone 3708

W. J. Cavanagh & Co.

W. J. CAVANAGH, Notary Public.
I. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE

ESTATES MANAGED

General Agents in B. C. for

The Occidental Fire Insurance Co'y.

All Policies issued from our office.

407 PENDER ST. VANCOUVER, B.C.

FOR SALE

Timber and Coal Lands

In large or small parcels.

Timber Locations on Alberni Canal and
Coast Skeena and New Westminster
Districts.

Coal Locations on Vancouver Island and
Coast District.

For reports and particulars write

W. E. GREEN

500 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B.C.



A Beautiful Home

With every modern convenience and comfort, at the lowest price, consistent with good work, is what everyone desires. Such houses I design; large or small, magnificent or modest.

Send me your ideas and I will give you advice, free of cost, or will submit you a sketch of your ideas worked into practical shape, for \$2.00.

You cannot afford to be without a copy of my booklet, "Country and Suburban Homes." Write me today and I will forward you a copy. It contains many designs of practical homes, summer cottages, churches, etc., ranging in price from \$700.00 to \$50,000.00.

E. STANLEY MITTON, M.I.C.A.

Architect

619 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

Visiting Cards
Wedding Invitations
Fancy Menus
and
Programmes



AT

F. N. HAM & CO.
PRINTERS

550 Granville St. **VANCOUVER**

New Books

The Measure of the Rule—Robt. Barr\$1.25
 The Broken Road—A. E. W. Mason. 1.25
 The Wingless Victory—M. P. Wilcocks 1.25
 Carette of Sark—John Oxenham... 1.25
 My Merry Rockhurst—Agnes and Edgerton Castel 1.25
 The Fighting Chance—Robt. W. Chambers 1.25
 For Jacinta—Harold Bindloss..... 1.25
 Old Wives for New—David Graham 1.25
 Satan Sanderson—Halic Winnie Rives 1.25
 The Lion's Share—Octave Thanet.. 1.25
 The Black Bag—Louis Joseph Vance 1.25
 The City of Delight—Elizabeth Miller 1.25
 The Lady of the Mount—Fred'k S. Isham 1.25
 New Books being constantly received.

THOMSON
STATIONERY CO. LD.

325 HASTINGS ST. 'PHONE 3520
 VANCOUVER, B. C.

**WE CAN CLOTHE YOU
 FOR LESS**

IN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHING

WHY?

Because we import all our materials from the leading manufacturers, and keep on hand a staff of expert tailors. Clothes made by us are guaranteed to fit perfectly, while the workmanship is the best. For stylishness, distinctiveness and exclusiveness they are noted, and we are not obliged to argue on the quality of the material. It is after a few weeks that the superiority of our garments becomes evident. Then, too, the prices are nearly half of what the ordinary custom tailor would charge you.

Agents wanted.

The Croot & Stewart Tailoring Co.
 538 Hastings Street, W.,
 VANCOUVER, B.C.

PADMORE'S

Where Every Known Brand of

**Imported
 Eastern
 and Local
 Cigars**

ARE TO BE HAD

No. 1 and 2 "ARCADE"

VANCOUVER

Why Pay More?

A full set of Teeth.....	\$5.00
Gold Crown	\$5.00
Porcelain Crown	\$5.00
Bridgework, per tooth	\$5.00
Gold Fillings	\$1.00 and up
Amalgam	50c and up

The Boston Dentists, Ltd.

407 Hastings Street, West.,
Vancouver, B.C.

A. R. BAKER, D.D.S.,
Consulting Dentist.

The Lawn

It is worth while to keep the grass green and healthy and trimmed just to hear your visitors exclaim: "Oh, what a pretty lawn!"

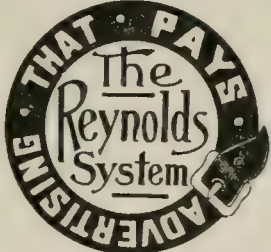
It is easy and pleasant too if you have the right tools. The imported W. & B. Ball Bearing Lawn Mower, Sun 4-ply hose and the Fountain Sprayer are each the best of their kind—the kind that give satisfaction.

Just make a mental note to call and price them and ask the man to explain their merits.

Spencer Sanderson

THE HARDWARE MAN

882 Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C.



I want to look after your advertising a month or two on trial so that you can get an adequate idea of the real value of an advertising manager to your business.

I offer you the kind of advertising that brings quick results—boosts sales and earnings—nullifies the effects of competition and gives increased influence and prestige. Not theory, but practical working principles that have been tried out and proven sound in the actual experiences of the world's largest and most successful business houses; methods that go straight home and do the work effectively.

There is nothing stereotyped about these methods. While laid out on a system they are strictly individual.

Best of all, you can get results from the start—and RESULTS are what you want. Every day without my system means a money loss to you. It means that you are not getting all the returns from your publicity that you should get; that you are not getting all the juice out of the lemon. Write me TODAY.

FRED. B. REYNOLDS

Suite 16, Culthorpe Bldg, 619 Hastings St.,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

PACIFIC COAST GROWN SEEDS, TREES PLANTS

for the farm, garden, lawn or conservatory.

Reliable, approved varieties, at reasonable prices.

No Borers. No Scale. No fumigation to damage stock.

No windy agents to annoy you.

Buy direct and get trees and seeds that GROW.

Bee Supplies, Spray Pumps, Spraying Material and Cut Flowers.

1908 Catalogue Free.

M. J. HENRY

Greenhouse:—3010 Westminster Road,

VANCOUVER, B. C.



A 25-ft. Gasoline Launch For Sale Cheap.

Owner has for sale in Vancouver a well made, seaworthy gasoline launch, with new 5-h.p. Palmer four-cycle engine. Complete boat equipment, including cushions, anchor, ropes, starboard and port lights, acetylene searchlight, canopy top, etc.

PRICE \$800.

Guaranteed in perfect running order.

A. W. JOHNSON

1614 Robson St.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

TELEPHONES, 138, 1353

Alex. Mitchell, Manager.

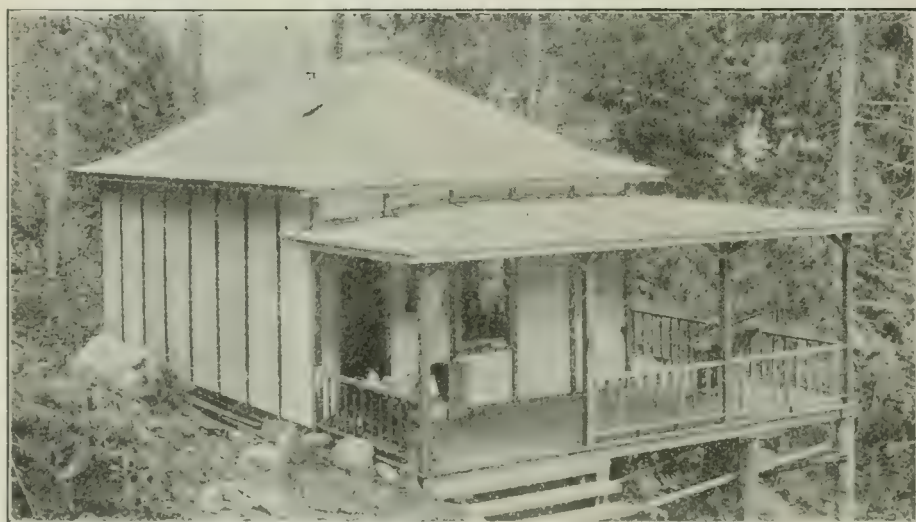
Stanley Park Stables

Hacks, Broughams, Victorias, Surreys,
Carriages and Tally-Ho.

Cor. Seymour and Dunsmuir Streets,

Vancouver, B. C.

Colonial Portable House Co., Ltd.



Make a Specialty of

**Summer
Cottages**

Write for Catalogue.

P. O. BOX 202.

746 BEACH AVENUE,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

To Boat Builders

You will do well to see us
about the

Cushions and Awnings

for your boat Our prices
are right and work first
class.

BELL & JONES

513 GEORGIA ST.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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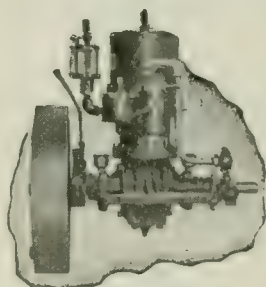
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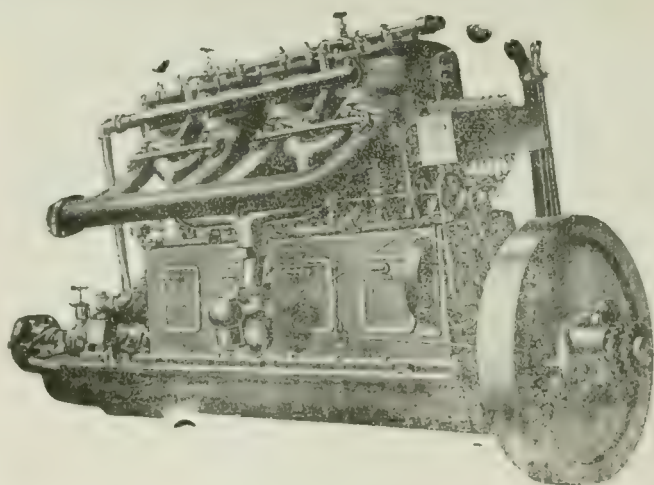
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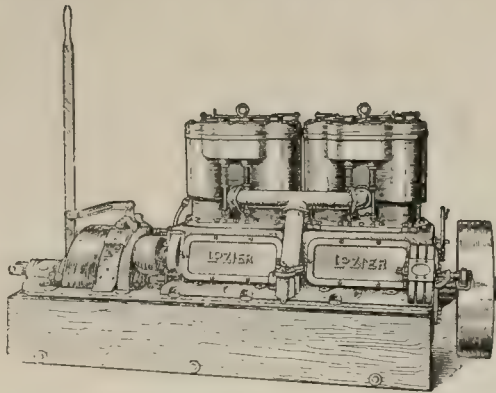
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OUR POWER BOATS combine every desirable quality found in All others and have none of the disagreeable features found in Any of the others. We are proud of them and want an opportunity to demonstrate their quality.

25 YEARS of actual experience in the building of boats and motors enables us to furnish the noiseless and odorless RACINE ENGINE as used in our LAUNCHES.

We replace any defective parts at any time.

IF YOU COULD PURCHASE ONE OF OUR LAUNCHES AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY LAUNCH, WOULD it not interest you. We are offering special prices.

Send 4 cents for postage on Catalog No. 1, describing Motors and Motor Boats, or Catalog No. 2 describing Row Boats, Canoes, and Hunting Boats, to

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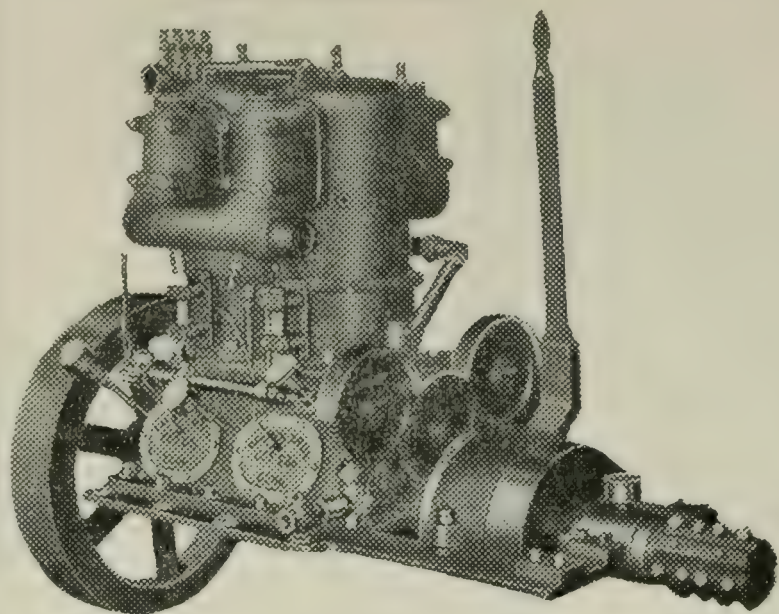
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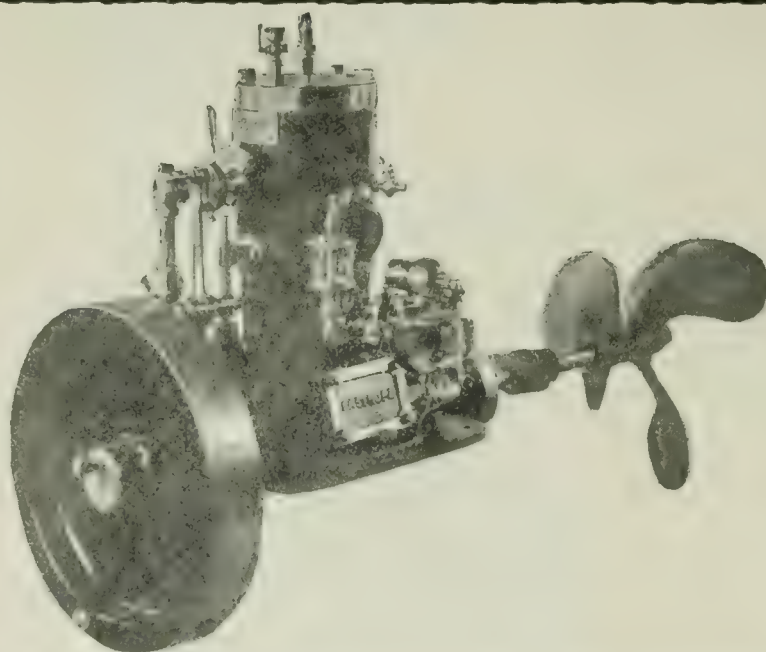


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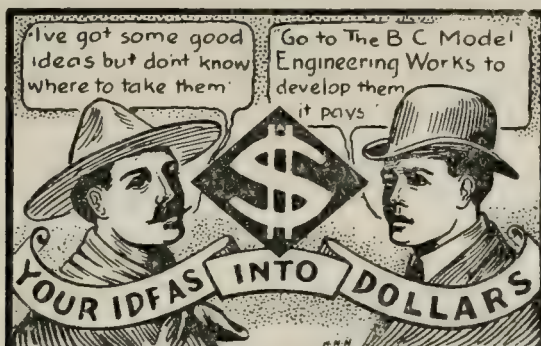
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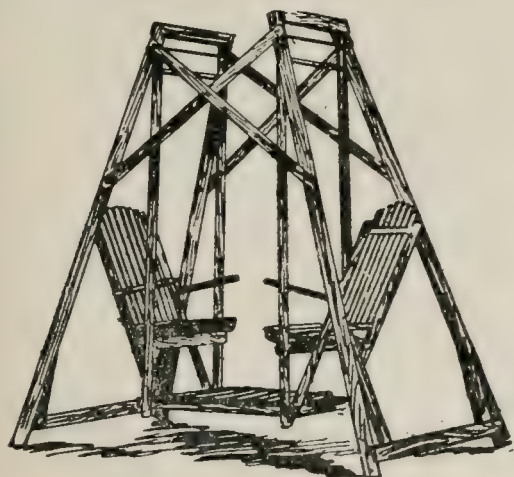
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THE MONTELIUS NEW ECONOMIC PLAN OF SELLING PIANOS?

We claim to sell MORE PIANOS and on a SMALLER PROFIT per piano than any other concern in B. C.

Our 37 years practical experience in BUYING THE RIGHT WAY, combined with our large capital, enables us to embrace every opportunity that will benefit our patrons, save them money, and increase our vast business.

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Sail, Tent and Awning
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Deep Cove.

The most convenient summer resort on the **NORTH ARM** of Burrard Inlet, being only eight miles from the City limits. Good Bathing, Yachting and Fishing—Good Wharf—Plentiful supply of Fresh Water from mountain streams—Good Bathing Beach. A road will probably be completed this summer from Deep Cove to North Vancouver and negotiations are now on foot with the B. C. Telephone Company to secure connections with Vancouver.

We are offering in this the most desirable summer location near Vancouver, lots fronting on the water and acreage in close proximity to the water. Residents are given right of entry to pleasure grounds in course of construction.

Terms of Purchase:—One-fifth down and balance extending over several years.

A good boat service has been assured by the Terminal S.S. Co. during the summer months at reduced rates, allowing business men to reach the City by 8:45 a.m. and return in the evening.

For further particulars, apply to—

**North Arm Navigation, Land & Development
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510 PENDER STREET - - - - - VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Terminal Steamship Company

Operates one of its boats every day INCLUDING SUNDAY, the year around and TWICE DAILY DURING THE CAMPING SEASON, to all points on THE NORTH ARM OF BURRARD INLET. This Company also reaches all



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The S.S. BRITTANIA leaves Evans, Coleman & Evans Dock daily at 9:15 a.m. for above points.

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Is an elysian summer spot easily available to every resident of Vancouver—a spot where a man of the city may make his evening and week-end home with his family amid such splendors of Nature as are to be found only in British Columbia.

Lofty dome and craggy peak, resounding canyon and sombre forest,—the ocean waters in front,—where one may enjoy the calm glory of a sunset whose beauties cannot be surpassed in the world—a place of rest and peace.

Buy a lot at Indian River Park and be independent.

Just think of it! For \$200 or \$225, \$250, \$275 or \$300 you can own a Cottage lot approximately 50x100 feet right in the heart of a fashionable and popular seaside and mountain resort. Terms are \$100 cash and \$10.00 per month without interest.

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Summer Homes

on the waterfront of the

North Arm of Burrard Inlet.

Beautifully situated for Summer Camping, Bathing, Boating, Shooting and Fishing. Passenger Boat calls twice daily.

"The North Arm has the rocky islets, the deep shadowed caves, the boating and canoeing facilities of the Thousand Islands. There is not one attractive feature of that famous island-studded sheet of water which the North Arm does not possess."—The Daily Province.

WHY NOT own a lovely strip of waterfront and bathing beach. Make an investment which will build up your health and make life a pleasure. Secure an ideal home to which you may retire in future years and live in peaceful happiness amid beautiful scenery, the charm and grandeur of which is beyond the power of man to adequately describe.

We have the exclusive agency for the following:

"WOODLANDS,"

"TWIN ISLAND COVE,"

"SUNSHINE CREEK,"

and

"POINT BEAUTIFUL."

There are now 12 Summer Homes at "Woodlands," and only two lots remain to be sold. Values have trebled during the past 12 months. "Twin Islands Cove" is our ideal Summer Resort. Lots can be purchased from \$300 up, size 100x500 feet. At "Sunshine Creek," \$1,000 will buy a Summer Cottage. Point Beautiful lots from \$200 up.

The above lots are all water-front and the terms are one-third cash and balance in one and two years.

Call at our office and see photographs.

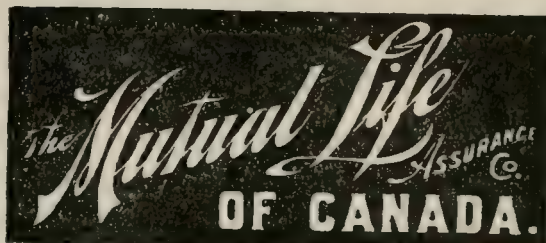
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RESULTS FOR 1907.

Income	\$ 2,243,570.00
Assets	11,656,410.00
Surplus	1,503,719.00
Business in force.....	51,091,848.00

Owned and controlled by policyholders—no stockholders to absorb dividends—no foreign business written—every dollar invested in Canada.

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The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. Hicks & Winters,

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I have Coal and Oil Lands in Alberta and British Columbia to dispose of on any terms. Write for particulars. A. W. McVittie, Dominion and B. C. Land Surveyor, Victoria.

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Victoria Realty offers a judicious investment. We have some particularly fine residence sites on the sea front; acreage on the outskirts and good inside business property. The Pacific Coast Realty Co., Victoria, B. C.

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The place for your Cushions, Awnings, Spring Berths, etc., Langridge & Co., 1039 Granville St. Phone B 1460, Vancouver, B.C.

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Repairs of Watches, Jewelry and Optical goods at lowest prices. All work guaranteed. 18 years in business. Mail orders a specialty. Albert Ufford, 237 Carrall St., Vancouver, B.C.

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Special advertising ideas carefully carried out in line or wash for the press. Designs for catalogues or magazine covers in colors. S. P. Judge, Studio, Room 17, Hadden Block, Vancouver.

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Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 980 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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We conduct auctions of Household Goods, Real Estate and Live Stock anywhere in the Province. Kingsford, Smith & Co., 860 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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Repairing, Re-dyeing and Remodelling at lowest prices. Furs stored for the summer. San Francisco Fur Co., E. A. Roberts, 919 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

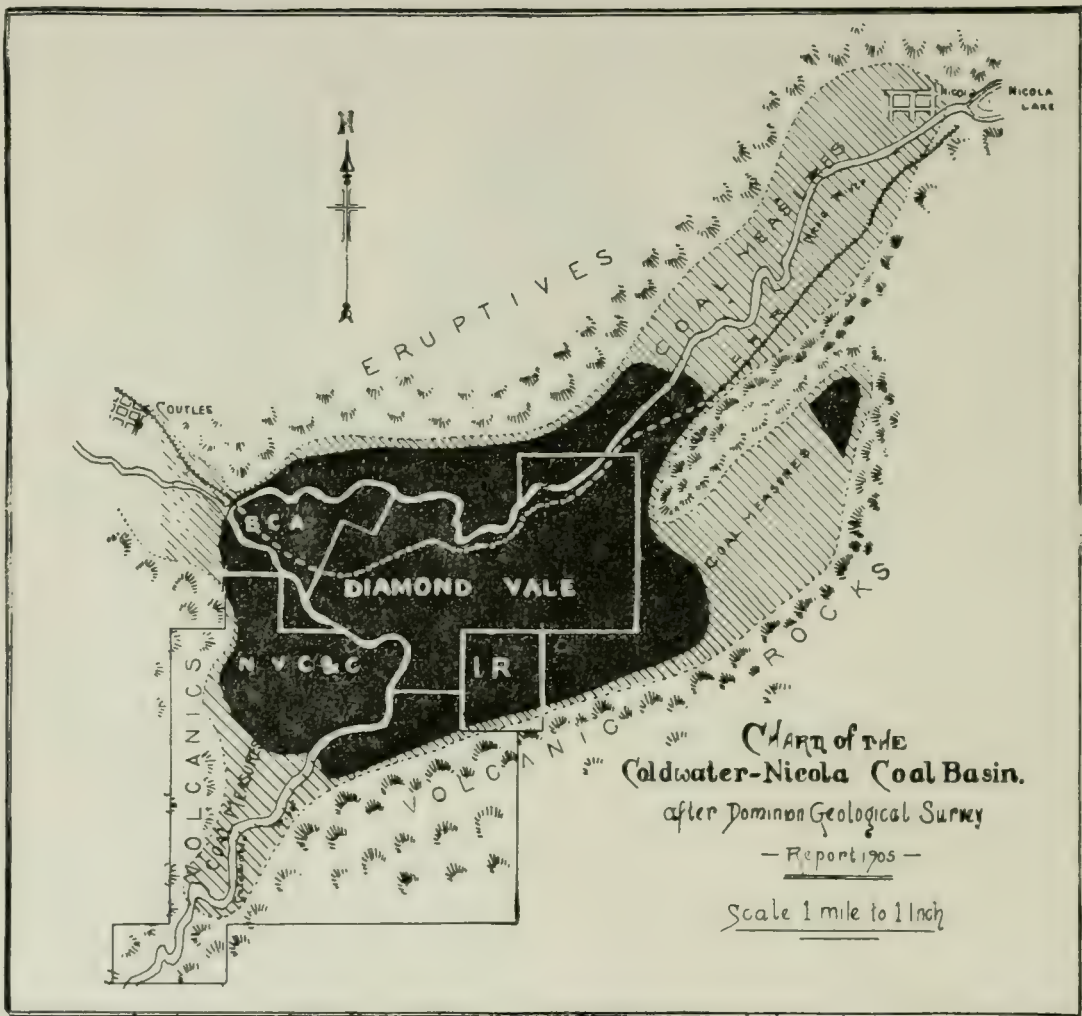


Vancouver, B. C.

COAL DEPOSITS OF THE NICOLA VALLEY.

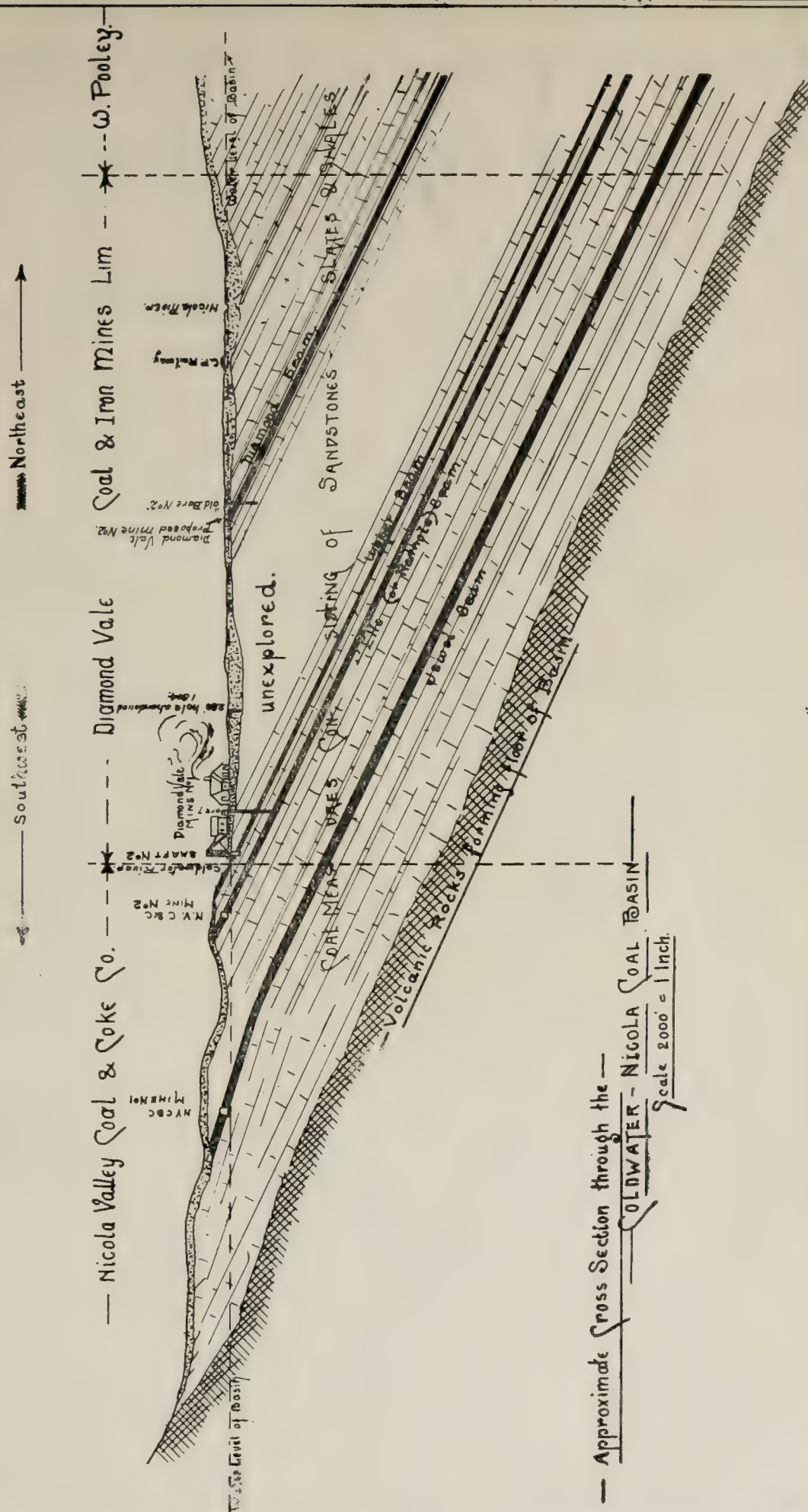
The Nicola Valley coal lands have attracted much attention since the report of Dr. R. W. Ells was published by the Canadian Geological Survey Department for 1904 and 1905. Careful examination of the coal measures was made and a geological map prepared by Dr. Ells, showing the extent of the coal deposits in the basin just above the confluence of the Nicola and Coldwater Rivers. Since that time much prospecting and some mining have been done, which has gone far to prove the accuracy of Dr. Ells' work.

South-west of the Coldwater River some tunnelling has been done in coal, but beyond the tunnels no attempt at extensive prospecting. At the easterly end of the basin several miles distant a nine-foot seam of good coal has been uncovered. Between these points, as shown by the accompanying map, the property of the Diamond Vale Coal Company lies wholly within the coal area. This company was fortunate enough to secure land that does not include any volcanic rocks. During the past year sufficient diamond drilling has been done to prove the existence of three coal seams under this land. From those deposits will be mined 1,000 tons per acre for each foot in thickness; as the area in question embraces 2,067 acres it is readily seen that an immense tonnage of coal will soon be available.



Since the first of the year more than 1,800 feet of tunnelling has been done on the upper seam, which is five feet thick. Eighty men are now employed, and development work is now progressing at the rate of 200 feet per week. About 100 tons per day can now be mined.

Since acquiring this Coldwater property, nearly \$150,000 has been expended by the Diamond Vale Company, and the plant installed is the very best obtainable. The No. 2 shaft will be sunk to the second seam, which has been cut by the drill 292 feet from the surface, and is seven feet thick of clean coal, which improves greatly as distance from the outcrop is reached, as shown by the slope now being driven.



False Creek Coal Syndicate Limited

CAPITAL, = \$20,000

DIVIDED INTO 20,000 FULLY PAID SHARES OF \$1 EACH PAR VALUE
STOCK FULLY PAID-UP AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

NO PERSONAL LIABILITY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

Only 5,500 shares not taken up. These are offered at par, payable 10 per cent. on application and 90 per cent. in one month. Shares not applied for previous to beginning of operations, may be withdrawn or issued at a premium.

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Solicitors—**Bowser, Reid & Wallbridge**.

Bankers—**Eastern Townships Bank**.

Secretary and Offices—**James L. Stewart**, Room 8, 445 Granville St.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS

This Syndicate, formed under Section 56 of the Companies Act, 1897, and amending Acts, and more particularly to enter, prospect, search and work for Coal in False Creek, East of Westminster Avenue Bridge, under Provincial Coal and Petroleum Licence No. 2369, dated 16th December, 1907, embracing about 500 acres, issued to John Bouskill, of the City of Vancouver, B.C., and, in the event of operations being successful, to form a Company to acquire all right, title and interest in and to the said Licence in terms of agreement entered into with John Bouskill, Albert Whyte and James L. Stewart, who are jointly interested in said Licence.

It is a well known fact that Coal exists in the City of Vancouver. Borings have been made on several occasions in different parts of the City and neighbourhood, but no trace has been found that this has been done in False Creek where this Company purpose beginning operations, the Expert being confident that a five-foot seam of Coal will be discovered within 500 feet of the surface. Should a five-foot seam of coal be found it will be equivalent to 5,000 tons per acre, or 2,500,000 tons in 500 acres, and a conservative estimate of the value of this is \$1.00 per ton.

Forms of application and other information may be obtained from the Directors, Solicitors, Bankers and Secretary of the Syndicate, also City Brokerage Co. and Devine & McSpadden, Vancouver, B.C.

THE Bank of Vancouver

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament of
the Dominion of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE - - VANCOUVER, B.C.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

In 20,000 shares of \$100 each with \$10 Premium.

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TRUSTEES

YORKSHIRE GUARANTEE & SECURITIES CORPORATION, LTD.,
Vancouver, B.C.

The Bank of Vancouver is being organized to meet in part the increased banking accommodation required by the natural and steady expansion of business, coincident with the great development of the country and especially of British Columbia, and while organising to conduct a general banking business, will give special consideration to the industries and commerce of the Province, and is being established primarily for this purpose, and through its connections in Great Britain, Eastern Canada and the United States, it will be able to greatly facilitate the investment of outside capital in the various enterprises of the Province.

It is the intention to open Branch Offices at various points from time to time as opportunity arises.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR STOCK

The Stock Books of the Bank of Vancouver are now open for the subscription of the Capital Stock at the Provisional Offices of the Bank at the corner of Pender and Homer Streets, Vancouver, B.C., and also at the offices of Mitchell, Martin & Co., 643 Fort Street, Victoria, B.C.

A. L. DEWAR, Secretary.

Come==Let Us Reason Together.

Let us attempt to estimate the value of a tract in Southern Mexico containing 143 square miles (91,610 acres). It lies within two miles of a river navigable for ocean-going steamers and flowing directly into the Gulf of Mexico. Less than 2,000 miles from New York and only 840 miles from Galveston with direct ocean transportation to the leading markets of the world.

In the first place it is timber land. Upon it stand 1,800 million feet of the most valuable varieties of timber existing—mahogany, rosewood and lignum vitae, cigar-box cedar, chico zapote and many other of the rarest and most costly hardwoods.

And timber is better than gold, for the increase in the production of gold is equal to the increased demand, while the timber supply is rapidly diminishing and the demand constantly increasing. According to the Government Forestry Report, at the present rate of consumption, all the hardwood in the United States will be exhausted in 16 years. The demand is immense—about 25 billion feet of hardwoods are used annually. Furniture establishments alone use nearly one-fifth of this amount, while house finishing, manufacturing of musical instruments, cars and vehicles, telephone poles and railroad ties make further enormous demands.

Hardwood railroad ties bring high prices in Mexico and bid fair to go higher. They withstand by actual test 20 to 40 years in the tropics, while ties of northern soft wood are worn out in 2 to 5 years. There are at present 300 million dollars of American money invested in Mexican railroads. The Harriman interests are spending a million dollars a week on two immense lines through Western Mexico, while the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient line, already one-half built, will cost about 30 million dollars.

Upon the tract in question, the average stand of 20,000 feet per acre, estimated by experienced cruisers, does not include tops and stumps, which are doubly valuable on account of their curly grain for veneering woods, or the trees suitable for railroad ties and bridge timbers of which there are an average number of at least 100 trees upon each acre. These additional sources of income would alone more than repay the cost of development of this property.

Besides the lumber value, the trees yield gums, perfumes, medicines, etc. Take the chicle, of which one and one-half million dollars worth came to the United States in 1906, mainly from Mexico, while rubber was imported to the United States in the same year to the sum of 45 million dollars. Rubber trees, four and one-half years old, range from 25 to 30 feet in height and 17 to 22 inches in diameter.

The profits from rubber culture have proved enormous. A full dozen American rubber companies are located "in this wonderful fertile plain of black alluvial soil which makes the eastern end of Chiapas and a part of Tabasco. Here is the paradise of tropical agriculture." So this country is described by Frederick Starr, Ph. D., Professor of Anthropology in the University of Chicago.

The timber value is just the beginning. The fertility and productiveness of the soil is unsurpassed. Bananas, oranges, pineapples, lemons, limes, sugar cane—all grow there at their best. The Mexican oranges are sweeter and juicier than those of Florida or California. Banana plants produce their first crop about nine months after planting and continue to produce about every 11 months thereafter.

Great Britain derives 65 per cent. of her revenue from the tropics. Today the capital that is being employed in the development of the natural resources of the tropics, is reaping bigger returns than any other investment known to the commercial world.

Don't the possibilities of wealth production from such a tract assume proportions too great to be computed? The probabilities equal the dreams of the most optimistic. The certainties computed most conservatively by experienced persons and based upon actual data, assure large and constantly increasing returns to the owners of shares in this enterprise.

The solidity of the enterprise and its ultimate success is guaranteed by the strong interests of experienced and capable business men—Canadian and American—who are connected with the corporation now engaged in the development of this tract, to which they possess clear and absolute title.

Shares of stock in this company are now being sold for \$110.00 each on easy payments, or at the par value of \$100.00 cash. Every share of stock is fully paid, non-assessable, and equally participating in all profits.

Are you interested in a conservative and safe investment which is sure to produce many fold? Do you wish to grasp one of the business opportunities of a lifetime? Where can be found a better proposition than this?

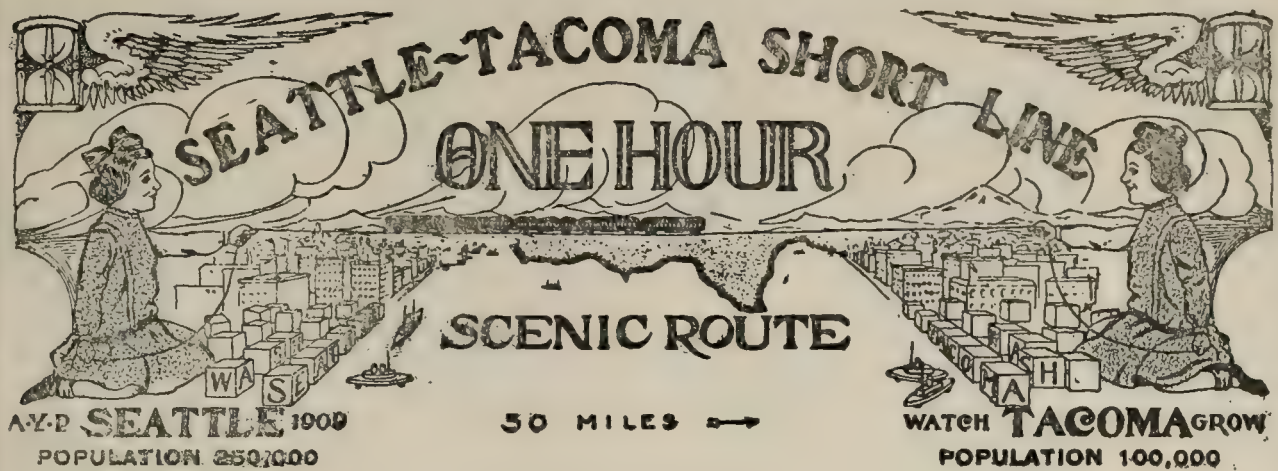
Investigate. We will furnish detailed descriptive literature free. Send us your name on a postal.

Chacamax Land Development Company

American Bank Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

References:—National Bank of Commerce, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

Traders National Bank, Spokane, Wash., U. S. A.



Seattle, Wash., April 30th, 1908.

To Mr. or Mrs. Investor,
United States or Canada.

Dear Sir or Madam:—

The "Factory to Consumer" idea has wrought a wonderful change in the business conditions of this country. Today thoughtful buyers find it most profitable to purchase many standard commodities direct from the manufacturer and thereby cut out the middleman's profit to their own advantage.

In no line of commercial endeavor is there a greater economic waste in the matter of middleman's profit than in the marketing of high grade investment securities. Why not try the direct purchase plan on investments? It is possible for every investor to make his or her own investigation of any given security. It is possible for every investor to learn how to weigh the evidence regarding any proposed investment. It is manifestly to the investor's interest that he or she make the investigation at first hand provided the truth of the evidence can readily be established.

With these ideas in view the "Seattle-Tacoma Short Line" has adopted a plan of finance that is readily understandable by anyone and the details of it can be investigated by any intending purchaser with perfect ease. It has adopted a plan of finance, which in the matter of protection to the small investor, cannot in the judgment of experts be bettered. It matters not whether the amount of the investment be one hundred dollars or ten thousand the safeguards surrounding the investor are such that **ABSOLUTE SAFETY** is assured. It surely will pay anyone to investigate the plan and ascertain what is offered by it.

Interurban electric railways have proven to be the safest and most profitable form of investment. Unlike almost any other form of railway enterprise the earning capacity of interurban roads can readily be calculated by persons not thoroughly well versed in either railroading or finance.

The "Seattle-Tacoma Short Line," now in progress of construction between Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, presents, in the opinion of those well posted, the **BEST AND SAFEST INTERURBAN PROPOSITION EVER OFFERED FOR INVESTMENT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.** One interurban electric road now runs between the two cities and is doing more business, both freight and passenger, than can be handled with satisfaction to its patrons. The Short Line will be seven miles shorter than the present line; it will serve the travelling public in nearly one-half the time between terminals. It can carry both freight and passengers at a cost sixteen per cent. less than the present line can render the same service. It passes through the most beautiful residential country, right along the picturesque Puget Sound and only a stone's throw from the water's edge. On present business alone it will be able to earn not less than ten per cent on the par value of its stock from the first year, and this means twenty per cent. to those who invest now and buy while the stock is selling at fifty per cent.

The phenomenal growth of both Seattle and Tacoma insure enough new business in the next few years to overtax even the facilities offered by the Short Line.

Full descriptive circular matter will be mailed to anyone sending in the attached coupon. Write today for Booklet.

Seattle-Tacoma Short Line.

450 American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Perkins Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.

Kindly send me full details and plans of payment for stock in The Seattle-Tacoma Short Line.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....



Incorporated 1905.

Capital	=	=	\$ 500,000
Capital increased 1907 to			2,000,000
Subscribed Capital	=		550,000
Reserve	=	=	50,000
Surplus Jan. 31, 1908,			160,000

SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT BOXES TO RENT.

"There is no good of locking the stable after the horse is out." There is little use of providing a safe receptacle for your valuables after being burglarized. Many people never seem to fully realize what dangers they court by keeping money, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in a house. The only absolutely secure place for them is in one of our safety Deposit Vault Boxes. They are always accessible during business hours, perfectly private, fireproof, burglar-proof and cost but \$5.00 to \$10.00 a year. Make a point of seeing our vaults tomorrow. It may result in great saving to you.

As Executors We Have No Axes to Grind.

If you have not made your will don't procrastinate. We supply blank will forms and store your will in our Safety Deposit Vaults free of charge, when the company is made executor. As executors we have no ends to serve, and follow the testators' instructions absolutely. In winding up estates we are in a unique position to realize to the fullest degree on properties, our facilities enabling us to dispose of estates to the best possible advantage.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:

328 Hastings Street W., Vancouver, B. C.

BRANCH OFFICE: NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

The Front Door

The completion of the Ferry Slip at Nanaimo, and of the C. P. R. Extension to Alberni and Comox will mean that Nanaimo will become the front door of Vancouver Island.

The rich agricultural areas North, South and West of the City will correspondingly benefit.

Our list covers a great variety of lands, improved and unimproved, suitable for mixed farming and fruit growing near the line of the C. P. R., including French Creek, Errington, Comox and other points.

Sea Front Properties a Specialty

Write for our Free Booklet.

A. E. PLANTA, Limited

Established 1888

Real Estate and Insurance Agents

NANAIMO, B. C.



OUR LONG CAREER

As the Pioneer Music House of B. C. should be
sufficient guarantee that we can supply
the very best in

Pianos



Organs

Or Anything Musical at the Lowest Price and
Easiest Terms in the Province.

Let Us Have Your Order and We Will
GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

**THE
OLDEST
MUSIC**

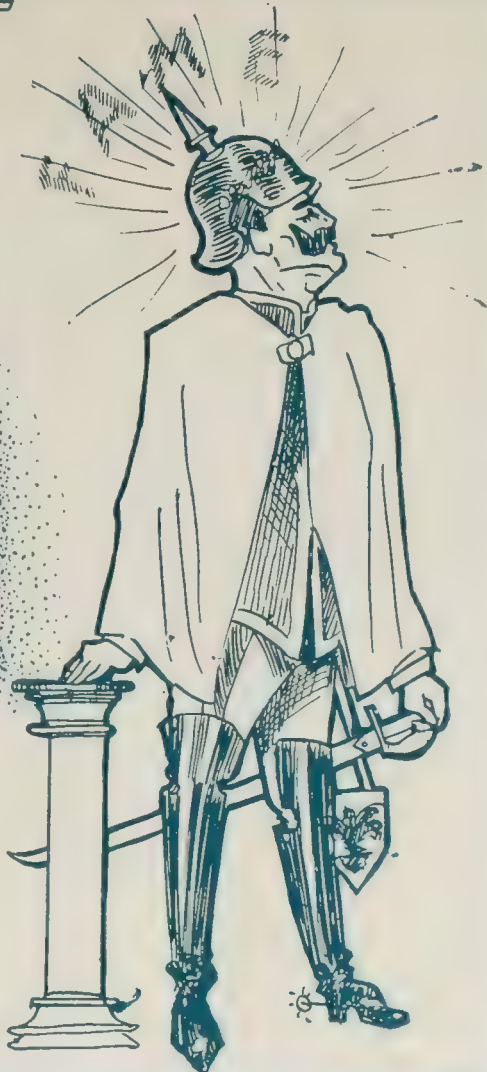
MW. WAITT & Co.

558 GRANVILLE ST.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

44 GOVERNMENT ST.
VICTORIA, B.C.

**HOUSE
IN
B.C.**

·A·man· of· Considerable·
 ·Fame·
 ·When· Requested· his· liquor·
 to Name
 Observes· with· Much· Glee
 ·Mine's· a· long
 ·And· Everyone· Else· Says·
 the Same



JOHN
 ROBERTSON
 & SON
 LIMITED
 VANCOUVER
 B. C.



From the time it first enters the brew kettle
 until it is opened in your home

Calgary Beer

Is safeguarded by every precaution known to
 modern brewing science. Be as careful of your
 beer as you are of your food.

Order CALGARY, and be sure of it.

Of All Dealers and

A. E. Suckling & Co.

SOLE AGENTS

P.O. Box 1081 - - VANCOUVER, B.C.



"Empress of China" Leaving Vancouver
Harbor for Orient.

Where
Are You
Going
to Spend
Your
Vacation?
Why not

COME TO VANCOUVER, B. C.
for your summer holidays and enjoy
the sea breezes, the bathing
and boating?

Write Tourist Association for Information and Booklet.



Sectional View—City of Vancouver.

WESTWARD HO!



HOME SEEKERS NUMBER



DOMINION EXHIBITION

PUBLISHED AT 336 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

JUNE

PRICE TEN CENTS

1908

June Weddings.

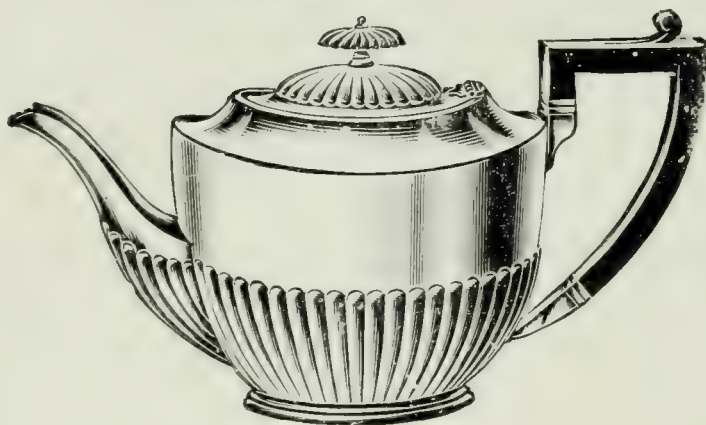
June is here bringing with it the announcement of many weddings. Throughout all Canada Birks' Silver will be prominent among wedding gifts. Why?



Those who purchase Birks' Sterling are confident of the high quality of their gift whether it is a teaspoon or tea set—the same care is given to both in manufacture.



Our beautiful catalogue is a mine of suggestions in all lines sold by the up-to-date jeweller. Send for a copy. The Queen Anne pattern silver tea service is our "leader" sold at these very low prices:



Coffee Pots	\$40.00
Teapots	30 00
Sugar Bowl	11.00
Cream Jug	9.00
<hr/>	
Set	\$90.00

Henry Birks & Sons

LIMITED

Manufacturing Gold and Silversmiths.

GEO. E. TROREY,

Managing Director.

Vancouver, B. C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; in Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 a
Year; in United States \$1.50.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Manager

The Ad. and The Reader

Now-a-days the advertising section of a popular magazine is almost as interesting, entertaining and informative as the literary section.

Probably every reader of WESTWARD HO! scans the advertising pages closely. Every column is interesting—explaining how to save or how to spend money to the best advantage—telling the story of trade tersely and simply.

Undoubtedly YOU will respond to some of these announcements either personally or by letter. When you do, mention the fact, "I saw your advertisement in WESTWARD HO!" It will please the advertiser and be of great benefit to us.

Always mention, "I SAW YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN WESTWARD HO!"

The circulation of Westward Ho! has increased 600 per cent in a few months time.

While the marked improvement in "Westward Ho's" literary features and illustrations has been the subject of much comment among the reading public, few people are aware of the immense forward strides made in circulation.

In other words the magazine has "caught on." This circulation has not been built up by catch-penny schemes, premium offers or prize contests, but by the excellence of the magazine itself.

In all the romance of magazine building—since the time when Cyrus Curtis started printing "The Ladies' Home Journal" on his hand-press at home; since Frank A. Munsey began the publication of his now famous magazine in an attic room, no monthly periodical has made greater progress; not one has a brighter future before it.

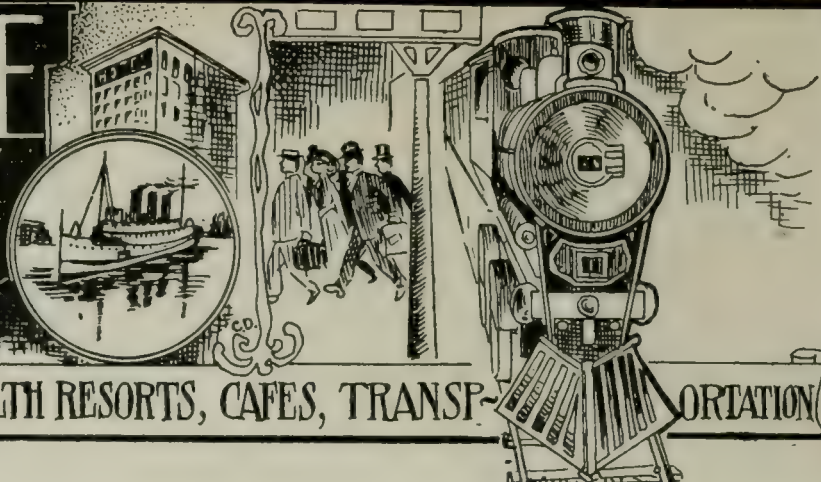
I address these remarks to you, because as an advertiser you will be interested in knowing that your advertisement appears in a successful magazine that commands a large circle of readers. The present low rates, which will be advanced shortly, enables you to get most valuable publicity at a very low cost.

I want your advertisement for our July "Anniversary Number." From a literary and artistic standpoint it is fully equal to many of the higher-priced American publications. No other Canadian 10 cent magazine begins to compare with it.

Percy F. Godenrath.

Manager.

WHERE TO STAY



HOTELS, TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS, CAFES, TRANSPORTATION

The Poodle Dog Hotel.

SMITH & SHAUGHNESSY

PROPRIETORS

YATES ST., VICTORIA, B.C.

"The Stranger Within Our Gates"

who has just arrived and is on the qui vive for a good, quiet, down-town hotel, where everything tends to the comfort and indulgence of guests, will find an ideal stopping place in the "Poodle Dog." It is high class, but not expensive. In the matter of ministering to the needs of the inner man, this cosy cafe is well equipped. It's Grill is the best in Victoria and favourably mentioned by transient guests from coast to coast.



HOTEL North Vancouver

P. LARSON, Proprietor

Grand Tourist Resort.

Everything Modern and Strictly
First-Class.

Rates \$2.00 per day and upwards.

Livery in connection.

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.

The MANHATTAN

A Quiet, Clean, Attractive, Homelike

CAFE

Special Rates for Banquets, Family
Parties, etc.

A Trial Solicited.

Cor. of Robson and Thurlow Streets,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Vancouver's New Tea Rooms.

Postoffice Tea Rooms, second door above Postoffice Drugstore, Vancouver B.C. Modeled after the Old Country tea and lunch rooms with ladies' and gents' toilets, also gents' smoking-room where newspapers and magazines may be read and chess, checkers and dominoes played. Hot meals at all hours. Afternoon tea with home-baked scones and cakes a specialty. Manageress, Mrs. Kimber, late of Johannesburg, South Africa.



HOTEL WINTERS

Abbott St., Vancouver, B. C.

NEW, SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED,
LIBERALLY MANAGED.
EVERY QUALITY THAT COUNTS IN
AN IDEAL HOTEL.
PERFECT EQUIPMENT MADE STILL
MORE ATTRACTIVE BY
PERFECT SERVICE.
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.00 UP.
EUROPEAN PLAN, 75c UP.
WINTERS & STEVENSON
Proprietors.

VANCOUVER'S LEADING GRILL

IS

THE REGENT

Splendid Service

Cheerful Rooms

Good Food

and

Central Location.

Harry Cottingham

Proprietor

The Regent Hotel

Hastings Street - Vancouver, B.C.

BADMINTON HOTEL



The Leading Tourist and Family Hotel
of Vancouver.

Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

GEORGE E. PARRY, Manager.

FREE BUS.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

When in The Royal City

Stay at



THE WINDSOR HOTEL

(Next to the Tram Office.)

P. O. BILODEAU, Proprietor.

American Plan\$1.25 to \$2.00

European Plan 50c to \$1.00

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

Grand Opening



Additional four stories, containing 78 rooms. each with bath.

Twelve rooms with bath, specially constructed for commercial display, size 16x28.

A greater part of all these rooms have an unobstructed marine view.

Just a reminder that we have a few rooms left in our "12 Stories of Solid Comfort."

RATES \$1.00 UP.



The
Rathskeller
is
Seattle's
High Class
Bohemian Cafe
Where Good Food,
Good Music and Good
Service are to be had

**SECOND
AND CHERRY**

HOTEL MARTHA WASHINGTON



NEW YORK

29th to 30th Streets
Just East of 5th
Avenue. To remain
a Woman's Hotel
Exclusively.

1 Block from 28th
St. Subway. 29th
Cross-town cars
pass the door.

Over 400 Rooms.

Absolutely Fireproof.

Rates \$1.00 per Day and Up.

Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen
Convenient to Shopping and
Theatre District.

Caters especially to Women traveling or
visiting New York alone.

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

—Also—

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

16th Street and Irving Place, New York.
One Block East of Broadway.

**A HOMELIKE HOTEL IN A QUIET
LOCATION.**

European Plan\$1.00 up
American Plan\$3.00 up

A. W. EAGER

THE NIAGARA HOTEL

BUFFALO, N. Y.

American Plan, \$3 a day and upwards.

Away from the city's noise and smoke.



The most comfortable hotel in Buffalo.

Beautiful Palm Garden Large airy rooms
with bath. Two blocks from Lake Erie and
Niagara River. Niagara Falls Electric cars
one minute from the door. Wire at our ex-
pense, or write for reservations and carriage
will meet you and take you to hotel free of
charge. Six minutes from down town.

Reduced rates to tourists, professional and
travelling men.

SPAULDING HOTEL CO.

Mrs. C. J. Spaulding.

C. A. Spaulding,

Proprietors.

Porter Ave. and 7th St.

Dominion Exhibition

CALGARY, ALBERTA.

June 29th to July 9th, 1908

\$25,000 IN PRIZES.

\$13,000 IN PURSES.

\$60,000 TO BE EXPENDED ON NEW BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

STROBEL'S AIRSHIP

THE NOVELLOS AND OTHER HIGH CLASS ATTRACTIONS

INDIAN, SQUAW AND TRAVOIS RACES

ROUGH RIDING BY REAL COWBOYS.

REDUCED FARE FROM ALL POINTS IN CANADA.

THE 91ST HIGHLANDERS BAND.

THE IOWA STATE BAND.

Write the Manager for Illustrated Pamphlet,
Prize List and Racing Programme.

I. S. G. VAN WART,
President.

E. L. RICHARDSON,
Manager.

FINCH & FINCH

Men's Exclusive Furnishings

Ladies' English and French Gloves
a Specialty.

Perrin's, Dents, Fownes and Reynier Gloves.

Atkinson's Royal Irish Poplin Ties.

Scott, Christie and King Hats.

Morley's, Jagers, Cartwright & Warner's Underwear.

Scotch and English Steamer Rugs.

1107 Government St., Victoria, B. C.



"Empress of China" Leaving Vancouver
Harbor for Orient.

Where
Are You
Going
to Spend
Your
Vacation?
Why not

COME TO VANCOUVER, B. C.

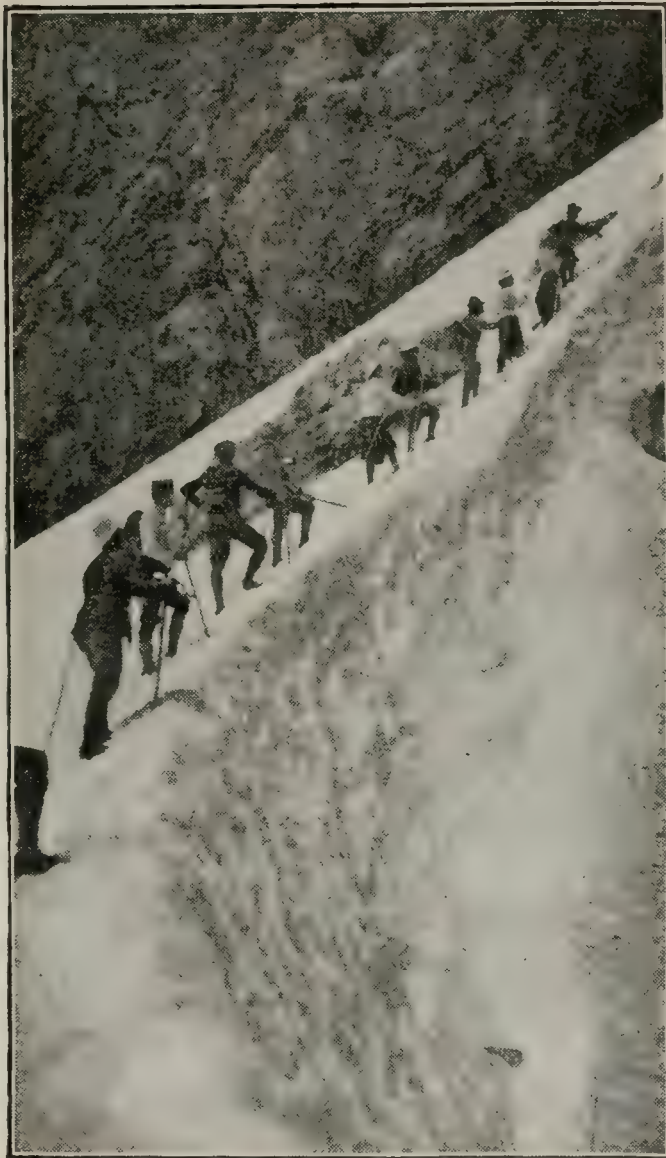
for your summer holidays and enjoy
the sea breezes, the bathing
and boating?

Write Tourist Association for Information and Booklet.



Sectional View—City of Vancouver.

50 Switzerlands in one



Magnificent
Alpine
Scenery

The Grandest
Mountain Peaks
of the World

ALPINE CLUB AT WORK IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Mountain Climbing in The Canadian Rockies

At Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Emerald Lake, Glacier, are splendid Chalets and Hotels. At these world famed resorts you may ride, hunt, climb, sketch, botanize, bathe in warm mineral springs, or go boating. Words fail to tell of the beauty of this region which is one of the scenic marvels of the world.

Reached by the superb trains of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Write for Challenge of the Mountains.

ROBERT KERR, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL

NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, Proprietor

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences,
Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes,
and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 16TH STREET.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and
Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

B. Wilberg

William Wolz

B. C. CIGAR FACTORY

MANUFACTURERS OF

High-Grade Havana Cigars

BRANDS—"B. C.", "Old Sports", "Brilliants", "Autos" and "Puck".

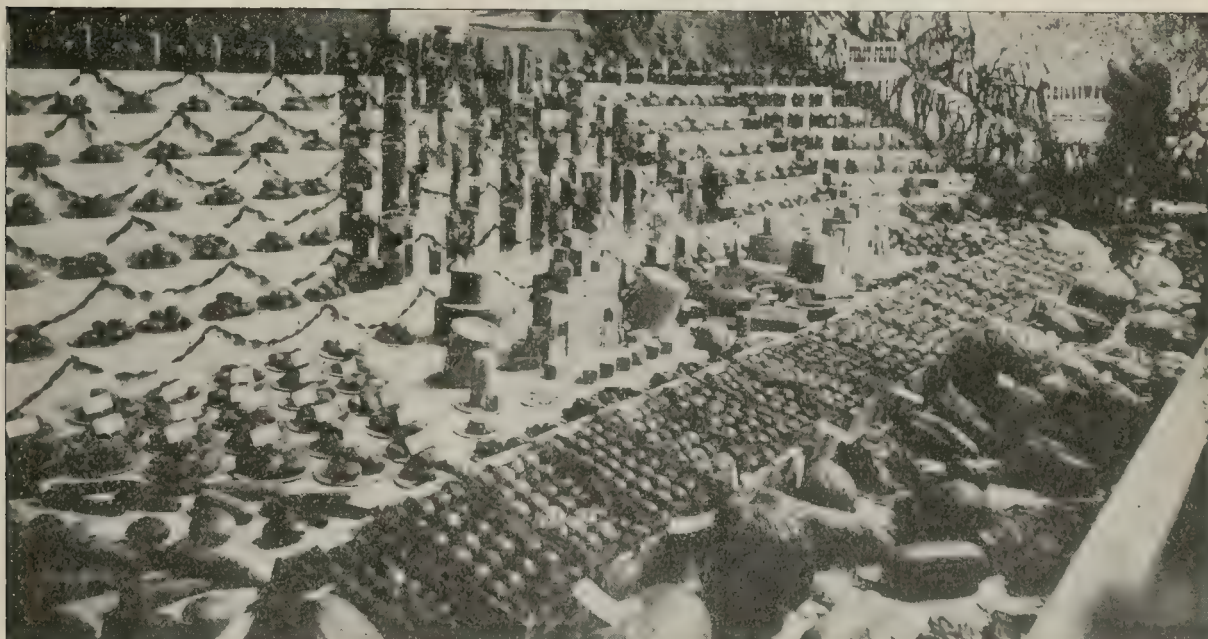
P. B. Brown

H. H. Lennie

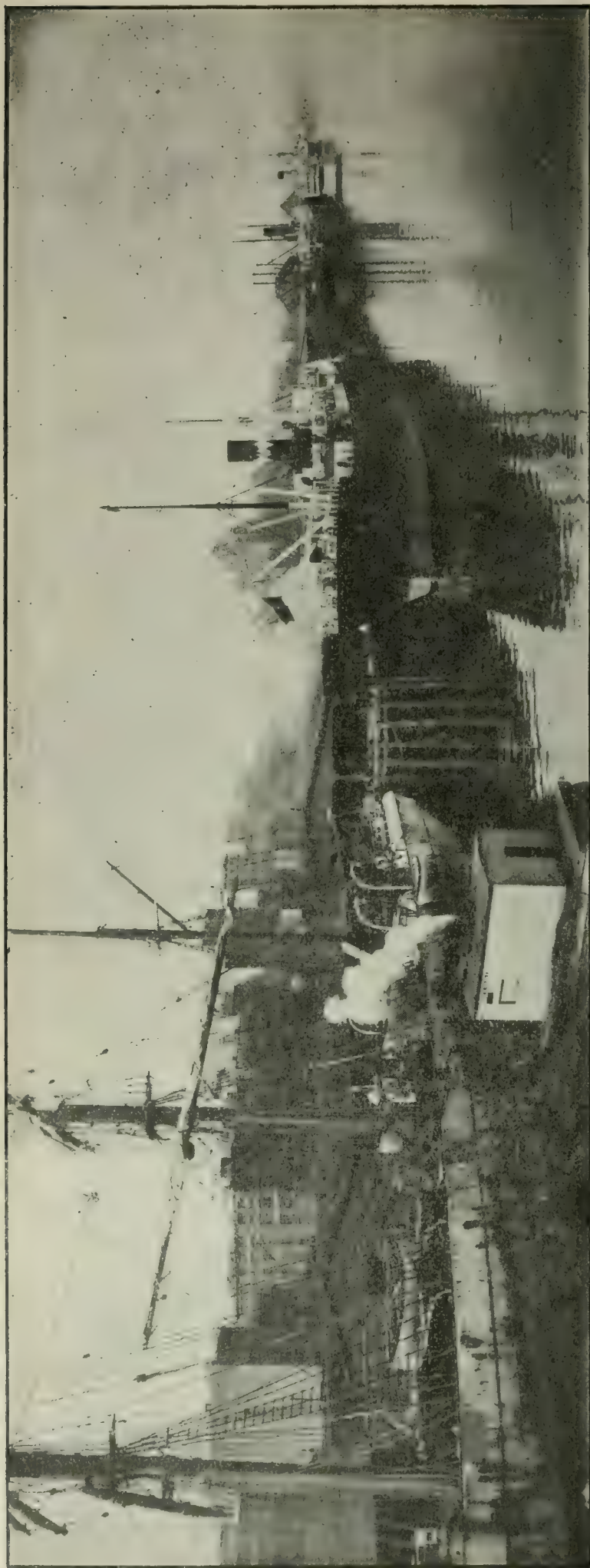
The Settlers' Association of B. C.

**Real Estate, Financial & Customs Brokers
Auctioneers**

Opposite Windsor Hotel.



PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY



ALONG THE WATER FRONT

VANCOUVER is the financial, commercial and chief residential centre of the Pacific Canadian Coast.

VANCOUVER'S remarkable progress has not been due to accidental or transitory influences. The essentials of its prosperity reside in its natural advantages, which are unsurpassed by those of any other city on the coast. Its geographical relation to the resources of British Columbia and to the markets of the world, together with its harbour, water-power facilities and railway connection, account for its present and guarantee its perpetual pre-eminence in Canadian Commerce and industry.

TIMBER, coal, iron, mineral, building stone and commercial clays are at its door. The waters contiguous to it are filled with fish. Salmon, halibut, cod and herring, smelts, anchovies and sardines, crabs, shrimps and clams are found in varying quantities.

IMMEDIATELY adjacent to it is an extensive agricultural area producing hay, hops, coarse grain, roots, vegetables and fruit in greater abundance than any other section of Canada.

ITS HARBOUR is ice free at all seasons, sheltered from all storms and is among the best in the

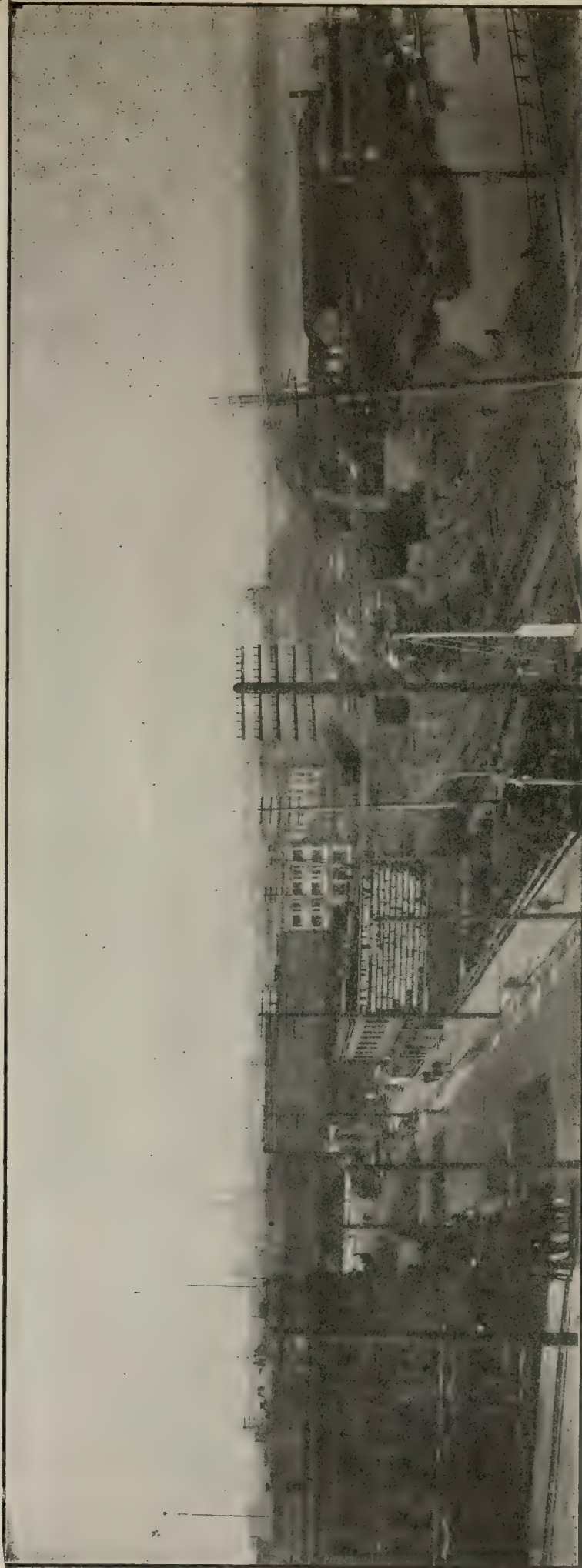
THE MOUNTAIN streams guarantee unlimited water power. One plant producing 30,000 h.p. has been established and the completion of projected undertakings will double the amount available.

THREE TRANS-CONTINENTAL railways have termini in Vancouver.

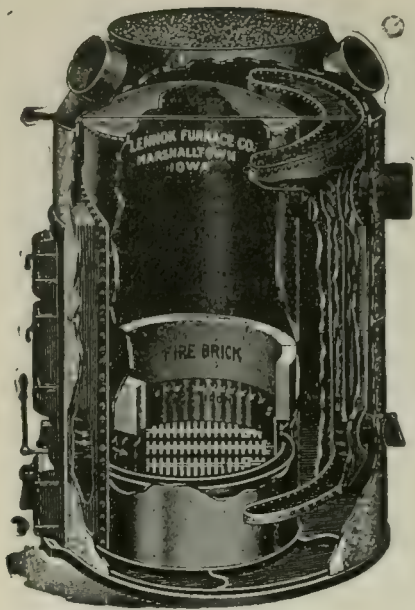
THE UNDERSIGNED SOLICIT CORRESPONDENCE

MAHON, McFARLAND & MAHON,
Real Estate and Investments,
Seymour and Pender Streets.
E. H. ROOME & CO.,
House Estate and Financial Agents,
600 Westminster Avenue.
JOHN J. BANFIELD,
Estates Managed and Loans,
607 Hastings Street.
HAROLD MAYNE DALY,
Loan and Investment Broker,
431 Seymour Street.

JAMES HARVEY & CO.,
Company Promoters,
536 Hastings Street W.
DOMINION TRUST CO., LTD.,
Trustees, Executors and Administrators,
328 Hastings Street.
C. D. RAND,
Mining, Timber and Realty Investments,
450 Granville Street.
E. R. CHANDLER,
Coal Land Investments,
1—2 Jones Building.



IN THE WHOLESALE SECTION



Home Builders

Don't spoil your new home by having an inferior furnace installed. A GOOD furnace saves MONEY and means COMFORT. The TORRID ZONE is guaranteed to be absolutely GAS, SMOKE and DUST proof. It is the GREATEST HEAT PRODUCER for fuel consumed on the market. Call or write for catalogue.

F. W. CUNNINGHAM

823 GRANVILLE ST. - - VANCOUVER, B.C. - - P.O. B. 25

Real Panama Hats

Direct from the Natives

Don't be put off with a machine-made hat that will only last you a few weeks, when you can get one of our genuine hand-made hats, which we import direct, blocked and trimmed to suit you at about the same cost.

Prices from \$5.00 up.

Unbleached Panamas (an ideal outing Hat for Ladies) \$3 to \$15.

E. CHAPMAN

DIRECT IMPORTER

613 HASTINGS STREET WEST, - VANCOUVER, B. C.

Sole Agent in B. C. for Atkinson's Royal Irish Poplin Ties.



Vol. II.

JUNE, 1908.

No. 6

**Quebec
Battlefields.**

The enthusiasm which has been evoked by the preparation for the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec is a sufficient answer to any suggestion that Canadians are not imbued with the patriotic spirit. One might even go further and say that the public attitude so promptly and emphatically expressed when there seemed to be some doubt about a Military spectacle is conclusive evidence that they are also wide awake to the appropriateness of recognizing the Service in all such public pageants. Many circumstances conspire to render the Tercentenary observance an historic event, and the eclat which will be given to it by the attendance of illustrious persons stamps it not merely as a national but an epochal event. From the Imperial standpoint the most gratifying feature of all will be the attendance of the Prince of Wales, accompanied by a brilliant entourage, and convoyed by one of the swiftest cruisers and a detachment of the British Navy; the presence of the Prince sets the Imperial seal upon the Quebec celebration. Its magnificence as a spectacle will far transcend anything heretofore attempted in the Dominion; its historic associations invest it with a pre-eminence which lifts it into a sphere where it can be regarded as of vastly greater importance for the sentiment which it expresses than for the magnificence which it will display. In every

sense Quebec is the Thermopylae of Canada.

**Potential
Canada.**

In the current number of *Westward Ho!* will be found a series of articles contributed by well known public men upon 'Potential Canada.' These will be followed by others next month dealing with different sections of the country, especially throughout the North-West. Articles on Calgary, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Saskatoon will be contributed by men who have grown up with these prosperous cities of the plain. The object of the articles is, as the title suggests, to convey reliable information as to the resources, development and possibilities of the great West. They will be carefully edited, and will be found an invaluable guide to any who may contemplate investing their money or seeking a home in the West. The cry of the time is *Westward Ho!*, and the chief object of this magazine is to give practical aid to the thousands who are turning their eyes towards the Rockies and the Pacific Coast.

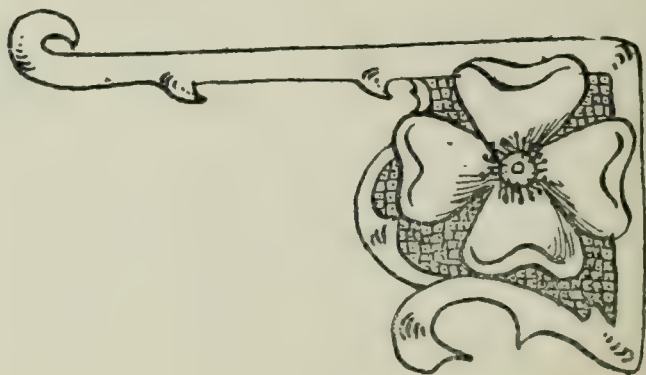
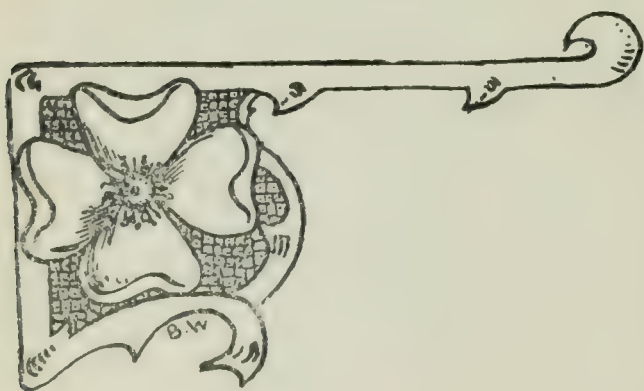
**Trust
Companies.**

The United States is passing through a period of financial depression. Canada is experiencing a condition of trade limitation which is far from amounting to depression. The difference is accounted for largely by the

fact that the great financial institutions which control the business of the two countries are governed by widely different principles. By common consent Canadians have absolute confidence in their banking and other financial institutions. Americans have not, as a consequence they have been hoarding their money themselves and not a little of it has been deposited in Canada either for investment or for safer keeping. The situation here, however, would have been worse than it is if the country had depended entirely upon the Chartered Banks. At the first signal of danger the Banks adopted the most drastic policy, withdrawing all the money they could lay their hands on from circulation, and especially shipping every available dollar of currency from the West to the East. In this emergency the Trust Companies came to the rescue and showed themselves far more liberal in their treatment of customers than the Chartered Banks. Many a poor man's property was saved by a little timely assistance, and it was not the Bank but the Trust Company which came to the rescue. Among Western institutions thus signalized, one of the most conspicuous is the Dominion Trust Company of Vancouver. Its liberal policy has gained it many friends, and although a new concern it is today one of the most prosperous in the West. The greater elasticity and the better acquaintance with local conditions has increased the usefulness of this modern and now indispensable financial organization.

The current number of
Westward Ho! Westward Ho! com-
 mences the third volume.
 It consists of one hundred and fifty

pages and is the largest yet put out. It covers a wider range of subjects than any other Western magazine, and claims to have lived up to its promise of giving high class literature as well as practical articles to its readers. Several standard features have been excluded this month to make room for the important series on "Potential Canada," but they will all be found in their usual place in next month's issue. There will be a special article on Municipalities and Districts, an illustrated sketch of Sir Wilfred Laurier by the Editor, in his series "Men I Have Met," and an elaborate article on Coal Mining in Canada which would have been ready for this month but that one or two of the largest concerns have failed to turn in the promised information; it is, however, being procured for next month. As to the popularity of the Magazine, that is best attested to the former, it increases every month, and is now treble what it was when the initial number was launched a year ago. With respect to the comments of the press, it was only necessary to point out that not a month passes but some leading paper or another reproduces our articles, invariably with favourable endorsement. One of our most regular borrowers, and one of our most appreciative readers is the Toronto Saturday Night, one of the few discriminating literary papers in the Dominion. The policy of the magazine will remain the same as heretofore, absolutely independent and fearless, aiming solely at the development of Western Canada, and seeking to focus the attention of the Eastern world on the Western grain fields which in every sense are "white unto the harvest."



The Heathen.

Cy Warman.

"The 'eathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone."—*Kipling*.

"**W**HY are you not a Christian, Pere?" asked John de Sault of his wife's father.

"Why?" echoed the Indian, and he almost smiled. Then his bronzed face hardened. He leaned forward and snorted like a bull moose. The corners of his mouth twitched; his small dark eyes gleamed with something of the old light that burned there half a century ago. Now in a low, hushed voice he went on, interrogating the interrogator:

"Am I mistrusted? Does the factor send you, or the bishop, or is it that bore of a mission man, who sends you to speak with me?"

"Nobody sent me, Pere. I just wanted to know."

"Who hunts when the hunters fail, when Gitche robes the wilderness in a robe of spotless white, when the land lies hushed and not a sound disturbs the stillness of this solitude—who goes for the game then, and whose god goes with him?"

"You, mon Pere, and with you Wes-a-ka-chack."

"Am I not trusted at every post on the Peace, and welcome in every lodge from the pass, where it pierces the heart of the Rockies, to the coast where the mighty Mackenzie sobs herself to sleep on the broad bosom of the deep? Who was sent with the Great Mother's message to Sir Donald, when the breeds uprose on the Saskatchewan?"

"You bore the despatches, Pere."

"Who ferries the factor's daughter over the wide river, when the ice goes out?"

"You, mon Pere."

"Has old Charley ever failed the white

man—the Christian—when he was in sore distress?"

"Never."

"Then why the devil should I become a Christian?"

De Sault said nothing, for he knew of a truth that the Pere was the most valued and trusted Indian in the Hudson's Bay employ. Presently the aged Indian touched De Sault, and said:

"Listen, boy. One long hard winter came here once—many, many snows since. The river froze so deep that we were unable to thread the tackle under the ice. All our frozen fish we had eaten, and when Christmas came—the time when the white man is wont to make merry with his God—we were starving. The hunters had been out a week, when the factor called in, saying, 'Go hunt, for the hunters are lost.'

"At dawn I set out, and slept in the snow that night. All the following day I followed the dim, blurred trail of the hunters, but failed to find them.

"In the twilight of the third day, I came upon a Cree woman making blood soup. She said the men were only a short way ahead. I pushed on, and when they heard me coming they hid the little meat they had, guessing that I would be half starved. When I made myself known they gave me what they had, but I ate only enough to stay my hunger and make me strong to follow the other hunters, for they were split up into three parties.

"All that night I tramped and by the close of the next day had the whole hunting party rounded up, with a pitiful total of half a Caribou for the post and and its people.

"When we got back—on the first day of the New Year—the post, the mission, the Indians and all were preparing to leave. They concluded to take chances on the ice, and over half a thousand

miles of snow to Edmonton, rather than remain and starve on the cold Mackenzie. We cooked the caribou, they ate it—all of it—and concluded to stay. But the next day we were as hungry as ever, though the bishop and the mission man made acknowledgement to their God for sparing our lives.

"The days dragged by. The hunters went out and came back empty-handed. Again the factor came to me, and said, 'Charley, go out and find something or we shall all perish,' and I went out. The snow lay so deep no living thing moved in the hushed forest, and not a track marked the white pall that blanketed the silent, sleeping world. The river froze to the bottom, maybe the fish were fast in the ice, or gone to sea. Anyhow, there was nothing to eat but overshoes and old moccasins.

"I had often heard the man of the mission say we all looked alike to the white man's God; that we had only to ask, and we would get what we asked for. Now, when all else had failed—my god and my gun—I remembered what the mission man of the English church had said of the white man's God, and I made up my mind to try him. I was glad of the memory of that white man and his good God, who loved the red man and knew no difference. I abused myself for having neglected him so long, when I had only to ask and have plenty. It was all so easy with the white man's God.

"And so, having concluded that this was the short way out of the bush, I turned my back on Wes-a-ka-chack, god of all good Crees, and returned to my cold, empty lodge. It was the middle of the afternoon when I arrived. I set a cup and a plate on my little table and prayed to the white man's God, relating and repeating what the mission man had said. Believing ever and doubting never, I implored the God of the white man to give me to eat.

"As often as I opened my eyes, I saw only the empty plate; yet I did not despair. To be sure, I had understood from the mission man that the prayers of believers would be answered at once, but I might be wrong. Maybe by and by; so I prayed on over the empty

dishes, with only the shudder of the lodge as it swayed with the breath of the giant, Winter, to break the killing silence that was like the hush of the grave.

"It had been almost two o'clock when I sat down. It was dusk when I got up, smashed the plate and kicked the table out of the tent. 'To Mitche with the mission man and his cruel God!' I cried, beating the table into splinters over the door-stone.

"By and by, when I grew calm, I fell upon my face on the frozen floor of my tent, and asked Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees, to help me. I begged a thousand pardons, and promised never again to listen to the mission man, or to pray to his God. Long I lay there in the ashes of my camp-fire, until the day died and night came and curtained the world, praying, praying as I had never prayed before to Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees. All through that long, long night I sat bowed above the flickering fire, waiting for the dawn, never doubting the god of my fathers. Once I slept and dreamed it was summer-time. I heard the song of the river, the flutter of wings, the crash of horns in the thick forest, and the clatter of feet on the beaten trail.

"I took a bit of red calico and tied it to my ramrod, and then I asked Wes-a-ka-chack to go with me, and help me to find, knowing he would fail me not. Out over the trackless waste I wandered, until the round red sun rose, and mocked me through the tops of the trees. On, on I trudged, my good gun ready, watching always for the food I felt I must find. 'O Wes-a-ka-chack,' I cried, sinking to my knees, 'send me to eat, or I shall surely die,' and when I rose to go, lo, there before me stood a reindeer staring into my face. A moment later he lay dead, and I lay drinking life, that flowed from his torn breast. My hands I washed in his hot blood and I gave thanks to Wes-a-ka-chack, for what had come. The god of my people was glad for my return, and I gave thanks then, and never again did I set face to that fair God who failed me when I so deserved success, and never since that day have I known hunger. Great is Wes-a-ka-chuck, god of the Crees."

No Ball—A Phantasy of the Future.

Roy Horniman.

IT was the year 1950. England, since her struggle with the Boer, 1899 to 1903, followed by the great war with Russia for supremacy in Central Asia, had done no fighting, beyond the many little local expeditions incidental to the daily business of the Empire.

The Continent, amazed at her stubbornness in reverse, and still more amazed at her final victory, had allowed its howls of hatred to subside, except for here and there a snarl of envy and dislike.

Sport had more and more taken up the attention of the nation's leisure. Professionalism had grown to such an extent, that those who earned their living by playing and teaching games numbered over two hundred thousand. The country had fully persuaded itself that a nation of sportsmen was a ready-made army.

It was under these circumstances that England sent her fifteenth annual cricket team to play the United States.

The choosing of this team had for some years given rise to the most extraordinary excitement. Everybody thought himself entitled to give an opinion. The Committee of the National Cricket Club, so as to mark the importance of the event, discussed the question at the Foreign Office, and in the presence of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs; for it was an axiom of the Government that the greatness of the country lay in its sporting record. Any politician who disagreed with this at once fell out of favour with both parties, and it had become much too risky an experiment to indulge in.

In 1950, the choice of the Eleven roused even more excitement than usual. The Times, still the foremost paper in Europe, published eight columns of letters daily on the subject.

The first five or six men were a foregone conclusion, but the choice of the remainder lay amongst a dozen or more competitors, each of whom had thousands of supporters.

The Committee had sat for more than a week.

In former days St. James's Park and the Horse Guards Parade would have been filled with a dense crowd, but under improved methods the result was written across the sky, and could be seen so far that when the name of Hayward, the great Hertfordshire bowler, appeared, the inhabitants of St. Albans, his native place, got the news as soon as anybody standing in Whitehall.

The particular point of discussion in 1950 was the sending across the Atlantic of a bowler whom the year before the Americans had declared to be in the habit of delivering an unjustifiable number of "no balls." The English had come to the conclusion, after a great deal of fair and open discussion, that what the Americans called "no balls" was, indeed, genuine bowling. This decision had incensed the Americans to the point of declaring that if he—Toplift, the bowler objected to—were sent over they would have to consider very seriously the question of refusing to accept the challenge. At this the English nation declared, as one man, that Toplift should go. It was absurd to suppose that the oldest cricketing nation in the world should be dictated to by a country who played the game with a distinct Republican bias.

Everyone, down to the merest school-boy, realised the gravity of the situation, and that it might possibly end in a rupture of diplomatic relations—but what of that? The nation closed its jaw with a click, and clenched its fist with a silent determination not to budge from the attitude it had taken up. Some of the so-called Progressive papers were in

favour of a compromise, exclaiming—as they always did—that England was quite in the wrong; that had their party been in, the difficulty would never have arisen; and that we had no right to try and coerce a friendly nation into playing against a team including members to whom they objected; and that it would be, in fact, better if we acted up to the traditions of the Liberal party and allowed the Americans to choose the members of the team for us. By this, what they called “meeting the enemy halfway,” the whole difficulty would be solved. They professed to be virtuously shocked that the nation had become so drunk with vanity that it treated the suggestion either as a joke or with contempt.

The rumour had got about that the Foreign Secretary, who was the Duke of Birmingham, and the grandson of a very great Imperial politician indeed, was wavering, and that pressure had been brought to bear by more than one European Chancellerie to exclude Toplift.

It would have been strange had it been so, for the Duke of Birmingham, with the rest of the English aristocracy, was strongly imbued with the sporting traditions of the age.

As the excitement grew the crowd did indeed become dense, having collected for the purpose of cheering or hooting the Committee during the final scenes. They amused themselves, as crowds will, by cheering celebrities on their way to the Foreign Office to listen to the proceedings. The Prime Minister, who was still of great muscular build, despite his advanced years, received a specially enthusiastic greeting. He had owed his first political successes to the fact of his being the Ping-pong Champion of the world.

There came a whisper, which grew by degrees to a frenzied shout: “Toplift’s in.”

In another minute his name was spelt out on the sky, and the inhabitants of many a far-off hamlet turned bedwards with the proud conviction that, come what might, the die was cast and that England had done her duty.

The American press fulminated and threatened, for they had not been accus-

tomed to this firm attitude on the part of the country which had always treated them as spoilt and ill-balanced children. They held meetings, they warned England to beware, and were amazed to find that, contrary to the prophecies of popular politicians and orators, England was adamant, and quite ready to grapple with the consequences. So they gave in and Toplift crossed the Atlantic with the rest of the team.

On arriving in New York, they were received coldly. The papers were full of imaginative descriptions of Toplift’s demeanour on coming off the steamer. Some declared that he turned pale and shook like an aspen leaf, while others professed to have definite information that he had been landed in a very large cricketing bag.

But certain it was that till the day of the match no member of the public had set eyes on him.

By one of those curious revulsions in public feeling there had come into existence quite an amount of sympathy for Toplift, and all but those who understood the charming elusiveness of the American character thought the danger past and the quarrel buried.

The cricket-ground was worthy of the nation, which is never so high-minded as when putting up tall buildings. It was a copy of the Colosseum. It held one hundred thousand spectators, and the arena was of such dimensions that there was not the least danger of the hardest hitter reaching the auditorium. In front of each seat, all of which were numbered and reserved, rose a rod which could be lowered or raised at will, having at the top a glass magnifying sufficiently to bring the players within reasonable distance, and so conveniently adjustable that the spectator could lean comfortably back in his seat as if he were merely looking into a mirror. There were besides a number of electric stations at the base of the auditorium, whence by certain contrivances the scene was reproduced simultaneously on biographs in most of the great towns. There was also a horse-racing track around the outer edge of the arena.

The Americans won the toss and went in first. The teams presented the usual

physical difference between the two races, the Americans lean, lank, and anxious, each man absolutely a specialist. In fact, so far had they carried specialism that they never went in to bat except in the same order. The man having been trained to bat sixth would have been useless if he had been sent in second.

The English team made up for its lack of this special gift in its elasticity. They were good all-round men, and it was a matter of no importance to them when they went in. It was the same with the fielding, and as Toplift did not take his place at the wicket the field was eagerly scanned to find out his position.

He was located point, and every gaze was bent upon him. The women veered round at once. He was so absurdly young, so very curly-headed, blue-eyed, and chubby, and yet withal so decidedly manly—although he gave no suggestion of the great muscular power he was known to possess.

"He is exceedingly handsome," said the President's wife, "and has a nice public school look about him." The President himself had a perfect garble of English and Continental titles—largely composed of Dukes, Princes, Marquises, etc—in his genealogical tree; in fact, no man who could not boast ancient lineage would have stood a chance for the office. The country had begun to realise that it was much more convenient to have people with high social connections at the White House, the White House being now merely a name, and looking rather like an out-building to the magnificent palace which had risen near it. The Court was as brilliant as that of a true-born European Royalty, and everyone stood up when the new National Anthem, "Hail to our President," was played. Some—and they were an increasing body—already raised their hats to the President's children, and the cause of Royalty was advancing merrily.

Toplift, quite conscious that the eyes of the Court and the entire public were upon him, was not in the least abashed, but stood with his hands in his pockets looking at the huge awning composed of silken English and American flags.

This awning was an ingenious device. It was in the shape of a donned ceiling constructed on the principle of a balloon, with thousands of gas inflated chambers. The breeze, which was hardly perceptible below, was blowing very strongly, and threw an unusual strain on the steel ropes which held it. The sea of spectators presented a brilliant spectacle, but vast as was the concourse, there was a deadly hush as the bowler stepped back to deliver his first attack.

The play was for a time uneventful. The players were feeling their way, and when lunch time came, four wickets had fallen for only seventy-six runs. Towards the end of the day the Americans were all out for two hundred and eighty. The Englishmen then went in, and at the close had made ten runs for no wickets.

The concourse waiting at the players' entrance to the amphitheatre were disappointed in their hopes of catching a glimpse of Toplift.

He was nowhere to be seen.

The next morning's play was a sensation.

The Englishmen were all out before lunch for a trifle of seventy runs.

As wicket after wicket fell the faces of the English visitors lengthened, and the vast crowd shook the immense stone building with their frantic enthusiasm.

Toplift, on going in, had created a certain excitement, but when his middle wicket flew in the air at the third ball the Americans began to ask themselves if this disappointing stripling were really he whom they had magnified into a national grievance.

Those who watched him carefully as he walked from the wicket declared that there was something suspiciously like tears in the boyish blue eyes.

The Englishmen, feeling somewhat humiliated, followed on, and to their chagrin their first two wickets again fell for the insignificant total of thirty.

There was a pause, longer than usual, and protracted enough to suggest that the English captain was debating what to do next. Some minutes passed, and then very slowly—as if he were thinking deeply—Toplift was seen walking towards the wicket. He was, after all,

the one excitement left in the game; and again there fell a deep silence as his bat touched the crease.

The bowler, a particularly swift one, sent his first ball within the wicket. The next few balls Toplift played carefully. He then began to knock up ones and twos, frequently increasing them by degrees till everything he touched was three or four. It was one of those sensations which make cricket so delightful.

When he had seen half a dozen wickets go, he had made a couple of hundred runs, and the score stood at four hundred and ten.

His own success had given his side confidence.

The next two wickets fell for forty-five, and the Americans went in wanting two hundred and twenty-six to win.

After they had made fifty runs for one wicket, stumps were drawn.

Again Toplift seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

The next morning everything was excitement. The people shouted at every player who appeared. The play was very slow, and at lunch time the score stood at one hundred and thirty runs for four wickets.

As soon as play recommenced, the score rapidly rose to two hundred for six wickets, and the Americans began to be jubilant. They had forgotten Toplift as a bowler. He had received a tremendous ovation from both sides at the conclusion of his fine innings, and his face had beamed with delight.

Then the English Captain was seen motioning to Toplift, who took his place at the wicket.

A cry, which was almost a howl, went up:

"Toplift is going to bowl."

He gave one look around at the huge concourse, but the almost menacing appearance of the thousands rising one above the other left him unmoved. And the crowd grew silent, as if somewhat ashamed at what looked like a piece of cowardice and bullying on their part.

Crash! The wickets twisted in the air as if they had been struck by lightning.

There was an awful silence, and all

eyes were bent on the umpire, waiting to see if he would raise the instrument, by which he made his decision known to the furthest corners of the building, to his lips.

He looked a little vague, however, as if not quite knowing what to do, and after a pause the next player went in.

There was a terrific babel of voices till he reached the wicket, and then again a great hush fell on the multitude.

For the second time Toplift raised his arm, and the next moment the man in the pads walked a yard or two to pick up the balls and wickets.

It was as if a match had been put to the most combustible material.

The quarrel re Toplift's bowling began again exactly where it had left off; but tempers had to be kept, for, after all, so far the umpire had said nothing.

There were two wickets to fall, and twenty-six runs to make.

On an ordinary occasion this would have been by no means a hopeless prospect, but Toplift's bowling seemed so sure and deadly that the only chance lay in the umpire seeing fit to disqualify it.

It wanted but ten minutes to the time for finishing, and the next batsman had evidently been strictly enjoined to play carefully and block as much as possible.

For the next few minutes three or four runs were made off the bowling of Toplift's colleague. At five minutes to time the score stood at two hundred and fourteen, ten wickets.

Then Toplift began again. His first the umpire condemned as a "no ball."

The second the player stopped by a skilful piece of batting which caused the vast audience to break into a stifled cheer. There was a generally adhered to rule that there should be no applause during an "over."

At his third ball the off wicket flew into the air.

It wanted four minutes to time, and the last player went in.

It was three minutes to time when Toplift raised his arm.

The entire concourse strained with agitation, and in excitement almost unanimously murmured: "No ball," ere

it had reached the wicket, which it once again struck with unerring aim.

There was a moment's pause, and all eyes were bent on the umpire.

Could it be?

He was walking off the field, and the match, a victory for the English team, was over.

Then there arose such a scene as the building had not witnessed since its erection.

The enormous mass of people gesticulated and shrieked with indignation. One or two of the electric stations blew up, owing to the infuriated spectators at Chicago having wrecked the Biograph.

The President, looking down on the hideous babel, realised that the whole question was reopened.

He withdrew, amidst an extraordinary outburst of patriotism, and his headquarters in Long Island were soon surrounded by thousands of enthusiasts.

It was known that he had immediately summoned the Secretary of State and that a conference was being held.

It was a difficult situation. The umpire, himself an American, had given it in the Englishmen's favour—why, nobody could make out, the vast majority declaring that it was obviously a "no ball."

In a few hours' time papers came out with the news that the Secretary of State had called on the English Ambassador to request the immediate recall of Toplift.

The Ambassador asked for time, and was given twelve hours, although he took upon himself to say that the English Government would never consent, and that the time limit was a matter of form, pointing out at the same time that if the decisions of umpires were not to be held sacred there was an end to international sport—or, in fact, sport of any kind—and he gave this as his own opinion, being himself a sportsman and champion golf player amongst the diplomatic corps in Washington.

The American Secretary replied that this was an exceptional case, and the Ambassador retorted:

"Not at all."

And so the interview ended.

The English Government declined to

give way, and the team was ordered to retire to Canadian territory, which they did, all excepting Toplift, who was nowhere to be found.

The English Radical press implored moderation, or, at least, suggested that the matter of all cricket matches should be shelved for ten years, when no doubt the difficulty would have blown over. But, as usual, nobody listened to them, and they called loudly on history to vindicate them by recording their inspired advice.

The so-called "Jingo" press declared that the sacred rights of cricketers for all time required that the decision of the umpire should be upheld by force of arms if necessary; and pointed out how, many years before, the surrender of Majuba, which had been a small thing at the time, had led to vast consequences.

"Give way on this subject," they said, "and the Senate at Washington would take upon itself to issue the rules of cricket, a privilege which had for years been vested, by international agreement, in the English Parliament. People must either declare that sport was of no account—which no madman could be found to do, considering that all progress, economic and otherwise, was its outcome—or else fight to the bitter end for the independence of the judges."

The American papers went on declaring that it was an occasion which had no parallel, and that, therefore, precedent could not be appealed to. The rest of Europe, which had always played cricket with difficulty, presented memorials to their respective Sovereigns, begging them to interfere so as to avert bloodshed, and declaring that they could see no reason why everyone should not bowl underhand—which would have the advantage of making the game less dangerous.

The Canadians flew to their frontier.

The determination that the Stars and Stripes should never float over the Dominion had grown with years, and they were ready to shed their last drop of blood to avert such a humiliation.

England arose as one man. The public schools, who had a right to a voice on such a subject, drew up a huge memorial, and entrusted it to half a dozen

Sixth Form boys to present, assuring the Prime Minister that England was with him to a boy.

Two hundred thousand professionals joined the colours, but as yet no hostile collision had taken place. Perhaps it was true, as someone wittily remarked, that it was so long since there had been a war that nobody knew quite how to begin.

In the meanwhile a great mystery had arisen.

There was no Toplift anywhere.

When the team went to Canada he had been missing, and it added not a little to the indignation of the English that there was a suspicion of his having been done away with. To defy the umpire and secretly assassinate an enemy, was like playing cricket with the mediæval Popes or the Borgias. Some went so far as to assert definitely that prussic acid had been placed in a jug of shandy-gaff, of which Toplift had partaken.

Finally something did occur. A naval battle took place; but as it turned out, both Fleets had for years possessed a power of submerging themselves which was supposed to be unknown to the other; they did nothing but go up and down like diving birds, finally losing each other in a mist. Having fired many shots they sailed away to report to their respective Governments the entire destruction of their opponent.

One morning, while things were at high pitch, a curly-headed, blue-eyed youth called at the Foreign Office at Washington.

He walked in with an unconcerned air, and carelessly asked to see the Secretary of State. He was promptly told that he could do nothing of the kind unless he had an appointment.

"Oh, he'll see me."

"You, indeed! Why you, especially?"

"Tell him it's Toplift."

The man looked at him, remembered certain likenesses he had seen on the biograph, and flew.

In a few minutes he returned with a secretary.

"Come with me, Mr. Toplift."

Toplift walked coolly after him through buzzing officials. He was ushered

into a room where a genial, youngish man was seated at a table.

"Sit down, Mr. Toplift. May I venture to hope, Mr. Toplift, that you have come prepared to admit that you did bowl a 'no ball'? Such an admission would avert a great deal of bloodshed, and probably save thousands of lives."

"No; I didn't exactly come for that."

And he gave a sunny, boyish laugh.

"What a thorough-going Englishman," thought the Minister. "His nation is on the brink of a great war, of which he is the cause, and he laughs."

He tried to use argument, explaining that a sacrifice of his, Toplift's, own convictions would be a fine act under such circumstances. Privately he was thinking what a magnificent diplomatic triumph it would be for himself.

"Come, come, Mr. Toplift," said the Minister, "it was a 'no ball.' Say it was a 'no ball,' and the Militia can go home."

"A deluge couldn't alter what the umpire said," answered Toplift.

"The umpire is awaiting his trial for high treason," said the Minister, a little stiffly.

"Ah, but he didn't say 'no ball,'" murmured Toplift.

"Really," said the Minister rising, "the German Ambassador is waiting." He omitted to say that he had been glad to keep the gentleman in question a minute or two for reasons.

Toplift did not move.

"I must remind you, Mr. Toplift, that all British subjects have been warned to leave American territory. I must request you as an Englishman——"

"But I'm not an Englishman," answered Toplift.

"Then as a British subject——"

"I'm not a British subject."

"Then may I ask what you are?"

"I am an American."

The Minister gasped and sat down.

"A what?"

"An American. I was born in Lexington, Massachusetts."

"You are joking."

"Word of honour. There's my birth certificate."

"Then why, may I ask, were you playing in the English team? It

really looks as if you might yourself be indicted for a little question of high treason."

"My name is Harrison. Ever since I was a child I was determined to play in the National Team, but although my play was good enough I found that the great cricketing Trust was too much for me. I couldn't get into it no way, so I tried this other dodge."

The Minister rose.

"Mr. Toplift—I should say, Harrison—may I in the name of the President, the Government, and the people of the

United States, ask you to become a member of the National Cricket Team."

"And the Trust?" inquired Toplift.

"Damn the Trust!" said the Minister.

"Why certainly," said Harrison, *alias* Toplift.

The Minister went to a tube.

"I will speak to the French Embassy. Are you there?" There was a pause. Then the Secretary spoke into the tube.

"Yes. Stop the war. Toplift is an American."

There was another pause. Then the Minister again spoke:

"And in future he plays for us."

As She Sowed.

Irene MacColl.

CLARA MATTHEWS lay in the shade of the orchard. The air was laden with the heavy fragrance of blossoms, for it was May, and the bees were already taking their toll from the pearly bloom that surged like breaking waves against a cloudless sky. The wind whispered among the green leaves, and drifting petals fell softly as caresses upon the bowed head of the woman.

She brushed them away with an impatient gesture, as so often we put aside the tender, clinging things that bar our way, only to hold out longing empty hands when it is all too late—and there is none to say, "Do not go thither!" or "I need thee now!"

There was a determined look upon her strong face, and in her lips set in straight, stern lines, that, augured a will steeling itself to do hard battle. As she raised her eyes and saw a tall figure coming through the gnarled tree-trunks, the lines in her face deepened, and the flash in her eyes became ominous. The man came on steadily until he paused beside her.

"Well?" she said, coldly.

"It is not well, Clara!" he replied sharply. "What book is that?" he pointed to the open volume in her lap. She held it up defiantly.

"May I not read whatever pleases me most?"

"Not when you are studying against my will!" he answered angrily, "and I tell you again, Clara, you shall never become a physician with my consent!"

"Ah? You still think that while your own talents are worthy of dedication to science, those of your wife are not? Have I not shown myself an apt pupil under your own teachings? Have I not gone with you step by step—"

He rose swiftly. "For the last time, Clara, I tell you that I will never—"

"Very well, then listen!" she cut in, shortly, "I am going away—to study—to become a physician! If not with your consent, with out it! Do you understand? I do not believe that a woman is bound to sacrifice her life-work—if she has married a man whose superior self considers her merely a brainless ornament—a pretty, living toy—that can in no wise have other uses! And I shall succeed."

"Not as my wife!" said the man, through white, stiff lips. She laughed gratingly.

"We haven't made much of a success in our mutual role in that line. And it will certainly be a relief to us both to unmask. Goodby! I'm going tonight."

The woman watched him swing off through the gnarled trunks, her eyes still hard and brilliant, her hands clenched. Then she rose and walked quickly toward the pretty white house under the apple-trees. The creaking sign that bore her husband's name in gilt lettering swung gently in the wind, and she stopped suddenly to look up at it. "Perhaps when I, too, have won honour and praise, he will recognize my work!" she mused, as she passed in.

As the evening shadows were lengthening to night, Clara Matthews stood in the little hall, watching the teamster carry out her trunk to the cart which was to convey her, as well, from the house to which she had come a bride three years before. A momentary pang shot through her heart, a sense of isolation oppressed her, then passed as swiftly as it had come.

She faced fiercely toward the distant lights of the station, and was glad that the streets were almost deserted. The teamster deposited her trunk upon the platform and drove away again into the blacker shadows. With veil closely drawn, the tall, lonely figure paced ceaselessly back and forth until the whistle of the train re-echoed down the valley. A few minutes later, she was being borne away from the life she had come to hate—since it had meant the sacrifice of her own passionate desire—the great longing that overshadowed all else—even her love.

In the days before her marriage, John Matthews had been her enthusiastic teacher, as well as her lover. In the years after it, he had become more and more averse to his wife's increasing ambition, and she had fretted for a wider sphere than that of a country doctor's wife. The reality of her married life had proved so widely different to the bright future of close companionship, of mutual seeking after knowledge she had

pictured, that the end could hardly have been other than it was.

Five years later, Clara Matthews graduated and settled in a busy western city. In all that time she had heard no word from her husband. She had written to him once, and had received no reply. Her private means had amply provided for her wants and her tutoring. Now success and honour had come—there was no door through which she might not enter. But after a few short years of arduous, racking work, her health gave way and then came a complete breakdown.

After the fever left her, and the worn body became stronger, visions of the old orchard just bursting into bloom, persistently haunted her. She could see the level sunlight upon the wide green fields, and the dusty white road winding away until it reached the top of the hill. And she could almost hear the swallows calling under the eaves of the pretty white house among the apple trees, and all the sweet earth-whisperings that come in the spring time when the elixir of life is in the air.

Strangest of all, the lonely woman came to think that, after all, John had been in the right! She was his wife and his wish should have been her law. Over and over his last words rang in her ears—"Not as my wife! Not as my wife!"

As the days went by, and strength returned, the wish to go back became a passionate longing that was not to be denied. So, on a glad May afternoon, Clara Matthews went back and knew not which was the stronger—her hope or her fear of what might lie behind the veil she was hourly drawing aside.

The buttercups made sunshine everywhere, the very woods seemed to beckon her a welcome. Each well-known landmark she greeted as an old, tried friend. There would be no one to meet her—she had sent no word. A wild wish to see her husband as he now was, unsuspected and unknown, had held her from it.

As the train drew in to the little station, the shadows were black under the elms. The street was quite deserted and the woman walked slowly along the worn old path and on up the quiet, well-known

way. At last she came to the church and saw that it was alight.

An old impulse to enter overcame the desire to pass on up the hill to the white house. Quietly she slipped into the vestibule, then entered a pew near the door. There were many people in the church and the lights dazzled her.

By a movement of those in front she saw that a wedding was being consummated, and that the white-robed bride was young, and very beautiful. The face of the man she could not see, his responses were low-spoken.

The woman in the shadow of the gallery shrank back, as the service ended, and the bridal couple faced about. Her heart leaped, then almost ceased to beat! For the man who had just now taken unto himself a wife was John! her husband, hers! Her brain reeled, and she cowered still farther into the shadows as the new-made man and wife passed down the aisle and out of the church.

The gay crowd filed after them, and she sat listening to the merry laughter and echoing footsteps until all was lost in the distance.

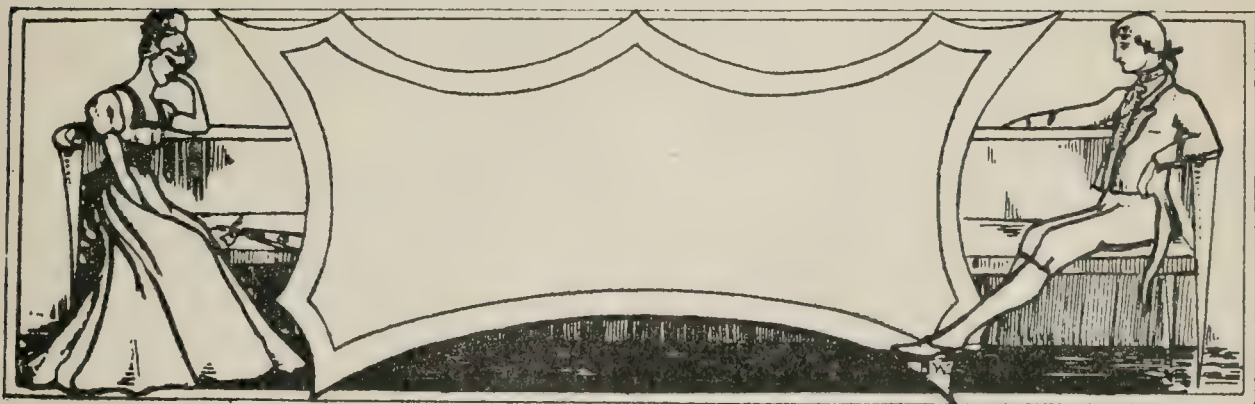
The sexton, seeing the woman crouching in the corner of the pew, bobbled over to her, and asked respectfully, "Air ye sick, Ma'am?"

"Sick?" she echoed, stupidly. "Sick?—yes, I'm sick—and there is no cure for me at all!"

She rose and stumbled out into the night, and on and on. Her feet sought the old, familiar pathway, so often taken in the dear, dead years, when the flowers of youth and hope had made life's garden very fair. And presently she came to the river.

The lights of the town were suddenly blurred, and the rumble of thunder heralded swift-coming rain. A few drops fell on the woman's face as she stood uncertainly gazing back at the distant lights, as a lost soul might look from the outer darkness at the glorious radiance of Paradise.

Then she walked steadily on to the middle of the bridge, and knelt. The warm rain fell faster and faster, as though the tears of a pitying heaven were falling for the broken woman kneeling before it. A moment later she rose, drew herself over the slight railing, and leaped. The swift current carried her into the black shadows under the bridge. The rain fell in torrents, and the shivering willows whispered strange, wordless messages, as the thunder crashed, and the lightning pierced the night like javelins of living fire.



The Reef of Landell's Woe.

N. Tourneur.

JOHN LANDELL'S chief mate of the British Trans-Pacific Coy's steamer, Happy Fortune, was in a desperate mood. Restlessly he was pacing her bridge as she sped homeward to London River from the China ports freighted with valuable cargo.

In an hour or two she would be in the vicinity of dangerous atolls, one of which was neither marked in the sailing directions. The skipper, old and infirm, and now on his last voyage, depended on him for the navigation. By casting away the steamer for certain folks in Shanghai, Landells was to get five thousand dollars for himself and enable them to lift their excessively heavy insurances.

As now he looked ahead a grim expression filled his sunburnt face. He did not like the dirty work, but——. If, ah, if, his goddess had only stepped out of her car. Ah, if she had been only human on finding out his one failing? With a shrug of his broad shoulders he turned and looked westward.

High above the sea rim gleamed the last bar of sundown, golden with hope of the morrow. Beneath it tier after tier of cloud was gathering, slow and sombre. Yet the chief mate marked not the omens. The darkness of despair hid his eyes.

As "Lamps" lit up the masthead and side lights, Landells watched him inquisitively. Then grunting to himself he stepped to the binnacle, and stared into it.

"Damn ye," he cried, jerking his face up to the wheel's, "are ye sleeping, ye Hamburg haddock? Can't ye see past your nose, you Deutscher? Call that keeping the course; ye're out five points. East with her two points, an' keep her at that."

"I do not schlaf. The scheep ees on dey course," growled the hand. "The scheep ees on dey course."

"What!" cried the mate, "ye'd speak back, would you, damn you," and with a savage gesture he closed with the man.

The man bobbed away, smothering an oath, and evaded the blow. Protesting his innocence, he put the wheel over two points.

"There, ye lubber, keep her at that," exclaimed the mate. "Don't you come any of your sauer-krauter tricks on me. Now she'll allow for the nor'-easterly atolls."

With complacency he saw that some of the watch on the forecastle head had heard the altercation.

"That's something for the Court of Enquiry to hear," he muttered in his beard. "Wheel checked for not keeping the course, and down it goes, too, in the log. That's the first notch in your stick, Jack."

But suddenly he halted as he was slewing himself over the port bridge-rail, for a figure had appeared in the doorway of Captain Oldicott's cabin on the deck below.

"Was she coming up on the bridge," Landells wondered, and then bitterly checked himself for the thought. Yet his heart beat faster at the sight of her. When he recalled her words on his drunken behaviour at Honolulu, his face flushed deeply; they still blistered his moral sore.

After all did she really love him? so he asked himself, noting out of the corner of his eye that she was making for the ladder. If she did, she would surely have forgotten him his slip! Oh, he knew women, he did. It had been all just her desire to relieve the monotony of the voyage.

So when Mary Oldicott topped the ladder, Landells was staring stubbornly over the wastes of sea to port, and did not mark her first glance, so frank and appealing if transitory. When he wheel-

ed on hearing her voice, the depths of her dark eyes registered no feeling.

"Captain Oldicott says he will not be on the bridge again tonight, Mr. Landells. The officer of the watch is to report every two hours, and the instant any land is sighted."

She conveyed the orders like a mere automaton; her voice and air, cool and distant. Her whole manner disclaimed their intimacy in the past.

Landells followed her resentfully with his eyes as she went off the bridge. Was she the girl, warm, quick, in her interest in him, who used to lean over the after-deck rail only a few nights back with him, and watch the moonlight turn the short seething wake into frosted silver? It was inconceivable!

Ting-tang went eight bells, and the fresh watch came on deck. The wheel having repeated the course to his relief, shuffled down towards the well deck. The second mate cocked his eye intelligently to windward, then glanced into the binnacle before taking up his monotonous round on the bridge. Engines steadily tramped, and with a slight irregular lurch and poise, and rattle of loose gear amidships, the *Happy Fortune* toiled onwards, her masthead light flashing through its rolls.

"Stoke up, stoke up, below," muttered Landells, as he paused at the door of the charthouse. "Keep a steady helm, and never a weather eye lifting, and that current shoving her down 'll do all I want."

He looked at the barometers finishing the log, and frowned. They were falling fast, and a thickness was coming down before the clouds to westward, obscuring the starlight.

"Heat, heat, and maybe a burst of thunder," was his comment. He stared at the page of the log-book, his entry standing in his eye. Mary Oldicott rose up before him, as she was a few minutes since, and as she had been five days before. He felt the very neighborhood of her made him swither in his purpose.

A little after six bells it was that he reckoned on the steamer piling herself up on the submerged atoll, striking just over the one-a-half fathom patch. The

fangs of coral would tear open her bilges, and she would sink by the storm on backing into the edge of deeper soundings—2598 fathoms. But immediately she struck the coral, boats were to be lowered, and every measure taken for the crew's safety. If the stokehold was flooded, a boiler or two might explode, and some poor devils of stokers be scalded to death, but that was all in the chances. With calm sea and fine weather holding, they all ought to be picked up by some vessel in forty-eight hours, or make the adjacent islands, being practically inside one of the main ocean lanes.

Nibbling viciously at his pen-holder, the chief mate carefully went over his plans again.

Suddenly it came to him that the steamer might run over the shoaling atoll and with her bottom ripped out of her sink in the further waters, before the boats could be swung out. Good God! the idea was horrible. Not for himself or the others did he care a stiver,—one had only to die once. But what about *her*?

With a jerk he raised himself from the log-desk, and closed the book with a snap.

"We'll all know soon enough," he muttered beneath his breath. "I reckon the Old Man will get a start when he feels her jolting her plates into Davy Jone's scrap heap!"

"Yes. Comin' on for six bells. Thunder in the air—heard it westward a few minutes ago," replied the second mate in answer to Landell, who had come again on the bridge in his restlessness. "Black as the wolf's throat, too, with a nasty lumpish swell from the nor'-west. Good night, I'd say, for an ocean tragedy. A big liner thumping herself to pieces on some uncharted atoll, hysterical passengers, thunder in the air, and a gale o' wind roarin' down. Eh, Mr. Landells."

Suspiciously the chief mate glanced at him. He snapped back so sharply that Roberts wondered what was wrong.

Landells stared into the night.

Yes, it was as black as pitch. Even if there was broken water on the reef, no lookout could see it in time to avert

disaster. Then he listened anxiously. Over the leagues of desolate ocean pealed thunder, now crescendo, now diminishing, to end in a sharp crackling burst a few miles to windward.

"D'ye think there's much wind behind all that?" put the second mate to him, as he came within the halo of light cast by the binnacle.

"How the devil am I to know? Can't ye judge for yourself?" came the testy answer.

Just then six bells went. Landells leaned over the bridge rail, and strained his eyes ahead. But nothing lay there, except the night, impenetrable, menacing.

Time-time-time ticked his watch. And to him the seconds were now intolerably slow in passing. The ceaseless swishle of parted waters as the steamer ploughed onwards; the undertone thudding of engines and screws, the drowsy voices of the watch—all caught on his nerves like the very notes of Destiny.

He clambered down to the bridge deck and feverishly paced up and down. He thought of Mary Oldicott, asleep, confident of safety, her cabin beneath his very feet. A feeling as if he was her murderer arose within him, and inwardly he cursed himself.

"She has made a damned gooseheart of me," he grunted, dismissing the thought, yet he softly stepped to the other side of the confined deck.

Expectancy, the sinister feeling in the night, the sultry atmosphere which the thunder and gusty wind had not dispelled, all aroused an acute dread in him. He had a feeling that something unknown was about to deal him a tremendous blow.

His heart leaped when the freighter suddenly toppled over an unseen swell. Was this the end?

Just then forked lightning blazed out over the sea far to windward. A roll of thunder, deafening, appalling, clashed together the senses. Drops of rain fell with a heavy pit-pat on the deck. Landells looked about him.

The seaman in him spoke out. A burst of dirty weather was coming down. What about taking to the boats now? Thinking to examine the aneroids, with

hurried, uneven steps, he made towards the chart-house.

Out of the night to starboard of it, a figure in white slowly approached him. He started.

"Is that you, Mr. Landells?"

"Yes, Miss Oldicott. Is the skipper worse?"

But she did not reply as she quickly stepped to him.

Her breath fanned his cheek. Like a rare fragrance her presence enveloped his senses, and it was only with an effort he managed to control himself.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am for having said those words," came in her rich voice.

Landells wondered if he was dreaming. Yes. This was her voice, just the same as of old. To hear it was to hear a blessing. He durst not look up. Cursing his folly he stood with burning face and wildly hammering heart. His whole being cried out to her.

"I didn't mean them, really, I did not. But you made me so angry and sorry, too—coming on board in that state. And you! Oh, John, I never dreamed—you——"

She ceased—for it was as if something choked her. Dark though the night was, he saw her eyes, eyes lustrous with tears of pity—love.

"You love me, Mary? Me?" he uttered hoarsely. "Oh, God help me—this night's work——"

The steamer was smashing through a stretch of broken water, and the bridge sang out in amazement to the lookout. But her chief mate had thrust himself far over the rail.

As lightning splashed the heavens with blinding fire, the sight of a crown of white water ahead smote him like a blow on the heart. Thunder crashed as if the skies were being riven in twain, but his frantic shouting reached the Bridge:

"Hard aport. Hard aport for God's sake. Breakers ahead."

Then engines were abruptly reversed with such jarring and grinding of protesting machinery. The steamer checked her way, trembled, then drew herself away but little damaged from the pinnacles and ledges of the Escaldao Atoll.

"Death in the face, every way," cried the second mate, brushing the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. "Listen to that roaring in the nor'-west. The thunder's bringing down a tearing gale, an' rain behind it. If she had struck we should have been doomed men."

Landells only nodded in assent. He

was looking at the scared face of the skipper's daughter.

Thirty minutes later, when the Happy Fortune laboured through a writhing waste of mountainous seas, and tons of water came tumbling in-board, and the watch cowering in the alley way had to hold fast for dear life's sake, he bowed his head.

He was thanking God for the love of a woman.

Esperanto—What It Is, What It May Be.

A. L. Harvey, B. A.

ONE hears a good deal about Esperanto at present. This musical word seems to be on everybody's lips. Our interest has become awakened and a brief glance at the history of Esperanto may be worth while.

Esperanto is the name given by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, a Polish physician, to a new system originated by himself, which aims at being a universal language, the need and desirability of which has long been felt.

Esperanto, though but recently sprung into prominence, has a history behind it. As far back as the year 1887, we must look for its birth. It was in that year that Dr. Zamenhof issued his first pamphlet regarding a suggested new international language to be called Esperanto, the language of the hopeful people. The movement thus began in Russia, quickly spread to the Scandinavian Peninsula; next to France, where it enlisted the sympathy of M. de Beaufront, who had himself originated a system of universal language which he gave up in order to embrace and further the cause of Esperanto. From France the movement quickly spread to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, England and latterly to Canada and the United States.

Esperanto, though over twenty years

old, was not the first attempt to construct a universal language. Many previous attempts had been made, some of them with very little success. The most successful of these, however, and the true forerunner of Esperanto was a system devised in 1879 by J. M. Scheleyer, a Roman Catholic priest of Baden, Germany, which he called Volapuk or the universal language. This system is made up of words taken almost exclusively from English, French, German and Latin; fully forty per cent. of these words are English, the remainder being taken from the other named languages. The first congress of Volapuk was held in Switzerland in 1886, and numbered thirty delegates. A few years later the system had spread to such an amazing extent that the students of Volapuk numbered 250,000. The movement subsequently lost ground and was finally eclipsed by Esperanto.

On the comparative merits of Volapuk and Esperanto, Count Tolstoi says: "I found Volapuk very complicated, while Esperanto on the contrary, is very simple. It is so easy to learn that recently, having received a grammar, a dictionary and several articles in that idiom, I was able at the end of two short hours to easily read the language and even to write some of it. The trouble involved in a few

hours' study is so slight and the results may prove so great that no one should refuse to make the attempt."

The Method of Esperanto.

The method of Esperanto is to omit all accidental words in the language of each nation, retaining only such words as are common to all nations. Sounds peculiar to any one language, e. g., English "th" and "u" are omitted. Phonetic spelling is the rule, mute and double letters are omitted, "x," "k's," "ph," "f." Esperanto is exceedingly simple in grammar and has a comparatively small vocabulary, only about 2,000 words, exclusive of scientific terms, as contrasted with French, which has 30,000 words, and English which has over 100,000 words.

At the conference of Esperanto held at Boulogne, August 5th, 1905, 12,000 delegates from twenty-two countries, spoke and understood Esperanto. During the conference, Dr. Zamenhof was given recognition by the French Government. The Minister of Public Instruction extended thanks on behalf of the President and the people of France, and a reception was given Dr. Zamenhof at the Hotel de Ville, Paris.

Future of Esperanto.

The question may be asked, has Esperanto a future or is it destined, like its predecessors, to sink into obscurity? A summary answer cannot be given to this question; only tendencies can be pointed out.

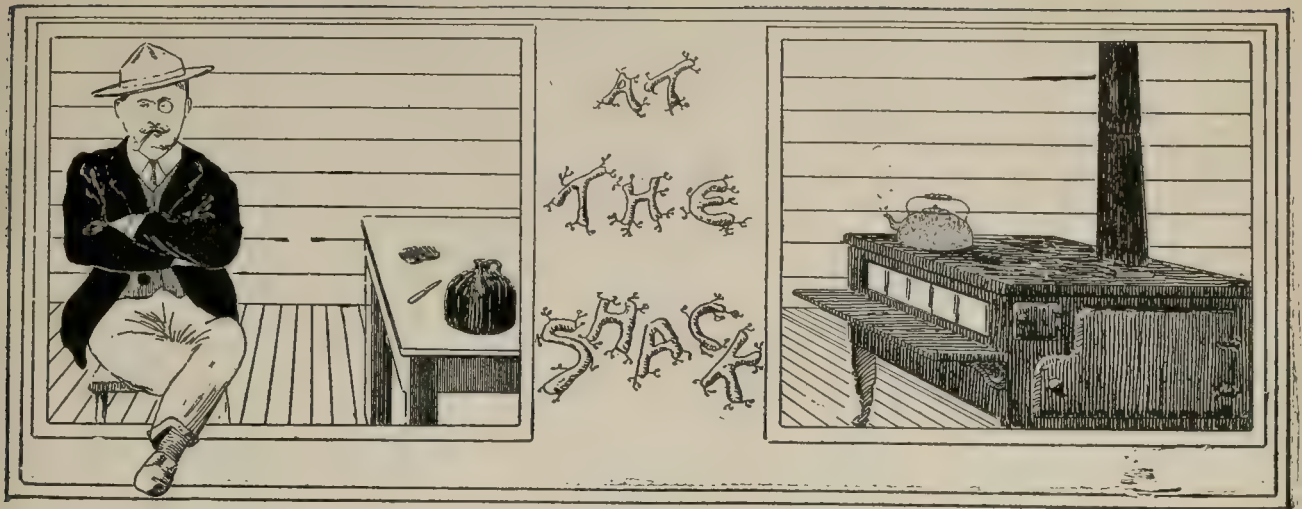
What is the need that Esperanto tries to fill? It is to provide a medium of expression for peoples of diverse languages, to render possible converse be-

tween different nationalities without the help of the interpreter. This does not mean that the different nations are to give up their various languages and embrace Esperanto to the exclusion of all else. The idea is rather to use Esperanto as an auxiliary language. Such is necessary to transact business with foreign countries. It is also desirable for use at conventions and assemblies where the delegates represent countries having no language in common. It would be useful also for tourists travelling in foreign lands, and for conducting diplomatic relations between different countries.

Esperanto, from its very nature, can scarcely hope to become a medium for philosophic thought or for conveying aesthetic ideas, where many words are needed to express different shades of meaning. Esperanto, with its two thousand words must fall short of almost every European language. Then, too, the mechanical structure of this language, where every word follows a rule and where there are no exceptions, is unfavorable to Esperanto ever being used except as a convenience. Language is a growth. It is an organism, not a mechanism. It has a history behind it; its variations and divergencies from fixed rules lend attractiveness and beauty to a language which can never be attained by a mere man-made contrivance.

The future of Esperanto is, therefore, not to be one of usurpation of English, French, German or other prominent European language. It would seem to be rather that of an assistant or auxiliary to each or all of these.





Percy Flage

I SUPPOSE that in your younger days, when you were a little red school boy or girl, you listened and perhaps contributed to more than one frenzied debate on such monumentally trite questions as, *inter alia*, "Is the world growing better or not?"

You heard, or voiced, if you were speaking for the affirmative a series of pyrotechnic word posies painstakingly gleaned from history, ancient and modern, and wreathed in chronological sequence of proof that showed King and Clown, Capitalist and Slave, from Pharaoh, Thersites, Croesus, and Aesop down, or up rather, to Victoria, Grimaldi, Peabody and Uncle Tom, or, more tragically, Toussant L'Ouverture, a long procession of ever-improving similarities.

You saw war displayed as a constantly lessening hazard of blood and a steady growth of chivalry, from the Spartan slaughters at Thermopylae to the courtesy of Wellington as he bowed an "Après vous, mon cher Alphonse!" to the gallant Suvarrow on the smiling plains of Alma.

You saw commerce improve from the hard wheat bargains of Joseph and the petty Phoenician trade in British oysters to the kindly Cobdenism of Covent Gar-

den and the congruous economies of the Congo.

You saw Religion wax in piety and wane in cruelty from the worship of Isis to the last friendly re-union of your own little church.

You saw Pedagogy rise from the fatal empiricism of the snake in Eden to the patient philosophy of Pestalozzi and Richter (tactfully trined with the name of the local schoolmaam).

You saw Art emerge from the blue obscurity of woad-tinted Pictdom to perch in dominant pride on every upward effort of a modern world.

The world was growing better—Yes!

And yet, contrariwise, there was an *Advocatus Diaboli*. He showed you Merry England dancing a blind man's morrice round the maypole and through the middle ages.

He led you to the happy hours of the Troubadours and the Jongleurs and the Amours and the other ours that are ours no longer. He talked of Alexander and the mighty Hercules and didn't think highly of the British Grenadier with his tow-row-row and his saltpetre digged from the bowels of the harmless earth.

He praised the truth of Washington and doubted that of the daily newspaper.

He touched lightly on the Spanish in-

quisition as an obsession of spiritual sincerity, and sprang easily back to the golden youth of Pericles.

He visioned ancient Egypt as the stamping ground of mild-eyed astronomers and sneered at the Suez canal.

He plucked fruits with Abel and blew the bellows for Tubal Cain, shuddered at Swinburne and sounded the shaliows of Longfellow.

He quoted statistics showing more umbrellas stolen in the one year of 18— than during ten centuries after the flood—and he cited Plato as a little better man in every way than even his humble self.

The world was growing better—Not!

What to do when you are convinced both ways?

Put the question differently and try it again.

Is there more love in the world than formerly? For we may say with Coleridge: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small"; and if we find more affection for such today than ever before, the moral optimist wins.

Unfortunately we cannot measure the strength of our affections, to compare them with those of other days, any easier than we can our virtues.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend," and the proof of that benevolence is not yet absent from mankind.

We may claim then that our capacity for love is equal to that of ancient man, and if our range of opportunity is not lessened neither is our virtue, because this range could not exist without use, would dwindle with atrophied inviolence, expand with right effort.

Have we any grounds for believing that the area of our affections has appreciably broadened? Do we love more of nature's phenomena than formerly?

We love friends, flowers, scenery, pictures, dogs, sunshine, and perhaps the sea. Was it always so?

Always among humanised men the love of friends was strong—but how limited in possibilities.

We lament at times the fewness of our friends, forgetting that we have

them everywhere. By galley and chariot and stagecoach, by ship and train and trolley they came and went, they come and go in ever-growing numbers. By the penny post we reach them, from Klondyke to Kimberley. By the telegraph we speak them, from the busy throng of London to the loneliness of the deep, and by the telephone we drag them from office desk and domestic soup plate to meekly answer our peremptory summons.

And those to whom we do not write, and those who are gone are still in some way our friends. We have perhaps their old letters—their portraits, their photographs, and another, or even this generation will have moving pictures and voice records as daily reminders of the absent.

Again—the printing press and the easily won library have multiplied our friendship list past computation.

Man after man has laid down his lonely pen in the consolatory promise of hope that the unborn future world would bring him more friends than life had brought him strangers, and man after man has picked up a favorite book to lean on the proven friendship of one a century dead.

The love of friends is increasing and the love of flowers. For apart from the fact that we have doubled and redoubled the varieties of this object of our good affections, and have planted a million gardens where none were before, we may learn from students that a thousand and two thousand and three thousand years ago, the eye and the soul and the language of man were less and less cognisant of colour as we know it, so that Homer (they tell us) speaks of the hue of wine as if it had been the same as that of the sky, or of the young grass. And the pleasure then taken in the view of a flowery mead was in comparison to ours, at best like one's enjoyment of a photogravure from a rare painting.

And the love of scenery is modern. The agile "skipper" of "descriptions" in light literature will not find much opportunity for that saltatory exercise in the books of even a century or two ago.

People loved gardens then, and fertile fields, and the banks of a somnolent

stream—the deer park and the rolling umbraged hills, the winding cart-road and the cluster of old gray stone cottages were making their mark on affections as yet ignorant of their object; but mountains were gloomy things, fearful and awful and not to be admired until almost within the span of this our own time, when indeed we have seen the fate of so many fools who would not fear before they loved.

The full beauty of the mountains (as of the sea) may be held off a little as a promise. The rainbow was but a promise once, and is now the perfection of beauty as displayed in two dimensions.

If we accept the promise of the mountains as voiced in the tremendous simplicity of the Hundred and Fourth

Psalm we might hope (were not analogies barred by the scientists) to grasp them as solid beauty in its entirety after capturing the elusive fourth power.

As we stand in our ignorance flat footed on a plane that we know, parrot-like, to be a sphere, we can only guess at the possibilities of comprehension coming to those after us who shall tread the hills and dip the sea on man-made wings.

And while brooding on this I shall allow an unknown friend to send us from Japan a poetic description of a Bonke shi Kwai or Tray scene artists society that meets from time to time to display little landscapes of the imagination, done in sand and such—

BONKE.

Three walls severe of ochreous tint, save where
Smooth polished wooden posts at intervals
Break but not mar the sober harmony;
A ceiling somewhat low of cedar boards;
The front with paper portals drawn apart
Leaving all open to the southern sun;
The honoured alcove boasts a pendant scroll
Bearing a maxim by some Chinese sage
Set forth in graceful native script,—
Sole ornament, save where along two sides,
On the soft matted floor, there lies—a world!
In shallow trays of polished porcelain,
Created by deft fingers of the craft,
Mountain and crag and valley, sea and plain.
A gracious welcome given, the host explains
How that himself and friends meet monthly here
Bringing their scenic trays to his abode,
Displaying them for pleasure not for gain,
In friendly contest vieing each with each
To touch the highest point of poesy
In this ephemeral play of sculptic art,
Each month some limitation of the subject set,
As thus today, said he, we all must use
Some living object, bird or beast or man,
To serve as centre of our fictile scene.
Here stands a tiger on a little mount
That rises from a barren desert vast,
Where far aloof a brick-red pyramid,
Dwindled by distance to a child's toy block,
Speaks the activity of a by-gone race.
Here timorous rabbits falter in the snow
Before a grave whose ancient monument
Leans half-upright toward the lesser stones
Among which soon 'twill lay its fallen head.

Forth from a wood whose boughs are bent with white
Two gray shag boars plough through the heavy snow.
Sad-plumaged bird, a raven, desolate,
Half-hidden sits among the branches bare
Of one dry wintry plum tree on the shore.
Or here three horses stand disconsolate,
With manes and tails wind-wisped, no herbage near
Nor trees to shelter from the steppe's wild blast.
Again, a splintered pinnacle of slate projects
Sheer from the sea's cold marge; yet o'er its foot
Along a perilous path, sad travelers wend
Their exiled way: an aged philosopher
Undaunted rides and calm beguiles the road
Reciting to his faithful nephew, still
Companion of his fate, walking afoot,
The classic verse which celebrates their flight
And tells their story to all future time.
One tray is filled entire with massy rocks
Whose gnarled and jagged shapes the fancy frights,
A chosen lair of some fierce carnivore,
While scattered bushes speak of winter's death
And all is powdered with a chill white dust.
There on a headland kneels a figure sad
Shading his eyes to scan the hopeless sea,
Where one tall sail seeks the horizon's verge
Bearing away beneath its gleaming spread
The last fond ties that held him to his home—
Now home no more, for on his priestly head
The outraged Taira, not yet dispossessed
By that fell slaughter which the future held
At Yoritomo's hands, hurled the decree
That bade rebellious Shunkwan die alone
Banished to this inhospitable isle.
How sad the themes have lured the artists' hand!
Amid a score of scenes how few bespeak
The lighter vein: From one o'er-hanging bough
Two monkeys swing, linked by their spidery arms,
Trying to grasp the river-mirrored moon.
While you two happy puppies, all care-free,
Tired for a moment of their busy play,
Regard a wooden clog upon the sand
Purloined from out some doorway and conveyed
To be destroyed at leisure 'neath the trees.
'Mid these and other scenes, contemplative,
The artists sit, and greet their visitors,
Strangers or friends, with social cup of tea.
Answers are ready to the questions called
By these strange pictures fashioned for a day
Then wiped away, to be replaced by new—
Fresh compositions of the self-same clay
That forms these solid-seeming rocks; the sand—
Finer for sea or stream, of coarser grain
To mark the stable earth of plain or hill—
The little trees—twigs though they seem, their roots
And leaves perform their functions true—

The varied moss that lends its green to sward
 And pasture, meadow land or mount;
 The tiny figures, man or horse or house,
 Shaped by the artist's hand and tools in clay
 Then baked and colored, if the color need;
 And thus these patient ready-fingered men
 Create, destroy and re-create their worlds.

Photography Notes.

A. V. Kenah.

SOME of the most interesting photographs I have ever seen are reproduced in the January number of "Recreation" and are the work of Mr. D. E. Heywood. This gentleman has branched into, what is to me, an entirely new departure of camera work and the success of his efforts are highly commendable. Out here in British Columbia it is no uncommon sight for those of us who wander out of the beaten tract to come across deer either singly or in herds especially if we keep along the banks of a river or lake. If we, however, try to obtain photographs of these animals in the ordinary way we shall find that it is almost impossible to get close enough to them to produce an image of anything like a useful size and therefore it occurred to Mr. Heywood to call in the magnesium powder flashlight apparatus to his assistance.

The methods he adopts consist in rigging up a flashlight arrangement in the bows of his canoe and he tells us that the only apparatus he has found to be any use for this work is one he invented himself and which is not only extremely simple in construction but also safe and inexpensive to make. The chief difficulty is to secure a properly exposed negative as the approach is made under cover of the darkness and therefore the flash of the powder is the only source of illumination, but good results may be secured by using a full ounce of powder with a lens working at F. 8 provided the oper-

ator confines himself to not over twelve feet of distance from the object. The possibilities of this method are unlimited and deserve the serious attention of all lovers of animals and I heartily commend the instructive article by Mr. Heywood to their notice.

PORTRAITS RESEMBLING PENCIL DRAWINGS.

It is not really a difficult matter to obtain these effects but the method is one which is not generally understood by amateurs, and therefore the following pointers may prove to be useful. The sitter must be placed at a medium distance from the light and the light itself must be allowed to fall full upon the face. In place of the ordinary white reflector a black cloth is used and this must be put as close as possible in front of the sitter. A white background should be employed and if a full exposure with restrained development be given this black "reflector" will produce the effect of making the outline of the face appear like a black line. For preference I advise the face to be in profile and the clothing to be as light as possible (drapery is particularly effective) but the great points to be remembered are to flood the face with light, use a white background, expose fully and use a restrained developer.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

The interest in Autochrome photography continues to be so great that

Messrs. Carl Zeiss have placed on the market a specially designed camera for this work. The instrument is fitted with one of their well known Tessar lens working at F. 4.5 and is of the type which is focussed from the level of the eyes. It is, however, the fittings of the camera which constitute its novelty and its special adaptability for autochrome work, for it is provided with a reversing focussing screen as well as a double focussing scale which consequently make it readily available for either ordinary photography or for use with Messrs. Lumiere's wonderful colour plate. In addition an autochrome filter is provided so that the instrument is perfectly equipped in every way and no doubt will highly commend itself to those who are bothered with the trouble of having to reverse their focussing screens and alter the focussing scales of their cameras for the new process of autochrome colour photography.

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Everyone does not know that excellent photographs can be obtained without the use of a lens, as ordinarily understood. As a matter of fact though if a piece of cardboard is placed where the lens generally goes and this board is pierced with an ordinary needle excellent pictures can be obtained. A pinhole cannot be ex-

pected to give the sharp definition of a lens but at the same time it produces results which as regards distance are true to nature and are all that can be desired from a pictorial point of view. Naturally the exposure is long and the chief difficulty so far has been to gauge the exposure correctly. In an interesting demonstration given recently at the Leeds Camera Club, Mr. J. R. Coulson, however, showed how this can be readily calculated and his method is one that should be made a note of. First commit to memory the F value of the pinhole which according to the scale given by Mr. Coulson is:

Size of hole pierced by needle number —9-12, 8-10, 6-8, 4-6.

Then if we take the pinhole made by No. 8 needle which has for its factor 6 and extend the camera six inches and multiply the factor by the extension we have 6×6 equals F. 36. Using an actinometer, find the light value for F. 36, having regard to the speed of the plate used, and whatever exposure the actinometer gives multiply it by sixty and that is the correct exposure for a No. 8 pinhole with a six-inch camera extension. The same ratio and principle apply no matter what extension of camera is used.





COUNTRY *And* SUBURBAN HOMES

by

E. Stanley Milton m.i.c.a.

Country and Suburban Gardens.

"Large or small, the garden should look orderly and rich. They should be well fenced from the outer world. It should by no means imitate the wilfulness or the wildness of nature, but should look like a thing never seen except near the house."—William Morris.

IT is not my intention to write a formal treatise on garden-making; a subject so broad, diversified and interesting can be merely hinted at in the brief limits of a magazine article. The requirements of the landed proprietor with many acres at his disposal are, necessarily, different from those of the family with but a bare city lot, and rules applicable to the one would be of no service to the other.

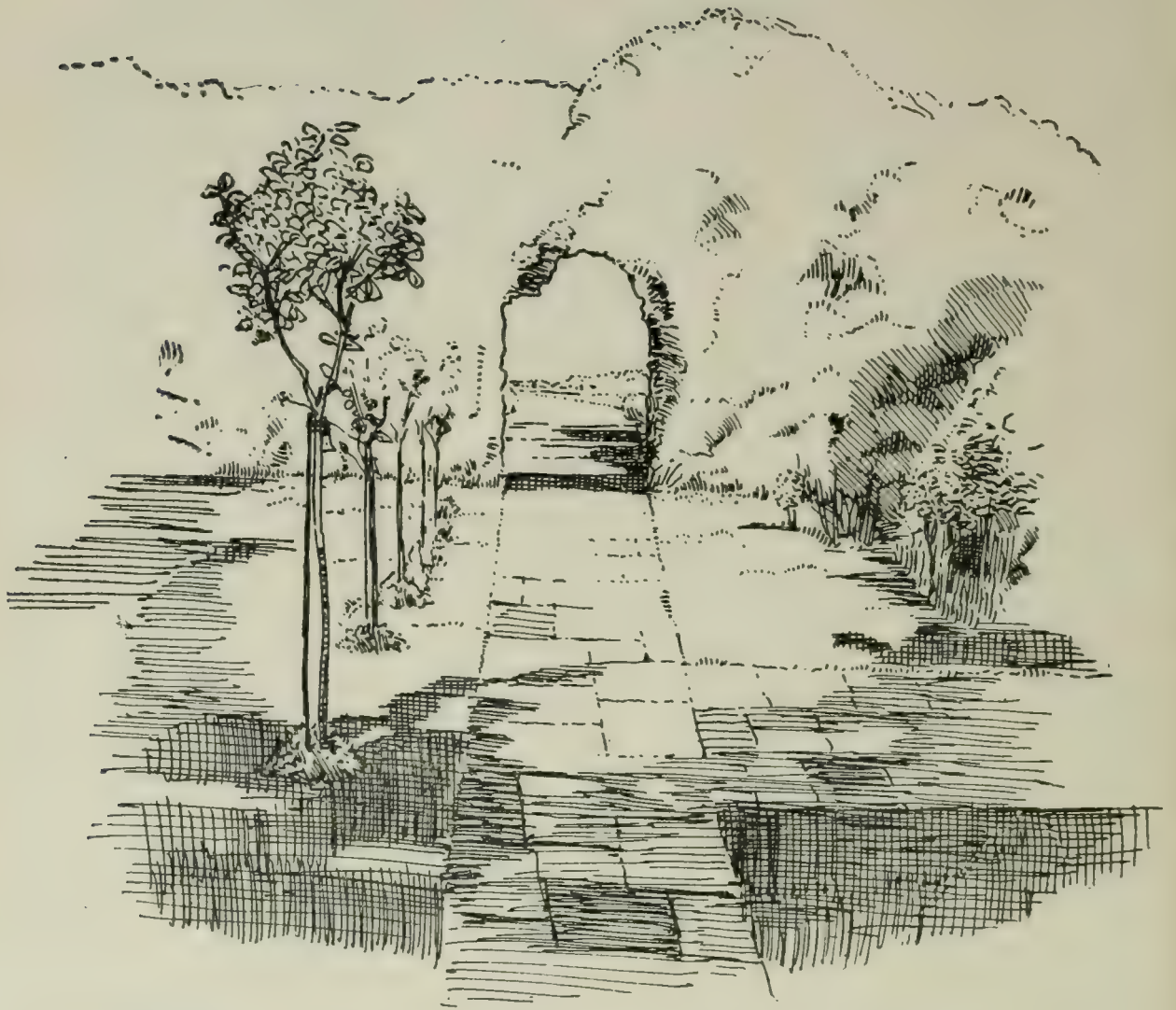
Individual tastes differ so widely that it is quite exceptional for two persons to have the same ideas about the value of a site, the conditions which would suit the one being practically objectionable to the other. One person prefers to look on his neighbour's home and feels more sociable thereby; while another likes to feel so entirely isolated that other residences must be placed out of sight and sound. Most people are, however, agreed upon the advantages of pure air and rural pleasures, which are now, partly owing to the

extensions of our railways and electric tram systems, open to a much larger number of home-builders than was formerly the case.

Having decided upon a site, we have now to consider the plan of the house and accessory buildings. If the garden is to be a complement to the house, its arrangement must, in a great measure, be ruled by the plan of the house, and its details conceived in the same spirit.

A recent writer says in speaking of this matter: "The gardener's first duty in laying out the grounds is to study the site, and not only that part of it upon which the house immediately stands, but the whole site, its aspect, character, soil, contour, sectional lines, etc. Common sense, economy, nature, art, all alike dictate this. There is an individual character to every plot of land, as to every human face in a crowd, and that man is not wise who, to suit preferences for any given style of garden or with a view of copying a design from another place, will ignore the characteristics of the site at his disposal. To leave a house exposed upon the landscape, unscreened and unterraced, is not to treat the site or house fairly."

Part of the garden should be devoted to comfort and enjoyment, and the other



Suggestions for a walk to a medium-sized residence. Standard rose trees on one side and bright scarlet poppies, etc., on the other, with the remainder in lawn; the hedge should form the entrance. A little honeysuckle around the walls would give it the desired color. The walk should be formed of concrete slabs 3 ft. 2 in. by 2 ft., and would be improved if large joints were left and a good moss allowed to grow.

to provision for them; the former part forms the pleasure ground, and the latter the kitchen garden.

The pleasure grounds comprise the lawns, the walks or drives, the flowerbeds, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and, in large places, terraces, lakes and fountains, statues, rockwork and fernery, and the like.

The kitchen garden, being designed for the supply of fruit and vegetables, contains the trees, plants and bushes needful for that purpose, with proper walks for access to them, and appliances, such as hotbeds, pots and frames, etc., for advancing or improving them; and is often enclosed either wholly or partly



Some designs for topiary work. These of course are more suitable for the larger residence, but could be used for the smaller by placing on either side of the entrance. A good lawn is needed to back these up, and also very bright flowers. Size about 4 feet to 10 feet.

by a wall, which shelters and promotes the growth.

The pleasure ground, or flower garden, however small, has almost always one grass plot, which is called a lawn, though it may be but a little one. Whether space be scant or ample, the lawn is the leading feature and the most pleasant part of the pleasure ground, and it should be well kept first of all. It is of prime importance that the grass should be of the proper kind, and not of rank or wiry

growth. Hence, the most perfect lawns are made by the sowing of carefully selected seed rather than by laying turf, though the latter is the quickest process. In any case, the use of the roller must not be neglected, and during the time of rapid growth the lawn mower, set for cutting close, should be employed at least twice a week. But it is a mistake to mow very closely during periods of drought. All weeds should be extirpated as soon as they appear, and moss

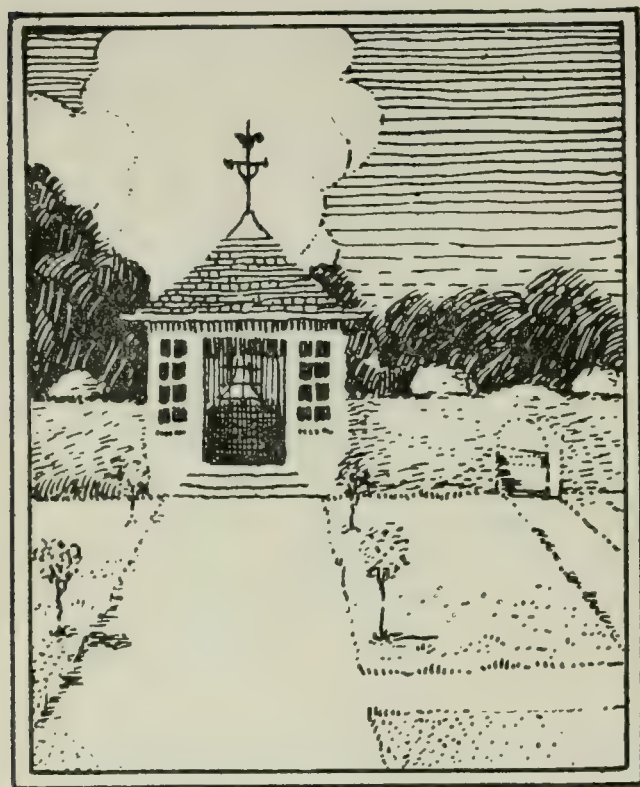


Suggestions for a concrete fountain. The inner basin to have water lillies growing, and the larger gold fish; the seats should also be in concrete and be built on the half circle. This treatment would be better if arranged in front of a dark heavy background and should be lower than the rest of the garden.

must be checked at once, or it will soon destroy the herbage.

The walks are even more important, in many cases, than the lawn or lawns, for unless they have been made with skill and care they will always be troublesome. A dry, compact, and even surface, without which no good walk can be, is not secured without depth of substance, proper form, and good drainage.

As to flower-beds, their arrangement and composition should depend upon the taste of the owner, which is too often set aside in favour of the passing fashion. A common mistake in small gardens is to cut up the grass into intricate patterns, with a number of fantastic flower-beds, and to lay them out in colours, like a window of stained glass. Or even the



This is suggested as a cosy nook at the end of the garden and could be used for an afternoon tea house. A good-size would be 9x16 feet.

same bed is planted with stripes and sweeps of every tint produced by bloom and foliage, and the stiff, artificial effect is called a triumph of carpet-bedding. Happily this taste is growing obsolete, and a more natural style is in vogue again.

In large pleasure grounds, ornamental trees add much to the beauty of the

scene, by graceful form or tint of foliage, and sometimes by brilliancy of bloom or berry. As a general rule these should stand far apart, unless there is something unsightly to conceal, and should not be very near the dwelling house, except where shelter is needful.

The kitchen garden, for the supply of fruit and vegetables, is generally kept out of view from the house, either by walls or a fringe of trees or shrubs. This also should have good walks, and drainage; but use is more studied than appearance here, so that graceful curves are dispensed with, and the ground is divided conveniently into squares or parallelograms. When the case permits, this garden is enclosed by walls of stone or brick—the latter to be preferred for fruit—and should slope toward the south or south-east, and must not be overhung with trees. Although the produce of the kitchen garden may be roughly distinguished as vegetables and fruit, the two are very seldom kept entirely apart, the general practice being to crop the ground with vegetables between the lines of fruit trees. A soil of medium staple is to be desired, for a stiff clay is cold and too retentive of moisture, while a sandy or gravelly land both suffers from drought and affords little nourishment. The soil which gardeners describe as a rich loam is the best of all; and if it be three or four feet in depth, with a substratum of gravel to ensure drainage, it will grow the very best vegetables, without that excess of manure which is apt to increase the size, but to impair the flavour.

Various ways of beautifying the pleasure gardens are suggested by the illustrations of this article. The concrete fountain, properly placed against a background of dark foliage, will delight the eye and furnish a pleasant retreat for meditation on hot summer days; the designs for topiary work remind us of the formal gardens of a bygone day, and, discreetly used, will have a certain effectiveness in a modern garden; the quaint summerhouse would add attractiveness and interest to a garden of moderate size, or be very suitable at the end of a tennis court.



Legend of the Chilkat Blanket.

THE fame of the Chilkat blanket is world wide. Its origin, although obscure, is partially explained by tradition. The story of its creation is far more romantic than the usual Indian legend.

Generations ago a beautiful Indian maid choose to live alone, away from the haunts of her own people. Far into the mountain fastnesses of the great Chilkat country, she sought a secluded place, in which to pass a life devoted to her beloved art—that of blanket weaving.

Tsihookwallaam was her name, and she had many admirers. She refused all their offers of marriage and stole away, hoping never to be found in her new abode. The place she selected for her primitive studio was on the shore of an inland lake. In the summer the salmon visited its waters, coming by a circuitous route through rocky rivers and numerous waterfalls. They were looking for Tsihookwallam, whom, according to the legeon they immediately recognized. She was greatly alarmed, but they solemnly promised not to disclose the location of her retreat.

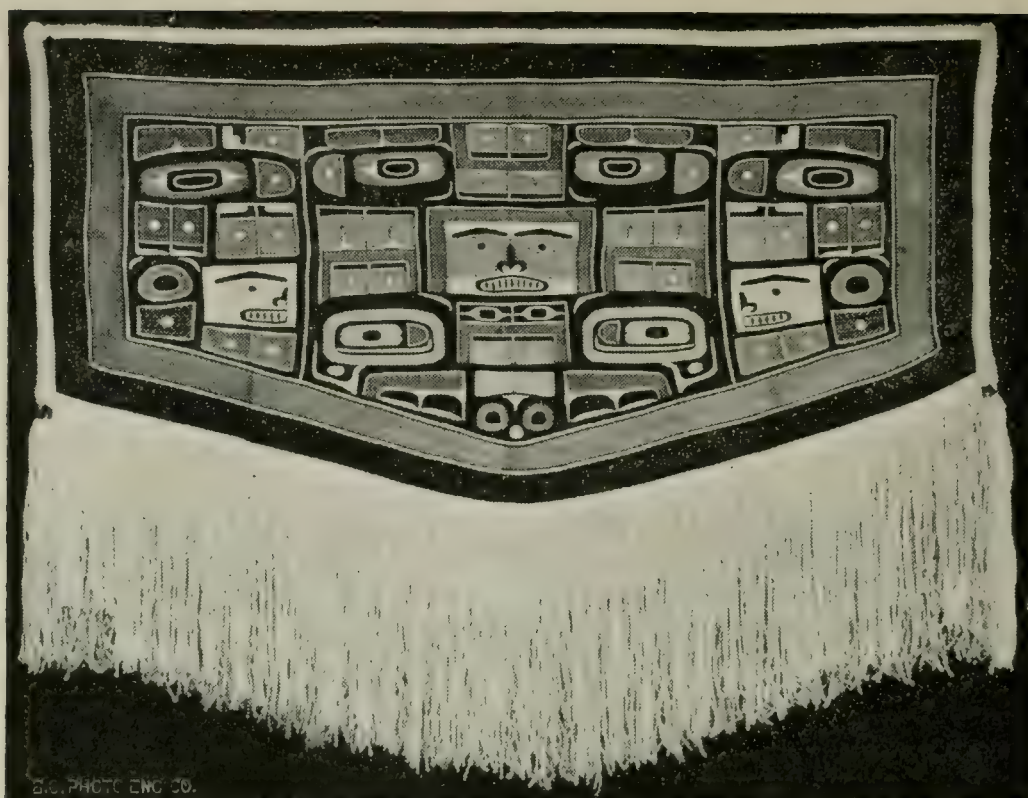
She passed the spring and summer gathering the long wool of the mountain goat, which in shedding is pulled from

the animal while it is feeding on the tender shoots of the shrubs abounding on the rocks. In this manner she filled her cabin with the snowy fleece. All the long, cold days of winter she labored, twisting this into a coarse yarn not unlike that of our grandmothers. In turn this was woven into a wonderful shawl or blanket, showing the symbolical characters of Indian tradition.

Here thought is diverted to the similar work done at the same period by the more favoured white woman, whose embroideries and tapestries express the same idea both in method and recording history, as exemplified by the then unknown Indian weaver. She covered her cabin walls with the result of her labours and was very happy.

Unfortunately, the salmon forgot their promise when they reached salt water. At first they whispered among themselves, then they loudly told Chief Numkil-slas. Immediately he ordered his great war canoe made ready, and as soon as spring opened the waters he set out, accompanied by his son, Gun-nuckets, to find the lake described by the salmon.

After a tiresome journey they arrived at the home of Tsihookwallaam. They were surprised at her treasures, which



The Chilkat Blanket.

they coveted, and immediately the chief proposed that she should marry his son. To this she agreed, on condition that they remain with her on the lake shore as long as she lived. The marriage was quickly celebrated and after the feast they all settled down to blanket weaving.

Tsihookwallaam was induced to reveal her secrets, and in order to expedite her work, Gun-nuckets proposed to shoot the goats, instead of slowly gathering the wool from the bushes. Accordingly the next day the two set out at "tenas"—sunbreak—on a hunting expedition. In their absence Num-kil-slas hastily arranged all the blankets into bundles so that they could be easily removed. Meanwhile Gun-nuckets made an excuse to return alone to the house, and upon his arrival both he and his father turned into the original characters of their individual totems. Num-kil-slas became a raven and Gun-nuckets a beaver. The raven then took all he could carry in his beak and the beaver seized all the rest in his strong jaws; then they hastened away.

When Tsihooskwallaam returned that night she saw the ruin of her home and

dreams. She wandered away, broken-hearted, into the night, and died from grief.

Num-kil-slas and Gun-nuckets returned to their village and spread a feast, to which all their number were bidden. During the ceremonies the valuable blankets were distributed a "cultus potlach"—free gift—to the people of the Chilkat tribe. Thus their women learned the art of making the highly prized blankets worn by chiefs during the tribal ceremonies.

Enthonologists differ with this narrative and assert that the design was copied, if not stolen, from the Haida tribe, the southern neighbours of the Chilkats. As the Thlingit nation, of which the Chilkat tribe is a powerful division, have always been an aggressive plundering people, often exacting tribute from weaker tribes as a guarantee of peace, some credence must be given their theory. There is a ceremonial leather robe or dress worn by Haida chiefs, from which the Chilkat blanket may be an adaptation.

The immediate totem of the Chilkat tribe is the frog, typifying strength. The



The Raven.

beaver—the totem of Gun-nuckets—is symbolical of the thrift and energy that has placed the Chilkats in the front ranks of the Thlingit Nation. This nation being represented by a raven, which literally means “avenger,” and the halibut, its prey, typifies the white man.

Nor is this idea entirely fanciful, for to this day the Thlingits, especially the Chilkats, show their lasting hatred, prob-

ably inherited, for the whites. Many an unfortunate goldseeker met an untimely death at their hands in the rugged Chilkat Pass during the rush to the Klondike. Occasionally now, incipient hostilities are reported on the Yukon or its tributaries, and these are the last acts of this unforgiving remnant of the passing race.



The Frog.

The Brothers.

Reuben Rambler.

FROM my window I have just witnessed with more concern than you can at present understand, fight between two tiny lads: a puny affair in truth. Yet the blow which finished the combat and left the burly offspring of a neighbouring grocer victorious, was enough—more than enough, to recall another blow, dealt by this right arm, more than forty years ago: a blow which laid a young lad in his grave and left a family devastated. The story is short, and I—who am stricken in years, must tell it ere I go; yet neither seeking nor desiring of God nor man that pardon which I deny myself. Listen:—

I could scarce have been five and twenty the day, that I shook hands for the last time with the venerable Professor Schurz, whom I had been assisting for several years in a lengthy and abstruse chemical investigation; and set my face homeward-bound from Heidelberg to England, bearing with me a modest fame among men of science. My parents were joyed beyond measure at my return; and their gladness was touching to witness when I unfolded to them a plan, which had lately begun to commend itself to me, of fitting up a laboratory at home and there pursuing my dearly loved researches. The rectory (my father was rector of Allbourne in that loveliest of all isles—the Isle of Wight) was a roomy old edifice, and I experienced no difficulty in persuading my mother to give over to my use the long neglected nursery. It was small, 'tis true. But it lay near the top of the house, was secluded and well lighted: qualifications of prime necessity to my pursuits. My quarters once chosen, I lost no time in setting a-foot such alterations and refittings as would render them suitable for scientific purposes. This, with the

necessary apparatus, cost me quite a large sum, towards which, however, my father gave me substantial assistance.

It was here that I conducted and indeed well-nigh consummated a protracted research in matters relating to radiation, which I had begun during my last year at Heidelberg. Month after month I immured myself; frequently remaining all day and far into the night within the close and evil-smelling precincts of my work-room; and I was—at the moment when the matters which I have to relate took place—looking forward to the final touches which would complete my investigations and rank me—oh! glorious dream!—among the first scientific intellects of the day.

My father, grand old priest that he was, admired my rigid mode of life and earnest application, although our views on many philosophical points were necessarily much opposed. My mother thought me the greatest genius on earth; and lavished upon me a love and adoration which might have spoiled a more susceptible temperament than mine. There was, however, one cloud in the sky of this happy, hard-working, home life, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand at first, yet fraught with destruction. I mean the strange behaviour of my younger brother, Eddy—still a lad at school. Too close an application of science, I confess, is apt to wash the elasticity of the emotions, and to produce a certain inhuman rigidity of mind; and there is no doubt in my heart now when I look back, that absorbed in my pursuits as I then was, I often enough made little allowance for my brother's boyish exuberance. But, in justice to myself, I must not conceal the fact that his conduct, however leniently viewed, left much to be desired. There came a time indeed when his evil behaviour

took such a form as seriously to interfere with my work, and this alone was sufficient to arouse in my mind—already tense to hysteria with overstrain—a feeling of aversion towards him, little short of hatred.

We had not always lived thus at variance with one another, Eddy and I. There had been a time, before I went to complete my studies in Germany, when we had been inseparable. And again, when I returned to England, wide though we found the gulf had grown between our individual tastes and understandings, we bore to one another yet an even greater degree of good-will and affection. Indeed, upon our reunion, this graceful stripling, whom I saw again for the first time for many years, and whom I felt proud to claim as my kinsman, had endeared himself afresh to me; as much by his infectious mirth and wealth of frolic, as by his moments of sincere and often poetic candour.

With me, I believe, he was at first hugely delighted. My university degrees, my fluent German and French, my awe-inspiring scientific apparatus, and the romance with which I came invested as a wanderer from the realms of the Rhine; all appealed to his young-budding intellect and imagination.

It was early in July that I had returned home. The summer vacation of the local grammar school which Eddy attended had just begun. For my part I could not continue my labours of research until the fitting up of my laboratory at home had been completed. Moreover I stood in much need of rest; so—dreaming not of the evil to come—for a long and marvelously merry month, Eddy and I wandered at will over our incomparable Downs, each forever finding in the other, some new source of pleasure and astonishment. Many were the moods in which we indulged on those long rambles. Sometimes in the quiet enjoyment of the surrounding scenery and the comforting sense of companionship we journeyed over considerable distances without speech. Then perhaps Jumbo, the energetic and ugly mongrel who always accompanied us on these excursions, would ruthlessly cut off the retreat of some rabbit scurrying burrow-

wards and the pleasant spell of silence would be broken. Away we would both bound in pursuit of Jumbo and his prey, breaking through the bushes and sadly scarifying our limbs amongst the unfriendly furze; whilst the deserted hollows of the Downs rang to the sounds of our shrill shouts and hearty laughter, with a desolate echo, which we heeded not. At other times we would be taken in a great fit of talking; and I would tell endless tales of my experiences abroad. Nothing pleased young Eddy so much as these narrations. He would listen with that deep intentness, so flattering to the raconteur, broken ever and anon by an eager question or pithy comment, to my yarns of old Heidelberg days,—the students' duels, the heartless "hazing" to which newcomers were subjected, the hilarious midnight revels, and the holiday roving on the Rhine. Or again I would translate him in fancy to Paris; show him the fantastic cafes of Montmartre and the Boul' Mich,' the glory of the Champs Elysees, the majesty of Notre Dame, and the tragedy of the Morgue. So insatiable was his appetite for these reminiscences, that frequently in order to satisfy his demand, I was compelled to leave, somewhat reluctantly albeit, the exhausted territory of the actual, for the unexplored land of the probable. Nor were our resources at an end here, for we both had good voices, and possessed some small skill in music. Thus we would march many a mile singing gaily and tunefully enough, now in solo, anon in harmony.

Often when I had been descending with zest upon some merry carnival of student days, my brother would pertinently demand if I did not regret so much pleasure past. I would reply, "No, why should I?" "I enjoyed whatever came my way, and some day perhaps I may beguile the tedium of old age by chewing the cud of recollection. But at present I am much too interested in my work of the future to regret the pleasures of the past." "Always your work," my brother would reply somewhat bitterly. "You rarely get through a sentence without mentioning it at least once. I believe if the rest of us were wiped off

the face of the earth tomorrow, you would continue your eternal researches with composure, and you would regard the breakdown of an experiment with more alarm than the ruin of the family." Stung by an accusation which though unduly exaggerated was sufficiently near the truth to be very disconcerting, I would reply loftily—"You are a child, Eddy, and cannot yet understand the spirit of a man of science."

Towards the termination of my holidays, and while the finishing touches were being put to my laboratory, such recriminations became unpleasantly frequent. It was evident to me that Eddy had begun to view my pursuit of science with a strangely strong aversion; foolishly enough choosing to regard it as a serious rival to his own claims upon my interest and affection. He foresaw doubtless that when I had once recommenced my studies, it would be goodbye forever to all our splendid rambles and delightful talks. The prospect of spending several months virtually alone—for he had left the grammar school and would not go to College till the following Christmas—filled him with splenetic gloom. He had completely abandoned his old comrades and pastimes for my society, and now he found that to return to them was not only difficult but distasteful. The morning which discovered me radiant with joy at being once more among my beloved test-tubes and balances, found Eddy—I verily believe—the most miserable lad in the county.

From that day dated the rupture between us, which trifling at first, broadened with lamentable rapidity into open and avowed animosity. My brother's pleasure-loving and sensitive disposition had been strongly attracted by my own coarse-grained and determined disposition. Impressionable and spontaneously affectionate, he had allowed me, Alas! to loom all too largely on his narrow horizon as an object of love and interest. So that when with scarce an expression of regret, amidst my gladness, I curtly withdrew to my laboratory, he was left with a sense of bitter loss and stinging slight, which I was absorbed too pleasurably at the time to notice. A stronger

character, or a less impressionable than my brother's would have suffered little in such circumstances; but I know now that our summary separation must have been to him a very real anguish.

For the first week or two he hung about my door—a picture of distress; or remained perched for hours in the boughs of the grand old elm-tree which overlooked my window, watching my mysterious movements with sad intentness. At meal times he much perplexed my mother by his moody silence; indeed he rarely spoke at all except to make some bitterly sarcastic reference to me or my work. I heeded him not at all, for I was hot upon the object of my search. Every day it hove nearer and nearer to my vision. But as the weeks passed by, a policy of active aggression began, on Eddy's part to succeed to this mood of passive enmity. He no longer sat idly watching me from the boughs of the elm, but pelted my window with twigs and bark; the while he endeavoured to rouse me to some notice of his presence by clamorous appeals to me to join him in a game of tennis or come for a walk. Finding himself still unheeded he began to resort to more violent measures, not the least annoying of which included clods of earth and unseemly epithets. I attempted a temperate remonstrance, but found myself non-plussed by his calm and malicious impudence. My cultured and kindly parents had successfully spoilt him during my absence, and I found him entirely unamenable to authority or control. What was I to do? A feeling of false pride prevented my appealing—at this late stage—to his good nature: a method of solving the difficulty which I am convinced now would have been immediately successful. My beardless dignity alas! prompted me to high-handed measures; and when one morning a heavy leaden bullet from his catapult, aimed with great skill, smashed my window, narrowly missed my head, and reduced a large and valuable glass retort at the back of the room to a mere powder,—I thought it an appropriate opportunity for the administration of a long-premeditated thrashing. What evil genius could have induced me to make

such a crass mistake! My brother, though of slighter build, was nearly as strong as I, and considerably more versed in the art of pugilism. The calm, judicial castigation which inwardly I had promised him, assumed instead the character of an evenly contested boxing-bout, and half an hour later I returned to my room, very badly bruised and breathed, quite unable to decide in my mind whether I had thrashed my brother or my brother had thrashed me. Finally and much against my will, I appealed—though very guardedly—to my parents; hoping perchance that my persecutor might suffer himself to be dissuaded or commanded from further violence. But as I had feared, their gentle reproaches and remonstrances were vain. My brother showed himself respectfully intractable, and altered his conduct not a whit, save that he now regarded me with increased ill-will.

Affairs were at this unhappy pass, when one morning, having a peculiarly nice point of deduction to settle in regard to an experiment of the previous day; I started out as was my wont in such cases for a solitary walk. I had scarce proceeded half a mile when I became aware of someone following me. I turned sharply about to discover my brother close behind me, breathing heavily from his evidently hurried pursuit. "Let me come with you, John," he began in a pleading tone and still panting, "I——." "Damnation! go back—you limb of the devil," I roared in an access of fury. He blanched, stopped, and then quietly turned away. I strode off savagely; surprise at his sudden submission struggling in my breast with the annoyance caused by the interruption. Every petty detail of that dreadful day stands out in unrelenting distinctness on the tablet of my memory. I solved my problem satisfactorily and turned homewards, soothed and a little softened by my solitary communing. As I turned in at the garden gate, I raised my eyes affectionately to my laboratory window,—half screened by the leafless limbs of the old elm. Behold! it contained not so much as a splinter of glass, and the sashes were all blackened as by fire. Motionless as stone I stood gazing for

fully a minute at the ugly black hole which had once been my window. Ever and anon there spurted forth from it tiny spirals of blueish vapour. Then like the cold stab of a stiletto, the truth pierced my heart. I knew that, during my absence, my laboratory had been burnt out and I—was utterly ruined. Action and ungovernable rage succeeded my stupor, and I rushed into the house and up the stairs, crying so loudly, they say, that it was heard in the street,—“My papers! oh my papers!” The door of my room stood wide open, and a broad stream of dirty water flowed from the ruined and blackened interior across the threshold. Within, our old servant, Maggie, was bustling about with broom and pail. She stopped her cleaning for a moment when she caught sight of my haggard face in the doorway, and regarded me sympathetically for a moment. I felt that my brother was near, but I could not trust myself to look at him. “Now doant ’ee taak on mast’r Ihan, now doant ’ee,” began old Maggie. Pushing her roughly to one side, I sprang into the room, towards the corner shelf, where all indexed and labelled, had reposed my voluminous notes,—the work of years; the painfully crowded sheets which contained the results of a thousand tedious experiments, without which my further progress was completely barred. Yes! they were still there on the shelf, but charred beyond all recognition. They crumbled into a cloud of filmy soot at my touch. With a loud cry I fell on my knees and buried my face in my hands, weeping like a child. I do not know how long I had remained thus, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I started, and looking up met the sorrowful gaze of my young brother. Upon the instant my tears dried. The seeming repentance in his face inspired me with a demoniac fury. Springing to my feet I fell upon him with a scream of rage, and smote him with all my force full in the face. He made no effort to evade the blow, but received it, one would almost have said, with gratitude. It felled him like a log. Maggie rushed forward and putting her strong arms about me, scolding and cajoling, pushed me out of the room, fearful lest in my

savage mood I should commit further violence. But my passion had swept by and now utterly broken, I went up to my chamber, and prostrating myself on my bed, soon fell into that heavy stupor which so often mercifully comes to those in great distress of soul.

It happened that my father and mother were away visiting some friends at the sea-side for a day or two and had not yet returned. Towards the close of the afternoon, while I still lay comatose upon the bed, they arrived. Great was their sorrow when the evil record of the day was unfolded to them by the voluble Maggie. My mother came at once to my room, and such was the magic effect of her sweet eyes, and tender consoling voice that the devil within me straightway departed; and I came down to the evening meal in a composed, if sober, frame of mind. My father's words were few, but full of sympathy and encouragement; and before the meal had finished, I was well-nigh cheerful again. Such was the spirit of our little circle that not a word of anger or blame was uttered against the culprit, who had not as yet put in an appearance.

Feeling a trifle uneasy, I enquired privately of Maggie, after dinner, what had become of him. "The young Estcourts,—the doctor's sons, called for him this afternoon, Mast'r Ihan," she replied, "and 'e went off with 'em, but 'is eye was that swolled!" I turned away quickly. I did not like to be reminded of that eye. The thought of it, black and blood-shot disquieted me. As yet my parents knew nothing of the revenge I had taken. Moodily and restlessly I wandered about the house. A feeling of impending catastrophe weighed upon me. A great fear clutched at my heart, that in my rage I had hurt my brother severely; so severely that perhaps he was even now somewhere out on the gloomy downs unable to return. At last I could bear the suspense no longer. Seizing my cap, and curtly telling my father and mother my intention, I set off for the house of Dr. Estcourt; to learn what news I might of the missing lad.

I found the young Estcourts had been home several hours. Eddy—they told me—had parted from them on the way

home; saying he would take the short cut by the Pan. I scarcely checked a cry at the mention of this death-trap. It was a huge chalk-pit shorn deep in the slope of Sourdon Down; forming a kind of inland cliff; exceedingly perilous to the unwary. In a flash, a clear vision of it passed before me, as I had seen it a few days previously: calm, white, deadly: the black flint-marks upon its surface, and the hair-like growth of furge about its outline, giving it the appearance of a horrid, soulless human face.

They had endeavoured, they said, to dissuade him from his plan; knowing that the descent of the cliff at that point was difficult by day, but doubly so in the dusk. Moreover, they continued, he seemed to have hurt his eyes, he would not tell them how, and had complained that everything looked misty. As horror-stricken I stood listening to their story, delivered with true school-boy nonchalance, the eldest son entered the room. He had been formerly my particular chum in the village. During my absence abroad, he had passed into his third year as a medical student, and was at present down on his vacation. "Has not Eddy arrived yet?" he asked, as he came up to shake hands. "No—No." I replied, stammering, "I—I—am just going to search for him." As I noticed the serious expression on his face, a flood of agonizing remorse and fear welled up within me, and I could not utter a sound. "Don't worry, old chap, I expect the young beggar is safe enough," he said, "at any rate it will do no harm to hunt him up;—I'll come with you." Thankful beyond measure for his strong companionship at this horrible hour, I nodded assent, and a few minutes later we were striding rapidly along the road towards the Pan. The night was pitchy dark; neither moon nor star appeared to lessen the gloom. The air was warm and motionless, and a slight drizzling rain had begun to fall.

I dimly remember groping along mud-befouled lanes, staggering across heavy ploughed land, plunging over hedges and gates, ever and anon losing and regaining my foothold, scarce conscious that I moved my mind obsessed with choking

dread. It must have ceased raining for suddenly, illumined by the sepulchral swimming light of the moon, there loomed before me, a blur of misty pallor,—the wan, white idiot-face of the Pan. I broke into a furious run. Not till that moment was I fully aware of my companion's presence. He seized me sternly by the shoulder and bade me be still: saying that he would go forward alone and call me if necessary. Sinking on my knees in the mud, I buried my face in my hands and waited. I knew, oh God! I knew what was there. I had sighted in that one glimpse a short, small streak of black, at the foot of the great whiteness. "John—come here," came through the night in low quiet tones. It was the voice of Estcourt. I arose and approached him where he knelt beside a small dark body. "Have courage," he said. Without a sound I dropped on one knee and raised my brother's seemingly lifeless form in my arms. The breath had not yet fled. Presently he opened his eyes regarding me vaguely. "Eddy!" I cried. Slowly expression returned to his face. "Where am I?—Is that you John?"—he asked dreamily, and then waking a little, "what's happened?—why are you crying? Oh! I remember now—lost way y'know—came over sort o' blind—fell down somewhere I think." Then his eyes closed again.

Speechless, I looked at Estcourt, who had been passing his hand rapidly over the slender muscular frame. He must have guessed the question I dared not utter. "No, he is not dead," he said in German, adding, "Be brave, lad,—his

back is broken—he must go soon." The poor pallid face lay on my breast, all marred and bruised as it was, by my own hand. "Eddy!" I cried, maddened with remorse, "forgive me! oh! forgive me!" The dying boy rallied for a moment at my voice. "Say John—I feel so queerish—I'm awful sorry—you know—I didn't set it on fire, John—on my honour." "Hush Eddy, lad," I replied, while my tears rained on his face. Thenceforward his words came slowly but steadily for a spell—"smelt a beastly stink—saw smoke under your door—tried to get in—couldn't—locked—broke off lock—chucked jug of water over—then Maggie came and helped me put dam thing out." "Eddy! Eddy! for Christ's sake! say you forgive me! Oh I was mad!" I cried. "That's alright old fellow, I—," here he faltered and his voice sank very low. I bent my head, and heard afar off it seemed,—“sorry John—I—I—I've been a rotter to you lately.” “Don't, don't Eddy! you—.” But he went on unheeding—"I'm sleepy John—good-night." "Good-night Eddy," I replied softly: "Say: God bless you, like mother does," he added. "God bless you," I tried to say, but could not. "God bless—" he murmured back, as I had spoken, and as my lips touched his the young life had sped.

* * * * *

Much has happened which matters not 'twixt then and now. But though I am an old man, and hoary-headed; is it any wonder to you that I still shudder and cry aloud at the sight of a blow?



The Log of the "Mineola."

By a Landsman.

Vancouver, B. C. July, 17, 1907.

TWO of us could not swim, we were mere passengers, the Skip, mate and engineer could all swim. I feel more comfortable therefore now that I have smuggled a stray life-preserver on board which I found lying around the club float. I have hidden it in one of the lockers.

A gasoline engine boat had never impressed me favorably, in fact I had always been possessed of a more or less wholesome dread of the things. This one seemed to be all right, however, and besides we were taking out on this trip a young fellow who knew all about gasoline engines. Anyone could tell he knew all about them—he handled this one so gingerly. The boat is 35 feet long with a cabin in front which is a wheel house during the day, but can be converted into a stateroom with one single and one double berth for the night. In the middle is a fine pantry and small cooking stove on one side, and a well finished toilet room on the other side, with an aisle between them. Behind this is the engine room with two single berths and lockers for tools, dishes, oilskins, etc. The doorway out of the cabin leads on to a very commodious deck with an awning over it. All kinds of provisions have been put on board, and the other passenger and myself have been sitting out on deck for the last half hour smoking and waiting for the skip to start away.

I forgot to say that this is to be a ten days' cruise—my first experience of the kind. I was at first very much inclined to stay at home, but finally made up my mind that if I was going to die I might just as well go this way as any other, so I accepted the skip's invitation and here I am.

Here comes the Skip, so I'll stop for the present.

10 p.m.—Well here we are tied up to the float at the Pilot Station, just east of Point Atkinson. The Skip's a crank. Nothing to eat yet, although good things are commencing to smell up now. When he got down to the float this afternoon, he raised ructions. The new charts and coast pilot hadn't been put aboard. I know what charts are, but I don't know yet what a coast pilot is, and I am afraid to ask. Then no fresh water and Skip wanted to know if we preferred salt to fresh. When you come to think of it, of course, you have to take fresh water to drink. We got away at six o'clock, rounded into the narrows, passed Prospect Point lighthouse at 6:30 p. m. Passed the tug "William Jolliffe" with "Robert Kerr" in tow at 6:45.

Skip "tells off watches." He and I are on the same "watch." I suppose I'll learn what this is, too. The mate and John P., the other passenger, are the other watch. The engineer is to be on duty all the time.

We tied up at eight p.m.

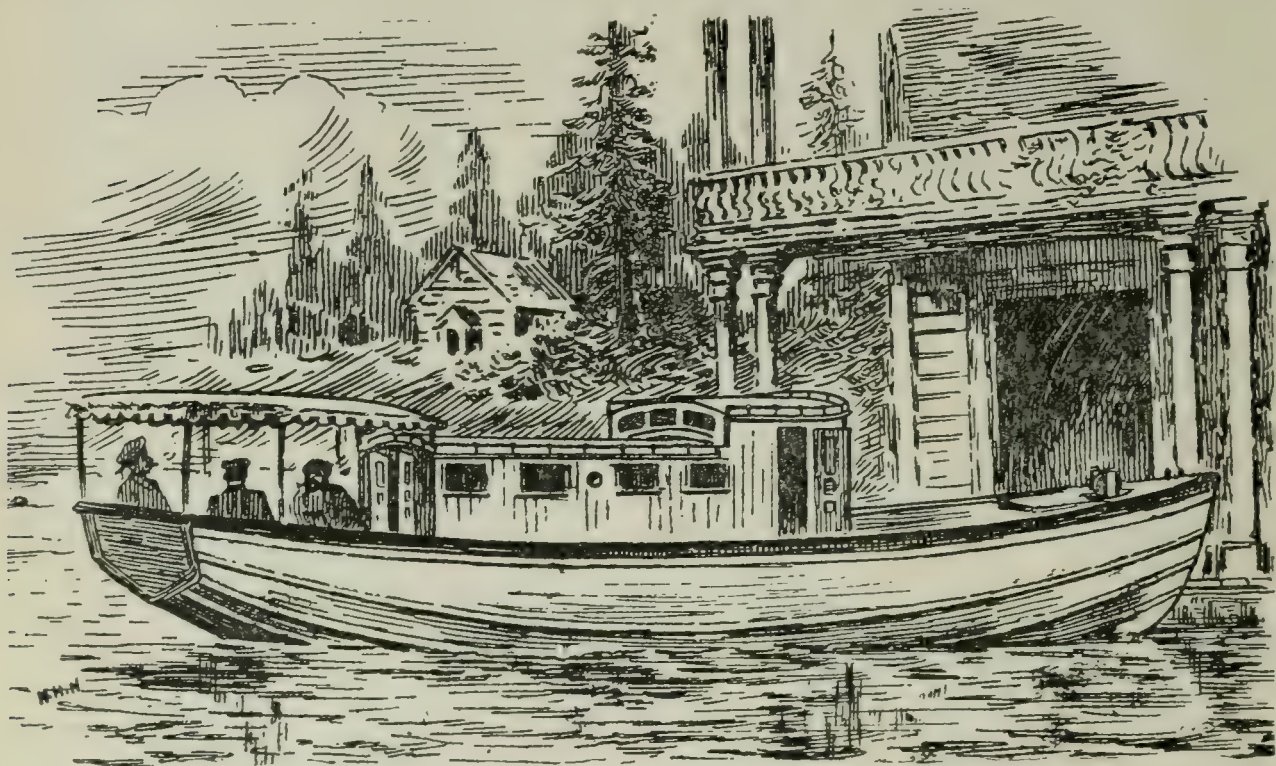
Thursday, July 18th.

After a fine meal last night, the Skip took us all into his confidence and taught us things of the sea. I showed him this log. He and the mate laughed so much that although I at first thought of destroying it I have decided to keep it. I sleep on the "starboard side for'd." The Skip sleeps on the "starboard side aft."

We were up at six o'clock, had breakfast and were away at seven. Skip says I must say bells—seven o'clock is six bells. A magnificent morning, the sun shining on the distant snow-capped peaks of Vancouver Island, the broad Gulf between and the dark green slopes of Bowen Island in the foreground made a picture not to be erased from this landsman's mind. We headed up Howe

Sound. Passed "Manion's" at 8:30. Passed tug with boom at nine. Passed Bowyer Island, a round green knob, and proceeded on up the Sound. Ahead the Sound narrows to about two miles in width. Mountains rise on either hand from the water's edge to where their snow-capped peaks can look down on us basking in the sun six thousand feet below. Anvil Island, so called by Captain George Vancouver on account of its resemblance to a blacksmith's anvil, when seen from seawards, is left on our port side, and in front of us Mount Garibaldi rears his mighty head as if barring

I have just been making myself comfortable with some cushions when I am suddenly awakened to the fact that I am part of the crew of a well ordered yacht, for I am informed by the Skip that it is now my turn at the wheel. I had noticed the "watch" being relieved from time to time, but had not realized that I, too, was subject to the same discipline. So for the next two hours I, the man who but yesterday was mixed up in puny affairs of business guided the packet down that wonderful channel all by myself. To feel her answer my slightest touch thrilled me and the spirit



"Ready at the Wharf."

all further progress. Nine thousand, eight hundred feet high is this monarch of the coast range. By this time we have opened up Thornborough Channel to the west, and leaving the main channel of the Sound we run close in by Defiance Islands on the north shore where Mts. Ellesmere and Wrottesley rise almost sheer above us to a height of five thousand, eight hundred feet. The southern shore of this channel is formed by Gambier Island, whose moderate height simply serves to emphasize the immensity and grandeur of these mighty and everlasting hills.

of the whole scene, the mountains, the deep silent waters of the channel, the clear brilliant sunlight and the cool green slopes of the hills all entered into my very being, until I forgot that there ever was any other existence than this or cared whether there would be any other. Then the door from the galley pushed open and the gleeful query put, "Hey, your watch is up, how about eating something." So ended my first "turn at the wheel."

Friday, July 19th.

We anchored yesterday afternoon about five o'clock at Gibson's Landing.

I found out this morning that after passing Mannion's, we had been travelling all day at half speed. Fresh milk, eggs and berries were obtained ashore, and this morning we started up the Gulf for Buccaneer Bay. There was quite a sea rolling in from the south on account of a S. E. wind, which blew last night. I did not feel well. Of course, I was not sea sick, and took my turn at the wheel; but I think I indulged too freely of the fresh eggs and berries this morning. Every time the packet would leap for half her length over the crest of a big

lost remembrance of those berries and cream and began to imbibe a little of the glorious spirit of the occasion, and felt genuine regret when at four p. m. we ran into smooth water, under the lee of Thormanby Islands. At 4:30 we entered Buccaneer Bay, giving its eastern point a wide berth to escape the reef which extends for some distance to the north.

Saturday, July 20th.

I was awakened this morning by the pitter patter of the rain on the cabin top. The high wind from the S. E. of



"Of Course I Was Not Sick."

wave and dive down into the next, I felt as though she were going to keep right on going down, but with a chug and a sough as she hit into it she would give a shrug of her powerful bows and throwing a smother of spray high over her, would leap for the crest of the next wave. The Skip's eyes were glistening with delight, his whole face beamed, and every now and then as we would go through a good one, an exclamation of pure joy would break from his lips. Every one else was apparently enjoying it to the full, and after a time even I

yesterday afternoon and evening, had brought it up, and it is now coming down steadily and persistently. We decided that as we were very snug at this anchorage, and were in no rush, that we would stay where we were to-day.

We all went ashore last evening and visited a number of Vancouver people camping here. This is a beautiful summer camping grounds, and will undoubtedly become very popular. The mate and John P. went out in the dinghy this morning and caught a very fine salmon, which we had for lunch, that is to say,

we had the most of it. The Skip is a good cooker of salmon. John P. worked the gramophone all morning, and we have been entertaining visitors from shore practically all day.

This evening we are to attend a doin's at Mrs. C——'s camp, which promises well. Altogether we did wisely in staying over here to-day. We are all wise. Skip says so, so it must be so. Besides the barometer is going up slowly, which the Skip says means fine weather to-morrow sure.

Sunday, July 21st, 1907.

This morning broke bright and clear. Got under way at seven o'clock. Turning out around the north end of the islands, we head for the distant shores of Vancouver Island. Texada looms up on the north like a great giant basking in the morning sun with Lasqueti, his watch dog sleeping at his feet. A light summer breeze is springing up from the west, turning the pale shimmering waters to a deep deep blue. The boundary line of the blue approaches closer and closer until finally we run into it. For the first time I see the Skip's face show a little dissatisfaction.

"What's up, Skip?" said I.

"Nothing," but I waited in silence knowing that a confession was coming.

"This gasoline wagon is all right, but the old "Swan" for mine."

The "Swan" was a sailing yacht the Skip used to own. Being a landsman I could not understand him altogether, and so attributed his remarks to some happy bygone trip in the "Swan," memories of which were awakened by the present combination of circumstances.

The routine on board is now well established. One of my specific duties is to see that the riding light is properly in place every night.

My turn at the wheel comes on from twelve noon to two. It is very hot. Am steering by compass S. E. Everyone lying around in the shade where available. This is certainly a glorious day. The chug chug of the engine used to bother me at first, but I forget about it now unless my attention is called to it.

Away to the northwest, Sabine Channel opens up between Lasqueti Island

and Texada. Then Ballinac's Islands appear to the westward as we draw nearer to the Vancouver Island shore. Away far inland on the island the hills rise gradually higher and higher, their wooded slopes of darkest green, here and there spotted with a settler's clearing, finally culminating in ragged mountain tops, all simmering in the afternoon sun.

About three o'clock we passed some bare rocky islets on our port side, and could catch glimpses of Nanaimo in the distance. About four o'clock ("eight bells" says Skip) we turned into Nanaimo harbor past Protection Island, with its derricks and heaps of coal and slag, and dropped anchor just south of the steamboat dock in a little bight so perfectly protected as to be secure from any wind that might come up. We all got on shore clothes, which felt very awkward and uncomfortable, and went up town. I think from the way the people stared at us that we looked as awkward as we felt. The Skip treated us to dinner at the hotel, and after looking around the town, came back to the packet and turned in early. Skip says I am the most industrious logger he ever saw. He says I should get in barometer readings. I'll start this to-morrow.

Monday, July 22nd, 1907; bar. 30.12.

Bright and clear. Breeze westerly. Left Nanaimo eight a. m. Headed down Northumberland Channel. Got out charts as the coast pilot warns against false narrows. By watching the south shore very closely, we pick out Dodd's Narrows, a veritable hole in the wall, scarcely 100 feet in width. As the tide was rushing through very fiercely, we decided to wait outside in the main channel for an hour. Finally headed for the place and got through all right. After the first hundred yards it opens up, but the tide currents are extraordinarily strong, and the greatest care must be observed. After passing the DeCourcey Islands on our port side, we passed close by the wreck of a big steel freighter in the mouth of Stuart Channel. The story goes that a Swede captain disdaining the services of a pilot, attempted to bring her out from Chemainus himself, with this unfortunate ending. Passing Portier Pass, we caught a glimpse of the

broad, peaceful Gulf and almost wished we were taking the outside passage, but the unlimited variety, the never ending wonder and delight of the scenery of these islands through which we are now passing, more than compensates for the difference.

At noon we passed the western end of Active Pass, and following the route of the "Princess Victoria," kept right on for Victoria. At four p. m. the "Princess" passed us. We cheered her and got a response.

Tuesday, July 23rd, 1908.

We anchored in Victoria harbor at 7:30 last evening. A number of members of the Victoria Yacht Club came aboard and a very pleasant evening was spent. We are to spend to-day in Victoria.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1907.

Took the packet around to Oak Bay, and anchored there. Had a number of Victoria friends aboard, who enjoyed the little trip.

Thursday, July 25th; Bar. 30.4.

Bright clear morning. Breeze light, westerly. Got under way at seven a. m. (six bells.) Made our course up the centre of Haro Strait. There is a fascination about taking to the open stretches of water that is not present amongst the islands, however attractive they may be.

Rounding Turn Point, we headed east for the Succia Islands, which lie at the foot of the open waters of the Gulf of Georgia, and ran along the International Boundary line for some miles, with old Saturna to the north and San Juan with its covey of little islands nestling around its shores, to the south. As we passed the East Point lighthouse on the extreme southerly point of Saturna, we left behind us the sheltering protection of our home land for at this point we cross the boundary line into Uncle Sam's territory. Leaving Patos Island to the north, we skirted along the northern shores of the Succia's (Skip says, pronounce it Sushia.) Towards the eastern point of these islands, they become much broken up and would make a bad lee shore in a gale. We rounded this east-

ernmost point, giving it a wide berth on account of reefs, and turning to the west ran up into the prettiest little bay I have ever seen. Nothing is too good to say of Echo Bay. It is more like a dream-land than an actual living place. These little islands, in no place more than one hundred feet high, lie in the form of a horseshoe and Echo Bay is formed by the two arms. The islands are well wooded, but with little underbrush, giving them the appearance of a well-kept park. We ran up to the head of the bay, and anchored about two hundred feet from the shore. Having made everything snug, we went ashore, landing on a smooth pebbly beach. A remarkable thing was the absolute cleanliness of the place. The water was clear and sparkling, the pebbles on the beach were brilliant in their whiteness, even the driftwood seemed to be all scoured and cleaned for our reception. There were indications of deer, but as we wandered through the trees and across the neck to the western shore of the islands, we discovered that they were otherwise uninhabited. An old fence and a few old deserted shacks now in a tumbledown condition, indicated, however, that at one time human beings dwelt on the islands, living what must have been an ideal existence.

At ten o'clock to-night I went up on deck to inspect the riding light before turning in. The night was perfectly calm. The moon was full. Away to the eastward, past the entrance of the bay, over the silent stretches of the Gulf and beyond the mystic dark background of the Mainland, ghost-like loomed Mount Baker; his mighty height of snow outlined clear in the moonlight, keeping silent watch over this fairyland of ours, the same now as when he welcomed the first of our race over a century ago, and as he had done for ages past, and as he will continue to do for ages to come. Around about us lay the islands. The clear spots and beaches thrown into relief by the dark shadows of the woods. The little ground swell coming in from the Gulf gently rocked "Mineola," and passing on broke with a ripple on the beach, intensifying the silence of the night. Finally the moon

sank in the west behind the trees, and I went below to turn in. It was two o'clock.

Friday, July 26th, 1907.

I awoke this morning with the smell of fresh bacon and coffee in my nostrils, and heard a big splash overboard. I turned out at once and joined the bunch in a swim three times around the packet. After breakfast, the "engineer" said he had about an hour's work to do on the engine before we could get away, so we had a general cleaning up.

We got away about ten o'clock. Day bright and clear, with light westerly breeze. Our course lay right up the middle of the Gulf somewhat west of north. We were now heading for home. Soon the Succia's began to look far off and East Point lighthouse beaming in the morning sun was soon little more than a white speck. I think I mentioned

before the fascination of getting out in the open. There is nothing else like it. Skip is at the wheel. John P. and the mate are reading, the engineer is looking at that engine as I have seen some children behold a favorite puppy, so I am going to go below and have a sleep.

Saturday, July 27th, 1907.

There is very little more to add to this log. When I woke up yesterday, Point Grey was in sight. We ran into Pilot Cove and spent the night there, and this morning, after getting everything ship shape, came into Vancouver, and here we are at the Club anchorage at the end of what has been to me the most delightful and altogether happy experience I have ever had. The whole crew have voted and require me to put down that this has been the most pleasant trip taken up to date on "Mineola."



The Ruined Cities of Ceylon

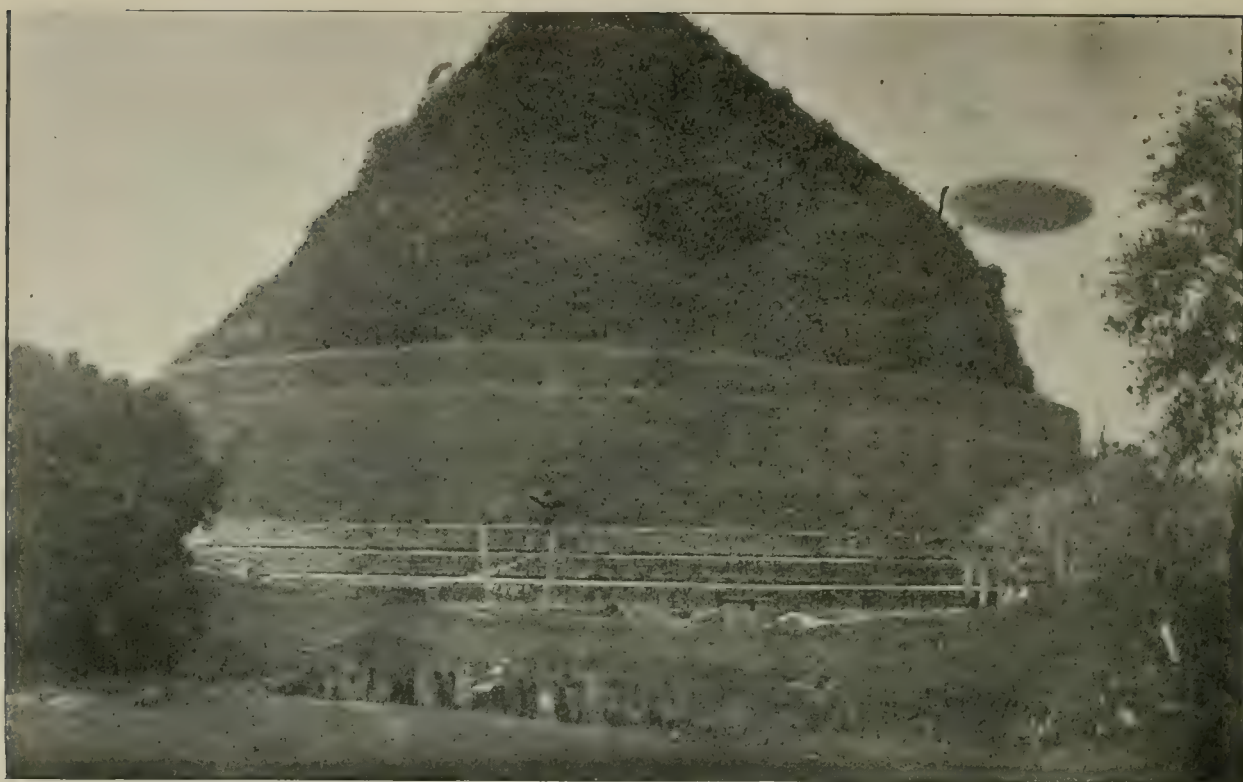
Frank Burnett

ABOUT the middle of the sixth century, before Christ, long before the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon race had commenced to emerge from savagery, there reigned over Vanga in Southern India, a powerful king called Siha Bahu, whose son and heir was Vijaya. This youth, upon attaining manhood became a thorn in his father's side, to such an extent in fact was the recklessness of his conduct and so serious his escapades, that the nation rose in rebellion, and insisted upon Siha Bahu putting him to death. The old king being naturally averse to this, induced Vijaya, with some 500 followers and their families, to leave Vanga upon three ships, on a voyage of conquest to the south. After many vicissitudes and adventures, the narration of which would fill a book, the little armada eventually reached the land of Lanka (Ceylon), where the future conqueror landed with his small army. He found the country occupied by a dark-skinned comparatively civilized people called Yakkas, whom they immediately proceeded to subdue and dispossess, on the plea that as they were demons they consequently were not entitled to exist. In this undertaking Vijaya was only partially successful, and it is very problematical whether he would have obtained a permanent footing if he had not fallen in love with and taken to wife a "demon" bride of the name of Kuveni, a beautiful Yakka lady of high degree. With her assistance and that of her numerous following, he was enabled to capture the capital Sirivattha, kill the king and usurp his position. After bringing the whole of Lakka, under his dominion, he then founded amongst other cities, Anuradhapura, the greatest of them all, and which eventually became the capital in the reign of Pandukabhaya, the third king of Vijaya's dynasty. For the next three hundred years

there was evidently little done in the way of extraordinary building, the chief concern of the rulers being to make the country capable of supporting its ever-increasing population, which they did by the construction of irrigation works on an enormous scale, and which exist to this day. So that if it had not been for the introduction of Buddhism in the third century, B. C., there would probably be no ruins of Anuradhapura at the present time to excite the wonder of visitors.

This religion was introduced into Ceylon during the reign of King Devanampiya Tissa, the beloved of the gods, by Prince Mahinda, a son of one of the most powerful Indian potentates Asoka, who had recently accepted that faith, and like most new converts, considered he had a divine mission to spread its tenets throughout the whole earth. Mahinda at the termination of his aerial flight from Northern India, landed on the rock Mahintale, near Anuradhapura, near where, most opportunely, Tissa was hunting. The king being a spectator of this wonderful miracle, at once adopted Buddhism, which example was followed speedily by the whole of his people. In one instance no less than one hundred thousand of his subjects being converted in a day by Mahinda's preaching.

As a result of this wholesale conversion, a strong, wealthy priesthood was established, whose principal object was apparently to give an impetus to the up-rearing of monuments and temples in connection with Budhistic worship. The king led the way, and all pious persons vied with each other in giving grants to the yellow-robed fraternity for that purpose, with the result that Dagabas and Viharas were erected in profusion. Great stone Budhas were carved out of the solid rock, some of the largest being eighty feet in length, while rock frescoes were executed which to-day fill the



Ruanveli Dagaba, built 200 B.C.

beholder with admiration and wonder. This continued with varying activity for some fifteen hundred years, when the beginning of the end commenced. Luxury, invasions from the mainland, civil wars together with the exactions and continual interference in affairs of state by the all-powerful hierarchy, had sapped the strength of the monarchy to such an extent that it was at its last gasp in A. D. 1164, when Parakrama Bahu the Great ascended the throne. His strong will and indomitable character, however, only delayed the inevitable for a few years. He reconquered the outlying states that had thrown off the Singalese yoke, and extended his dominions to their old-time boundaries, but upon his death, disintegration at once set in and worked so rapidly that within one hundred years the sceptre of sovereignty with all its glory, passed away from the plains, allowing the tropical jungle to resume its sway, which it did so rapidly that in about half a century, Anuradhapura and its sister cities were completely overwhelmed, and their sites had become the haunts of the wild elephant, the panther, and other denizens of the forest, in which state they remained until recently rescued by the colonial government.

In the work of rescue, the government commenced operations at the sacred Bo tree, working in a continual increasing circle, which has at present a diameter of about five miles, and which is estimated to be about one-third of the dimensions of the city when it was at its zenith. This great object of veneration to the whole Budhistic world was propagated from a branch of the original tree under which Gautama Budha did his contemplation prior to acquiring absolute wisdom in Northern India. It was imported by King Tissa in the beginning of the third century, B. C., and around it were erected, the principal Dagabas and temples. In connection with this tree was built the Brazen Palace, so called on account of its having been covered with tiles of that description, and as it stood nine stories high, accommodating nine hundred monks, it must have been a grand object to the beholders on the surrounding plains reflecting from its gorgeous roof the rays of a tropical sun. Though called a palace, it was really a monastery for the convenience of the yellow-robed fraternity in charge of the Bo tree shrine, and was built in the second century, B. C., according to plans brought from heaven by the Devas and presented to the king. It was destroyed

by Cholyan invaders in the 12th century A.D., and all that now remains of the structure are the foundations consisting of sixteen hundred square stone pillars about fifteen feet high, each cut out of the rock in one solid piece.

A short distance north on the sacred way stands the great Dagaba Ruanveli built in the second century, B.C. It is dome-shaped and built of brick throughout with no inner chamber so far as can be ascertained from the ancient writings and is surrounded by a stone-paved square platform upon which originally stood many temples but of which there are now no remains with the exception of four large statues of Buddha and two of figures supposed to be kings. Its revetment wall shows an unbroken circle of elephants placed so as to impress the beholder with the idea that they are supporting the whole structure upon their backs.

This Dagaba is nearly three hundred feet high with foundations of cement some twenty feet deep and was originally coated with stucco and gilded from revetment wall to pinnacle. A casual observer from a distance on account of

its height and its resemblance to a large hill partially covered with forest growth would scarcely suspect that it was entirely artificial and the handiwork of man, erected by a king in the heart of what was ages ago a city extending for miles in all directions but of which not a single complete building is now in existence.

Opposite the eastern porch of Ruanveli are some extensive ruins in the centre of which is a sarcophagus of a king and at the back of this building stands a beautifully sculptured urinal most interesting from the fact that the carving upon it represents the front of a three-stored dwelling so that by this stone one is given a clear idea of the design in which the edifices of that description were constructed.

To the northeast about a mile distant is the smallest but best preserved of all the dagabas known as the Thuparama erected in the early part of the third century, B.C., by Devanampiza Tissa and which is said to contain the collar bone of Budha. It is still covered with its original plaster and therefore conveys a good conception of how the



Ruins of Brazen Palace, built 200 B.C.

larger ones looked in all their glory before covered with forest growth. The pillars of the shrine which surround the dagaba are still in situ—those of the inner circle being twenty-four while the outer ones are fourteen feet high. They

ruins of the Dalada Maligawa, the palace or temple in which was enshrined Budha's tooth in the year A.D. 319. This most valued of all relics has had a most wondrous career. At one time to save it from the hands of sacriligious in-



Statue of Budha, over 2,000 years old.

are very graceful, each consisting of a solid piece of granite, the lower portion being square, the upper octagonal with capitals beautified by various designs of wild animals and lotus buds. Almost adjoining but at a lower level are the

vaders the Monks in charge ground it into powder which they consigned to the ocean. After all danger had passed away and peace again was in the land at the command of the gods every particle was gathered together and returned to the



Thuparama Dagaba, containing Budha's left Collar Bone. Built 300 B.C.

priests of the temple by the denizens of the sea. Out of these by miraculous power was reconstructed the tooth and it now lies safely in the temple at Kandy under the joint custody of the Provincial Governor and the High Priest, where, on stated occasions, it is allowed to be placed on exhibition for the benefit of any doubting Thomas and also to allow the faithful who journey from India, Burmah, Siam, in fact from the whole Eastern world to worship this venerable and precious relic.

Around the Thuparama Dagaba must have been the most thickly populated portion of the city, judging from the number of ruins and remains of residences, kitchens and bathrooms scattered throughout the surrounding park—one bath in particular deserving notice. It is cut out of a solid block of stone, highly ornamental, in fact is really a work of art and is fully larger than two ordinary modern ones.

To the west is Mahinda's tomb, greatly revered, though only a portion of the apostle's remains are interred here, the major part being at Mahintale, where most of his missionary work was carried on and where he died.

To the south stood the Chief Vihara of the Monks attached to different Daga-bas in the vicinity. From its size one can realize the number of priests these huge temples supported. It was erected upon sixty massive stone pillars and was several stories high, surrounded by numerous cells for the use, no doubt, of those of the fraternity inclined to a life of hermitage.

Off a side road from the sacred way almost hidden by jungle is a fine specimen of a Budha some twelve feet in height, all that remains, with the exception of the foundations, of a temple to which it was presented by one of the early Monarchs over two thousand years ago and in which it must have been the principal figure as well as a source of great attraction to the faithful devotees congregated from all parts of the earth. Empires and dynasties have arisen, reached their zenith and passed away during the ages it has been thus seated in solitary grandeur. If it could only speak, what a marvelous story would be unfolded, telling of the busy multitudes that had gathered there—of the throngs of weary pilgrims from far distant countries who had through hardships and

perils by land and sea traveled thousands of miles for the inestimable privilege of being enabled to worship at this venerable shrine, thereby advancing themselves at least one step nearer to the coveted Nirvana, the goal of all devout Buddhists—and without doubt it will still be found sitting there looking forth upon the ruins of this great city with that conventional Budhistic expression, serene and beneficent, signifying perfect rest and peace, when the present foremost and most virile nations of the earth having had their day and fulfilled their mission are numbered with the empires of the past in accordance with the immutable law of nature which history teaches most assuredly applies not only to individuals but also to the different races of mankind.



Jetawanarama Dagaba.

On the road to the greatest of all the Dagabas an alms house is passed in which is seen an enormous boat-shaped trough with which everyone of these buildings was provided. It is about sixty feet in length and three to four feet in breadth and depth, the two sides and bottom being each composed of solid slabs of stone morticed into one another and was used as a receptacle for rice to feed the poor and needy upon feast days. Its size gives a good idea of the multitude that would require to be fed at one time on any of these festive occasions. Further on to the left is the elephant pokuna or bathing pond, so called from its ex-

tensive dimensions. The walls are partly natural rock and partly blocks of stone arranged so as to form flights of steps, thereby enabling the bather to reach the water.

The next great object of interest is the Jetawanarama, the monarch of all the Dagabas, built in the latter part of the third century, A.D., by Maha Sena, as a peace offering to the hierarchy upon the termination of a conflict he had been engaged in with the priesthood for some years in an attempt to curb their growing arrogance and encroachments upon the royal prerogatives, a conflict in which neither side emerged victorious, it having terminated in a practical drawn battle succeeded by a truce. The Dagaba is 307 feet high with its spire intact, is composed of twenty million cubic feet of brickwork and it has been estimated that its construction would entail the labour of five hundred bricklayers working ten hours a day for seven years, the material being sufficient to build a wall ten feet by one foot from London to Edinburgh. The square-shaped paved court is reached by broad flights of steps and all around are scattered innumerable ruins of temples, palaces and viharas. At the foot of the steps leading to all temples is laid a moonstone sculptured in one conventional style, the ornamentation usually consisting of four concentric bands, the outer one being of a foliage pattern, the second elephants, lions and other wild animals, the third more foliage and the inner one a row of geese bearing lotus buds. Now as the goose is distinctively symbolical of Brahma it is evident that, as has been the case with all supplanting religions, Buddhism was not accepted by the masses in the pure form in which it emanated from the Master, that the Buddhist missionaries in order to obtain the adhesion of the people to the new faith were obliged to graft upon it many of the dogmas, ceremonies and rites of Brahminism, whose place it occupied, so that the ethical principles enunciated by Budha were never really taught in their purity in Ceylon but were from the date of their introduction contaminated by Brahminical paganism and that therefore Buddhism in

that island has always been a system of modified idolatry.

The limited scope of a magazine article necessarily only allows a very meagre description of the principal objects of interest in this wonderful city, the buildings in which were almost entirely of massive stone construction, necessitating the transport of the material from the mountains seventy-five to one hundred miles distant. So great indeed were the dimensions of some of the blocks that the native of today with his unsophisticated mind can only account for their

transport by assuming that "there were giants upon the earth in those days," while the fact is that if man had not succeeded in domesticating the wild elephant the probabilities are that Anuradhapura with its miles of ruins of temples, palaces and viharas, its great dagabas, sculptured Budhas and forests of graceful stone pillars would not be in existence today to excite the admiration of those who are privileged to visit it. I propose to describe Sigiriya and Mahintale in another article. They are unique ruins, differing altogether from Anuradhapura.

Ashes of Roses

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

A sunbeam kissed her pale proud lips,
'Wakening the rose with a start,
'Till from the 'midst of a silv'ry disc,
She bared her golden heart.
But the sun had smiled on many blooms,
So, soon he passed her by—
Hiding his face in the gorgeous glow
Of a red and gold flecked sky,
Then came night with her jewelled crown,
To where the white rose grew,
While the bent moon like a phantom ship
Sailed through a sea of blue.
But the rose turned pale in the ghostly light,
And silently drooped her head,
And only the stars and the whispering wind,
Heard what the fair bloom said.
But dawn, when she opened her lattice wide,
To waft to the earth a kiss,
Mused to herself, while a lark soared high,
"There is one sweet flower I miss."
She smiled on her stem but yestermorn,
Where the tangled woodbine grows,
A fragrant, pale, and dainty bloom,
My dew-pearled, sparkling rose!
Then, a wandering breeze, met blushing dawn,
And ere the two had parted,
He told of the fate of the pale proud rose,
That the sun left, broken-hearted.
So dawn crept soft through the garden old,
And there 'midst the petals shed
She found a drift of snow-white leaves,
But the rose, alas—was dead!



A Metropolis in the Making.

Elliott S. Rowe

IN the twenty odd years of its life, the City of Vancouver has covered the distance between a rude frontier hamlet and a substantial modern city. In 1886, the date of its incorporation, its population was 1,000, while today, according to the publishers of the local directory, there are 85,000 people living within its bounds. Five thousand names have been added to the directory lists within the year, representing, approximately, an increase of 15,000 in the population.

In 1887 the total assessable property in the city was valued at \$2,639,000, of which amount \$182,235 was accredited to improvements. In 1907 the figures opposite these two items were respectively, \$54,727,810 and \$16,381,475.

During these twenty years Vancouver has installed a waterworks plant, having ninety-three miles of mains and capable of delivering twenty million gallons of water every twenty-four hours, which has cost it \$1,958,000. It has built two hundred and thirty miles of streets and seventy-three miles of sewers, costing respectively \$1,399,668, and \$674,222. Sidewalks of which sixty-six miles are cement, have been laid at a cost of \$354,919, and fire halls and equipment represent an expenditure of \$304,541.

Vancouver boasted one school in 1886, worth probably \$1,000, in which there were two teachers engaged. Today its seventeen school buildings with one hundred and fifty-five rooms, accommodating seven thousand, six hundred and eight pupils and one hundred and fifty-nine teachers, together with equipment, are valued at \$1,093,158. The school salary bill amounts to over twelve thousand dollars per month, while another couple of thousand per month is spent upon the property, in maintenance and repairs.

These figures are typical. There has been a similar ratio of increase in all matters pertaining to the city, with the notable exception of "arrears of taxes" which amounted to ninety-five thousand dollars less in 1907 than in 1887, although the total amount levied in the year first mentioned was nearly seven hundred thousand dollars more than in the latter.

Thus we have foundations sufficient for a civic superstructure of metropolitan proportions, and there is every reason to believe that the future will fully justify the optimism expressed in foundations so broad and so substantial. At all events, there is no present sign of weakening of faith in Vancouver, on the part of its citizens or of outside inves-

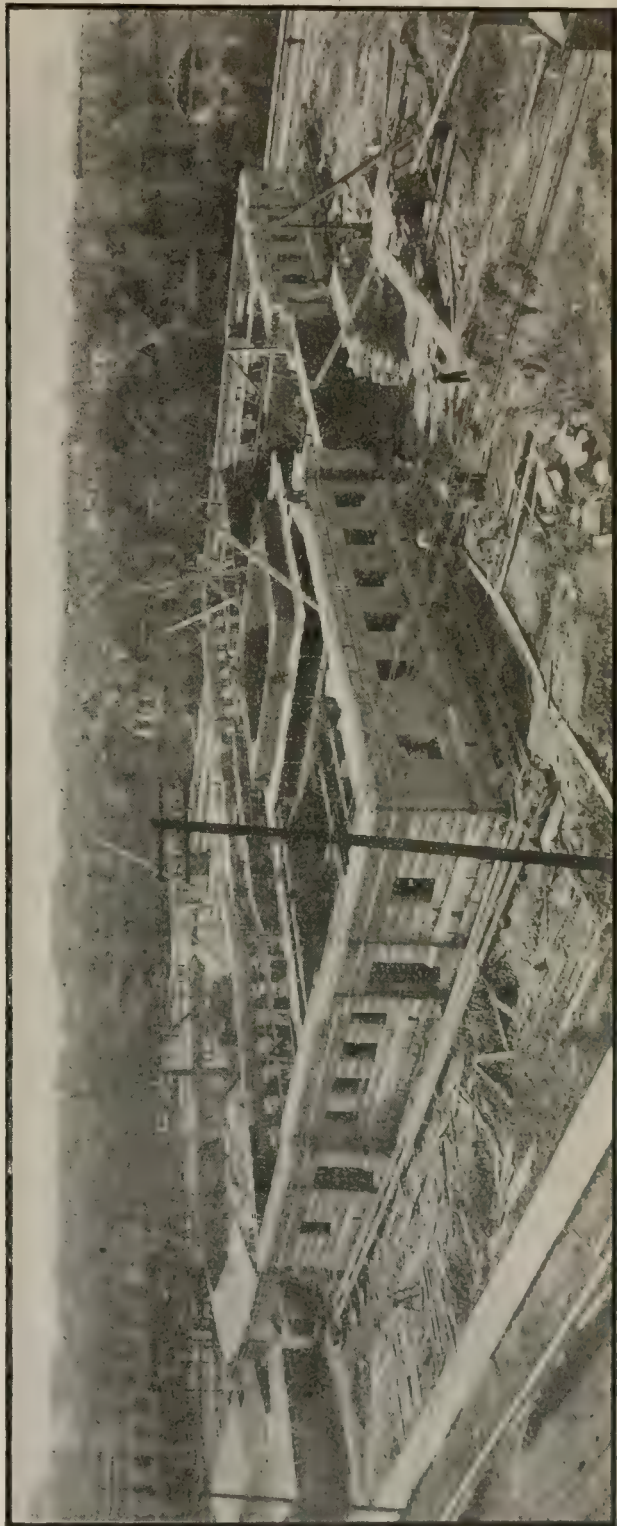
tors. Despite the prevailing financial conditions, there is no falling off in the number or the magnitude of new enterprises whose success depends upon the continued prosperity and advancement of the city. During the month of April last a new record was made in several features of progress. Building permits issued in that month were greater in number and three hundred and fifty thousand dollars greater in value than those taken out in any previous month in the history of the city. Land registry office returns in number of applications and in fees collected were also in advance of any previous month. Buildings now under construction exceed in number and in estimated cost those undertaken at any one time in the past, while construction will shortly begin on business blocks which in dimensions and cost will be in a class of which there have not been up to the present any specimens in this city.

In short, investors are proceeding upon the assumption that Vancouver will rank among the first cities on the continent and will shortly be recognized as one among the great shipping and industrial centres of the world.

And it is to be noted that among these investors are financial institutions, proverbially critical and conservative, whose course is not in any degree affected by optimism born of local civic pride, but is directed wholly by cold-blooded and impartial estimate of the circumstances affecting their investments. Banks, insurance and loan companies having interests in all parts of Canada, are erecting buildings in Vancouver not inferior to those occupied by their head offices in eastern centers, while both the Dominion and Provincial governments are indicating their appreciation of the needs of their several local departments by housing them in buildings that would be out of place in any other than a city of the first class.

For instance the Canadian Bank of Commerce is constructing a building of steel and granite, fit to grace the main business corner of any city in the world, while the Bank of Montreal has just expended fifty thousand dollars upon extensions of its one hundred thousand dol-

lar property, and the Bank of British North America has begun the erection of a fifty-five thousand dollar addition to its already impressive and substantial structure. The Dominion Govern-



New Court House.

ment is spending half a million dollars on a new Post Office, an addition to which is already contemplated, and the Provincial Government is putting three-quarters of a million into a Court House that will be the finest building devoted

exclusively to the purpose in Canada. A firm of shrewd and successful retailers are putting up a store which will have eight floors, each seventy-eight by two hundred and sixty feet, and a ninth floor of half that size, while at least half a dozen wholesalers have recently provided themselves with warehouses that for size and convenience are possibly without equals in the Dominion.

These institutions and firms (and they are but a few of the many who indicate a similar opinion) believe, evidently, that Vancouver has but laid its foundations, and that, phenomenal as has been the record of the past twenty years, the immediate future will witness still more remarkable achievement. According to

the shrewd investor of wide experience and the student of world industry and commerce agree in the view that Vancouver is destined to be one of the most conspicuous figures among the great manufacturing centres and trading ports of the world.

And indeed it does not require special knowledge to justify one in reaching such a conclusion. If a list were prepared of the factors necessary to the making of one of the world's greatest seaports and that list were compared with the inventory of Vancouver's natural advantages the two would be found to be remarkably alike.

For a city to be situated on an ideal natural harbor on one of the main thor-



Nine Story Department Store.



The New Post Office.

them, Vancouver is not an accident or the product of ephemeral conditions. On the contrary it is a resultant of the beginning of the development of a country the measure of whose natural wealth and the value of whose geographical and political relations are beyond present human computation. The mystery of its rapid development is explained and all doubt as to its future is dispelled by an examination of the conditions affecting it.

The men best informed as to the measure and the value of the resources tributary to the city are the most optimistic. Farming, mining, fishing and timber experts, familiar with the conditions;

oughfares of the world's traffic, and thus directly connected with every other point on that thoroughfare and its innumerable branches; to be the centre of what is probably the richest undeveloped section on the face of the Globe, and to have attained in a few years such importance as to make it inevitably an objective point of every railway crossing the North American continent and a port of call of every steamship line plying in the waters of the North Pacific, is for that city to enjoy a combination of favourable circumstances the value and ultimate effect of which upon its destiny it would be impossible to overestimate.

In short, given Burrard Inlet and its environs, Canada, with the British race in possession of it and a mighty city on

the shores of the former is as inevitable as the flow of the waters of the Fraser to the Sea.



A New Theatre.

The "Hub" of Vancouver Island.

C. A. Sutherland.

EVENTS are not wanting to prove that Vancouver Island, the "Gem of the Pacific," is about to come into her own.

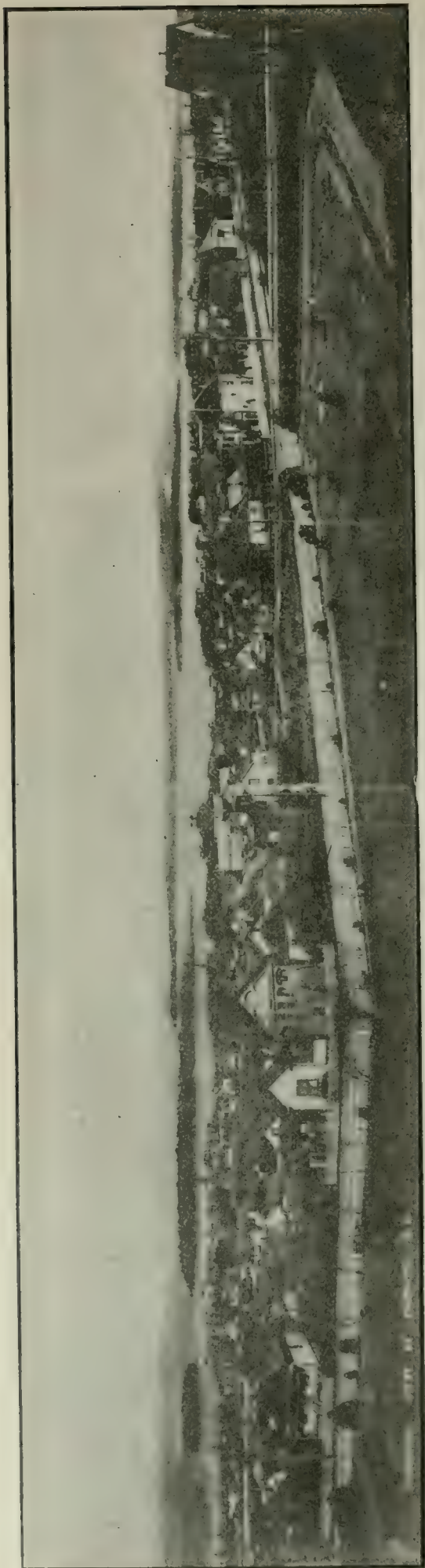
The general attention that is being paid to this, one of the richest parts of British Columbia, the press comments, the number of new settlers that are coming to the Island, the land that is being taken up, the big corporations that are commencing to place their money here, the building of a trans-Island railway and the surveying of branch lines in other parts of the Island, the land clearing in operation and contemplated by the C. P. Railway Company, the opening up of timber limits, the erection of big saw-mills, the growth of Victoria, Nanaimo, Alberni, and other island centres, the great increase of travel to all parts of the Island, the gradually increasing exo-

dus of people from the prairie sections to take up residence in its smiling valleys, the rush of tourist travel, the renewed activity throughout the whole Island, all these and many more signs bear out this assertion.

With general agricultural and specially adopted fruit lands, with forest and mineral resources of untold wealth, with the most extensive fisheries of the Pacific, with the finest climate in all Canada, a land where roses bloom almost the year round, with the hundreds of miles of unexplored land, what part of Canada offers more inducement to the ambitious Canadian than Vancouver Island?

In speaking of Vancouver Island it is important to remember one thing—that Nanaimo is the gateway to the Island.

Nanaimo might be termed the "Hub



of the Island" for, to quote another axiom, "all roads on Vancouver Island lead to Nanaimo."

Nanaimo is the most centrally situated point on the Island. It is connected with Victoria by rail; when present railway extensions now under construction are completed, it will have railway connections with Alberni on the West Coast, and Cumberland to the North. The C. P. R. has paid a tribute to its strategic situation by placing the ferry slip, which is to connect the Island with the Mainland when the Trans-Island railway is built, at Nanaimo. The same company now has steamers running connecting Nanaimo with all important points on the Island and the Mainland. Nanaimo is nearer to the Mainland than any other part of the Island is, and has daily steamer connection with the city of Vancouver by the Steamer "Joan," which makes the run in three hours. Commencing June 1st Nanaimo will have a daily double train service with the city of Victoria. A daily single train service with a double train service two days a week has been in effect for some years. A tri-weekly mail service by stage from Nanaimo carries mail and passengers from Nanaimo to Alberni and intermediate points. Every trunk road on the Island leads to Nanaimo.

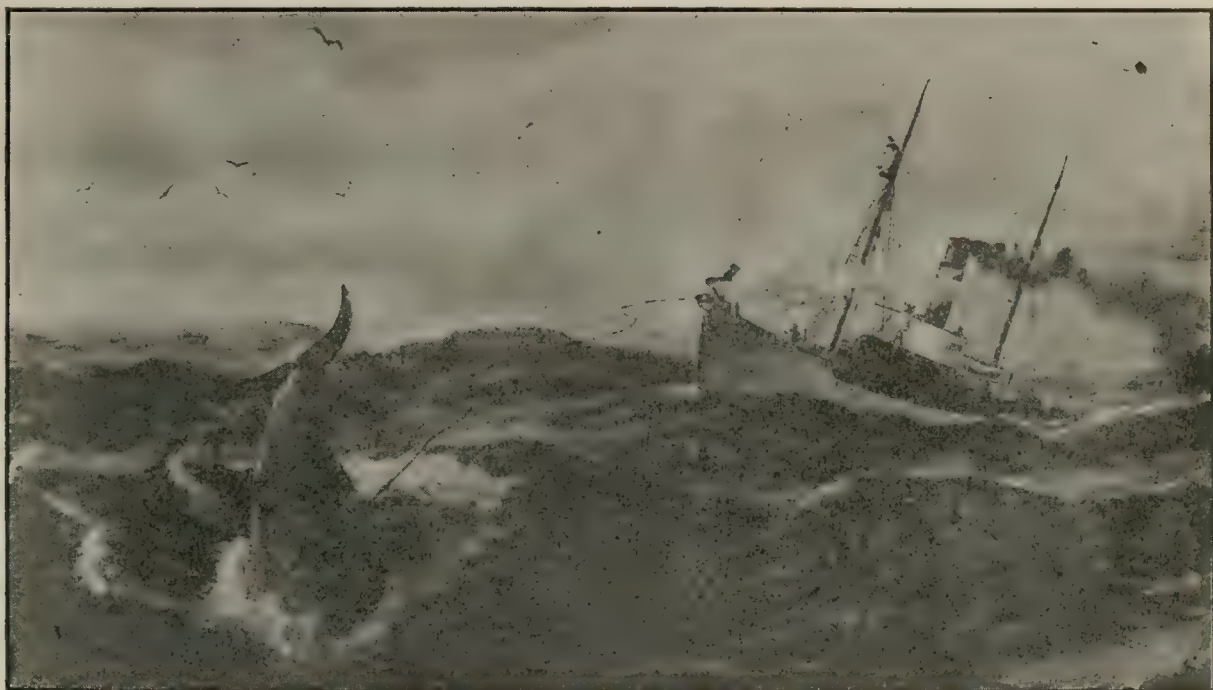
These facts prove Nanaimo to be the central distributing point of Vancouver Island. With the completion of all the railway extensions, the subsequent settlement of thousands of acres of choice land all over the Island, and the progress of industrial operations of all kinds, the volume of business at Nanaimo will thus be doubled and trebled, in fact the greater the development of the Island, the greater the development of Nanaimo.

Nanaimo itself is a charming old fashioned city of some 8,000 inhabitants, nestling around one of the prettiest harbours on the Pacific Coast. Settled in 1852, being one of the oldest towns in British Columbia, when her main streets as now, followed the deer trail of the virgin forests, the city still has a suggestion of the Arcadian touch to justify the adjective used, "old fashioned." Differing from other cities of "the Last West," the city is not glaringly and start-

lingly new. It has all the quaintness of an old New England seaport, and yet it teems with the hustle and bustle that denotes the activities of a Western Town.

The city is famous as the location of the largest coal mines on the Pacific Coast, and yet one could live in the place for years and unless he was told there were coal mines underneath, he would never know it. There is no suggestion of the usual earmarks that go with a coal mining town, no coal dust, no unsightly "works," no untidy reminders of the great industry that flour-

run on the Pacific Coast. For several months in the year the harbor fairly teems with herring, at times the run being so remarkable that the herring pile up on the beach several feet deep. The fish are so thick on occasions that they actually smother themselves and float to the surface. Many herring fishermen operate here during the season, and the industry, which is as yet only in its infancy, is becoming quite an important one. Last season, while figures are not yet complete, it is estimated that over \$200,000 of herring were caught in the



Whaling in the Gulf near Nanaimo, B.C.

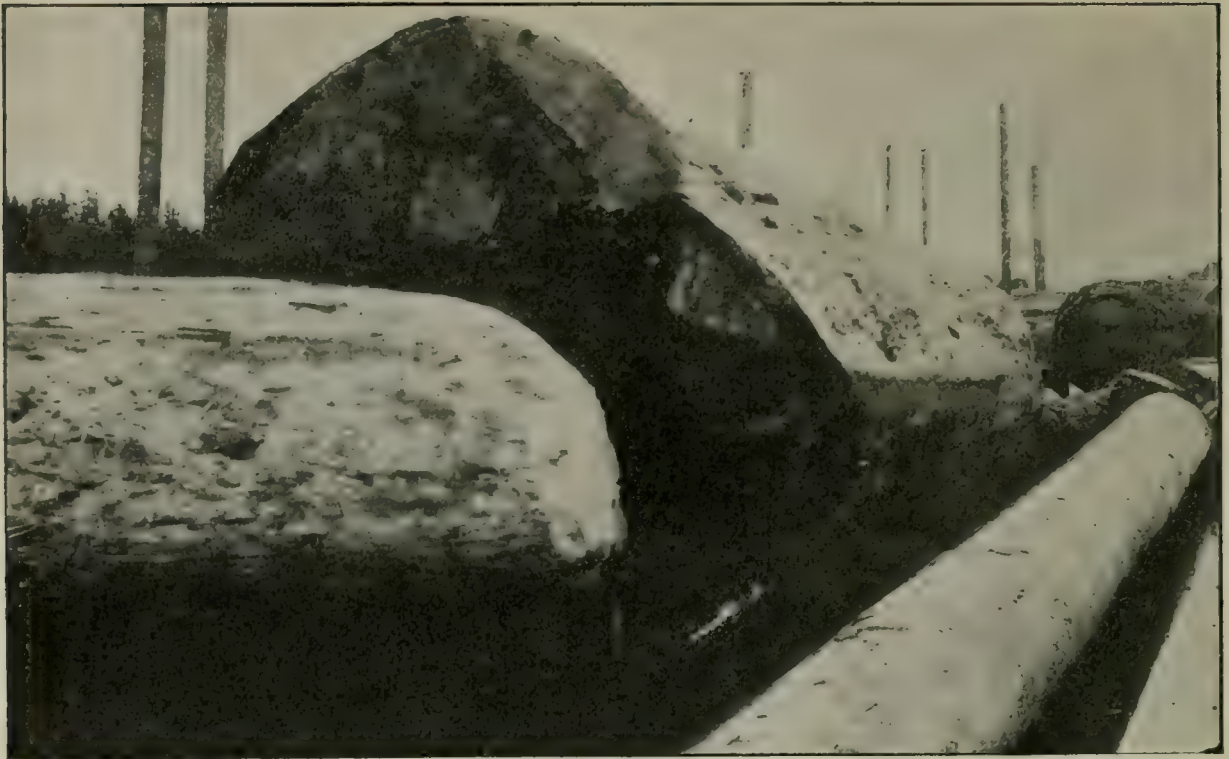
ishes in the city. The mines are beneath the city, and run out under the harbour. The coal travels direct from the mines up to the top at the water's edge, where it is loaded into steamers from all over the world that coal here, or is dumped into the yawning hatches of big colliers on the regular run between Nanaimo and San Francisco, which latter city derives its coal supply principally from the "Coal City" of British Columbia.

Another industry boasted of by the City besides its lumbering industry, its big brewery, the largest and best equipped in British Columbia, its foundries and other minor industries, is its herring industry. Nanaimo harbor is yearly the scene of the most remarkable herring

harbor; these figures do not include salmon, cod, halibut, crab, clams, etc., all of which are quite plentiful.

Three miles from the city is situated the Whaling Station—whales being quite numerous in the Gulf. The station which has recently been erected at a considerable expense, has already been operated with much success to its owners, the Pacific Whaling Company.

The surroundings of Nanaimo are particularly pleasing. No place in British Columbia is more charmingly situated from a scenic standpoint. Backed up by Mount Benson, and nestling around its beautiful harbor, a procession of green isles guarding the outer approach, and with an outlook on the broad waters of the Gulf of Georgia, across to the

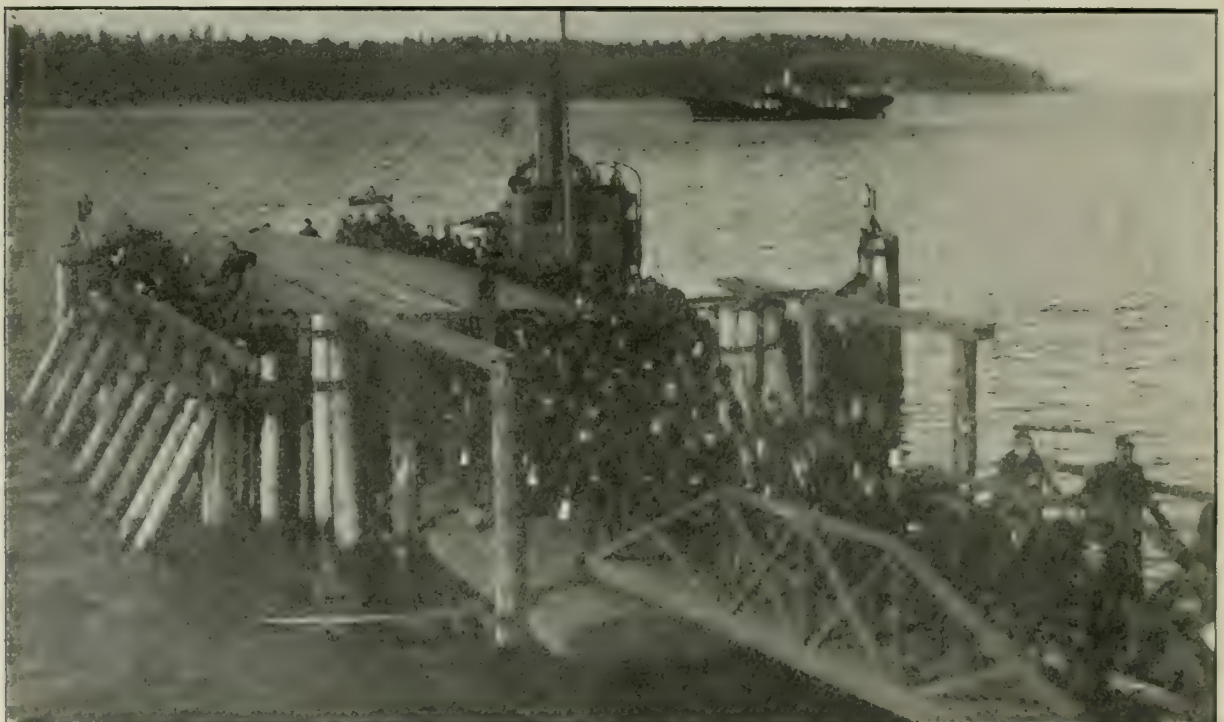


A Nanaimo Log—6 ft. 10 in.

blue capped mountains on the mainland, the scenic beauties of the place are simply indescribable. With this, take the many hundreds of pretty little homes, with rose-covered lawns (for rose culture is one of the fads of the people) and add the ideal climate of the perfect both summer and winter resort variety,

with a rainfall about one-half per annum what it is on the mainland, and you have a most desirable residential city.

No mention of Nanaimo would be complete without reference to the district round about it. On the outskirts of the City are what is known as the Five-Acre Homesteads, well laid out,

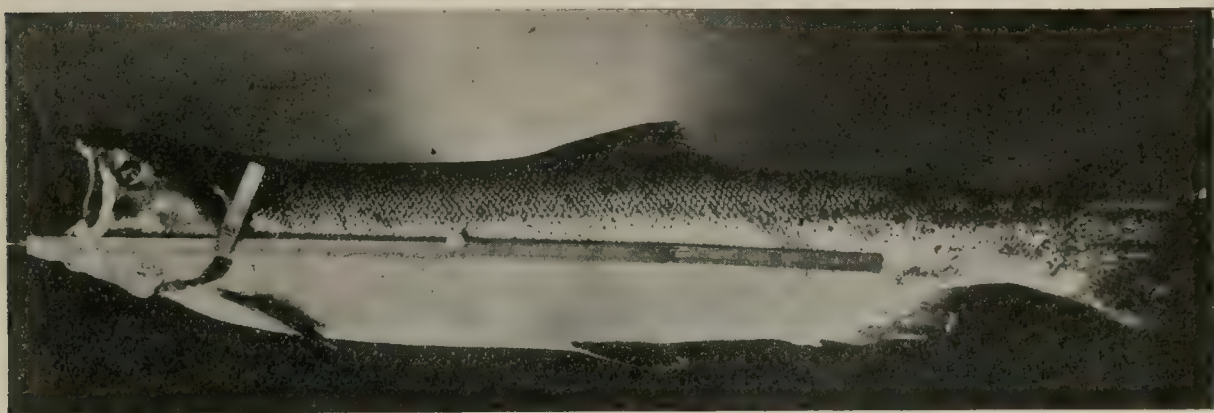


Returning from Work—Miners' Ferry between Nanaimo and Protection Island.

tracts of five and ten-acre lots originally taken up by miners. So productive is the Island soil that many of those who took up these tracts of land have now retired from the mines and are making a comfortable competency from the cultivation of these plots alone. The district contains much acreage yet uncultivated. As this land is remarkably fertile and as the experts say, equally well adapted for fruit growing or mixed farming, a big influx of settlers is expected in the next few years, in fact it may be already said to be started. Farmers from the Northwest who have made their "pile"

and who wish to keep but a small acreage under cultivation, and at the same time reap a splendid remuneration, find this land to their liking. It is such settlers as these that Nanaimo, and in fact the whole of Vancouver Island is expecting to come here in numbers in the next few years.

One might say much more about the charming city of Nanaimo, and the beautiful district surrounding it, did space permit. I hope I have said enough to interest you to the point of paying a visit to this "Hub of the Island."



10-lb. Trout—34 in. Long, Caught in the Millstream, Nanaimo, B. C.

The Royal City.

E. H. Sands.

NEW WESTMINSTER, the Industrial City of British Columbia, occupies the same important position in this Province that Montreal occupies in relation to Eastern Canada, Liverpool to the West coast of England and Minneapolis to the shipping of the Mississippi.

Situated on the banks of the mighty Fraser River, close to its mouth, it is the only fresh water harbor on the British Pacific, and is therefore a port of no small importance. It is also the centre of the agricultural, fishing and lumber-

ing industries of the noted Fraser Valley and lower mainland of British Columbia.

Recognizing its importance as a port, the Dominion Government has recently adopted the plans of J. Francis Le Baron, an eminent engineer, for straightening and permanently deepening the main channel of the river, involving an expenditure of over a million dollars.

Today ocean vessels of all sizes and capacity navigate the river as far as the City of New Westminster, in front



On the Waterfront.

of which there is ample and safe anchorage for 60 or 100 such craft.

An idea of the city's industrial importance today may be gathered from the fact that among its mills is the plant of the Fraser River Saw-mill Co., Ltd., which is now being remodeled and when complete will be the second largest saw-mill in the world in active operation. New Westminster is the meeting point

of two great trains—continental railway systems—the C.P.R. and the Great Northern Railway. A network of inter-urban electric railways, will within a month or two converge in this city, giving it direct communication with Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale, Langley, Abbotsford, Chilliwack and other important agricultural districts in addition



A Salmon Cannery.

to its present connection with Vancouver.

The construction of the V. V. & E. railway, now approaching completion, will also make the vast territory, to be tapped by this system, a feeder to New Westminster's trade and commerce. This important railway connection has naturally made New Westminster a centre of railway activity, and the only car-building shops located in the West have been established in this city.

Iron works, pipe works, tanneries, fish and fruit canneries, creameries, can factories, ship-building yards, mills, sash and door factories, the B. C. Distillery and many other industries, including a dozen lumber and shingle mills are established in the city. Lumbering being the backbone occupied by New Westminster as the centre of logging and lumbering for the Fraser Valley is an important one, but its industrial importance does not rest upon this trade alone. It is also the centre of the fishing industry, the Fraser River being the most renowned salmon river on the Pacific coast, while the waters of the Province of British Columbia held second place in the Dominion for the value of their fish, Nova Scotia alone exceeding British Columbia in the revenue derived from this source. Salmon catches valued at from \$4,000,000 to \$8,000,000, and halibut at \$2,000,000, crabs, oolichans, and other fish in lesser proportion, are annually recorded by the Dominion statistics as the harvest of British Columbia's rivers and deep sea fishing grounds. Half this product is caught and handled on the Fraser River, and shipped from New Westminster for Eastern and Foreign consumption in the shape of frozen, canned, salted, smoked and pickled fish; carloads leaving the city for the eastern markets weekly throughout the year.

New Westminster's position as an agricultural centre may be gathered from the fact that it is the only city in British Columbia that has continuously and successfully conducted a farmer's market for any number of years. The farmer's market and the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition are two features connected with agriculture that the other cities of the Province, so far, conceded to New

Westminster as its natural right. Surrounded by the fertile valleys and prolific fruit lands of the Fraser Valley, New Westminster has always been looked upon as the centre of the agricultural industry of British Columbia's lower mainland. By a system of steamship, electric car and railway communication, roads and telephones, it has kept itself in close touch and connection with the main agricultural producing sections of the district, and the interests of stock raising, dairying and horticulture have always been aided and fostered by its business men and citizens.

While lumbering may today be the backbone of the Province, it is a backbone that is of less permanent strength than agriculture. The resources of the forest, mine and fisheries, are all liable to be worked out in the course of time; timber limits will become but barren wastes; placer grounds but unproductive sand dunes, clay deposits are worked out, but trees planted and ground tilled will always, year in and year out, return their harvest of fruit, and root. So far this harvest has won for British Columbia awards such as the gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Show in England, this prize being practically the "Blue Ribbon" award for the fruit growers of the British Empire. In addition to this, twelve individual British Columbia fruit growers received silver and bronze medals at the Royal Horticultural Show for their exhibits, this province thus leading the Empire and all the other provinces in the Dominion as a fruit growing centre, Nova Scotia and Ontario coming second and third respectively.

As the centre of the most important agricultural district in British Columbia the success attained by British Columbia fruit and agricultural products is a matter of no mean interest and importance to present and prospective settlers in this district as indicating the possibilities of the soil, the suitability of the climate and the results that may be achieved by horticulturists taking up and farming land in this section. Another important feature to be considered in this respect is the market for these products. The last available statistics show that the



A View of New Westminster.

output of B. C. orchards, ranches and farms aggregated \$7,500,000 last year, but during the same period \$4,075,000 worth of agricultural foodstuffs were imported to supply the local demands. These importations included over one million dollars' worth of meats and poultry, one and a half million dollars' worth of dairy products—butter, milk and cheese—\$572,000 worth of fruits and vegetables, \$248,000 worth of canned fruits, \$148,000 worth of hay and many other articles that might and should be produced within this Province. These figures demonstrate that there is room, indeed that there is an absolute need, for men who will take up the unoccupied lands and go in for mixed farming, poultry raising and butter-making, etc. They prove that there is sufficient demand for these products to afford profitable employment and furnish comfortable homes and livelihood to a large number of people.

The Dairying industry is an important one in the New Westminster district, in which several creameries are established in addition to those operating in the city itself. The total production of the British Columbia creameries last year was 2,051,304 pounds and the total quantity of creamery butter imported from other provinces and from foreign countries was 4,317,000 pounds or more than double the local production, when

the value of cheese imported is added to this, it will easily be seen that the New Westminster district, with its fertile valleys and grazing lands, offers inducements to dairymen unequalled by any other section of British Columbia or by any other country.

Regarding the price farm products realize on the local markets, the amount imported speaks for itself. If it pays the Northwest creameries, the Ontario apple growers and the American bacon producer to pay the heavy freight rates and duty imposed upon imported foodstuffs in order to sell to the B. C. consumer, there must be a large profit awaiting the local producer of these commodities. A few examples of the ruling prices on the New Westminster market during the past winter may not, however, be out of place. Potatoes have fetched \$18 and \$20.00 per ton for the last six months; hay \$20.00 to \$25.00 per ton; wheat 2c per lb. Eggs have never fallen below 25c per dozen and in the winter fetched 60c to 80c. Wages to farm labourers average \$35.00 per month with board, while wages in and around the city average \$18.00 per week.

The price of agricultural lands in the Fraser Valley ranges from \$30.00 to \$100.00 per acre for unimproved lands, while improved lands range from \$75.00 to \$300.00 per acre.

While New Westminster City pos-

sesses the advantages of being the centre of the agricultural, fishing and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, it also occupies an important position as the seat of administration for the Province as regards the Dominion Government, whose Public Works, Land, Timber and Fisheries agencies are established here. The Provincial Government Agent and agency offices for the district, embracing the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster, and the fourteen municipalities of the Lower Mainland, are located in this city.

As the ecclesiastical capital of the Mainland, New Westminster is the titular See of both the Anglican and Roman Catholic Bishops, who have their cathedrals and official residences here. It is, as well, the educational headquarters of

the Methodist Church in the West, this denomination having established the Columbian College in the City.

The city also boasts of fourteen churches, twelve hotels, four banks, three hospitals, public, graded and high schools, 2 colleges and a public library; its own electric light plant and water system, two papers published and five delivered daily.

The assessed value of its reality is estimated at \$5,500,000, not including \$1,000,000 of Dominion and Provincial Government property that is exempt from taxation. As a city and port New Westminster is making steady growth and bids fair to give its sister cities in the Province a strenuous time in the race for commercial supremacy on the Pacific coast.

“See Canada First.”

J. S. Bell.

THE man who writes about the material resources of a place has the advantage, for he can tell how many bushels of wheat he can raise to the acre, he can tell about the size, quality and variety of fruits, and how much per ton the gold and silver ores will produce; but no one can estimate the value of a mountain view, nor assay the amount of gold and silver in a Lillooet sunset. The artist has colours that can give some idea of the harlequin-hued rocks that defy the reproductive powers of the most skilful word-painter, but no one can behold the beauties of Lillooet, be he poet, painter, or the more prosaic man of business, without a desire to impart to others, less fortunate than himself, some of the pleasures he has enjoyed in this home of the picturesque and the beautiful.

History, tradition, and fashion, have cast their spell over the hills of Switzerland, and the Alps have become the syn-

onym for grandeur. Cast the glamour of romance over the snow-clad mountains of Lillooet; twine the tendrils of tradition around the brow of our highest peaks, and the variety and grandeur of our own home mountains must command the admiration of all who behold them, and enforce the concession that even though the scenery be British Columbian, it equals in all cases, and excels in many that of much-lauded Europe. It is too much the custom for our wealthy citizens to visit Europe for the grand and the beautiful in nature, ignoring the fact that our own country contains scenery unexcelled in these respects by any other country in the world.

Lillooet has an altitude of 862 feet above sea level. The town is located in one of the most romantic spots in British Columbia. It is practically surrounded with mountains. The protection of mountains and highlands serves to control the snowfall and rainfall. In sum-



Lillooet.

mer, proximity to the mountains gives refreshing breezes and cool evenings and nights. The air is dry, light and pure, and is so highly charged with ozone that every breath carries new life to the lungs. In the winter, because of the southward slope, the sun shines down on the sheltered town for hours, giving beautifully warm days.

The winter air has a bracing quality that puts fresh vigour into body and mind. For pulmonary patients the climate of Lillooet is without an equal in the Province. The clear, dry air and absence of moisture makes as much difference between real and sensible cold, as in the summer between real and sensible

warmth. A wilted collar is unknown in the warmest weather, and we never shiver in winter.

The water supply comes from the melting snows and everliving springs on the crest of our highest mountains, and is pure, clear and sparkling. The soil is a porous, gravelly loam, into which the water sinks with astounding rapidity. History has made Lillooet famous, and this lasting landmark which was the goal of the adventurous prospectors of '59, is destined to become the most famous health resort of British Columbia. The tourist in search of pleasure, no less than the health-seeker, will here find a most inviting resting place.



The Inland Capital.

Dr. M. S. Wade.

"Through narrow things to great." So the words run,
Carved in rude letters 'bove an antique door;
And as I scanned the legend o'er and o'er,
Busy imagination had begun
To muse what truth could from the scroll be won.
This first: Oft through the dark and grim defile,
We reach the open where rich cornfields smile,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the mellow sun.
Thus, oft through Duty's uninviting gate
We enter on a broad and rich domain."

—"Songs in the Twilight," Charles D. Bell.

IT was indeed "through narrow things to great" that this Great Last West came to be the land of promise and fulfilment. Through the "narrow things" of the Fur Traders, whose sole idea was the stacking up of furs and pelts, the fair valleys of the British Columbia of today are passing through a great transformation. A century ago Simon Fraser made the first journey down the mighty father of the waters of the west that bears his name, to the sea coast. A century ago the Island of Vancouver was known to but a few adventurous ship masters. A century ago no white man save Fraser had looked upon the quarter where the waters of the great stream that drains the greater Interior pay their tribute to the Pacific ocean. A century ago no white man had beheld Kamloops, and the very name was only spoken by the Indians who had so termed the meeting of the waters of the North and South Thompson rivers.

Then came the Fur Traders and in course of time a small parcel of land around the trading post was tilled. The small parcel grew into fields and the traders were followed by the early settlers who took what land seemed good to them and became tillers of the soil and raisers of cattle and horses. Thus the settlement grew, first into a village,

then a town and now a city, surrounded by hundreds of farms and ranches.

"where rich cornfields smile,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the mellow sun."

Thus, "through narrow things to great"
"We enter on a broad and rich domain."

The district of Kamloops is indeed "a broad and rich domain," and we are yet merely beginning to realise it. For many decades the opinion prevailed that the bunch grass slopes and arid valleys of the Dry Belt were intended by Providence for grazing grounds for bands of horses and herds of cattle. Time brings about many changes and it has brought to pass a new phase in the Kamloops district. Dry as is the soil, devoid of humidity as is the bracing atmosphere, the long continuance of sunshine and the placing of water on the land by irrigation have proved, to even the most sceptical of doubting Thomases, that the Thompson Valley can grow something more than beef.

Within the past few years several large areas of land have been subdivided into small holdings for fruit growing and many thousands of peach, apple, apricot, pear and other fruit trees and thousands of grape vines have been set out. Not as an experiment, however,

has this been done. The experimental stage was passed a quarter of a century ago. There are within easy reach of Kamloops half a dozen old orchards where the possibilities of the district with respect to fruit growing were long ago demonstrated, as witness the orchard on the ranch of W. J. Roper, at Cherry Creek; at the Carney and Fortune ranches at Tranquille; at the old Duck & Pringle (Senator Bostock's) ranch at Ducks, and, much nearer home, at the orchard on the grounds of the Provincial Home. Juicy apples, aromatic pears, luscious peaches, succulent grapes, all grown year after year in profusion, together with melons, tomatoes, corn, and the many other products of the soil requiring the climatic conditions found in Southern Europe for successful raising in the open air. What was years ago done in these few isolated examples is now being done by hundreds of enterprising settlers. Already the hitherto barren areas adjacent to the city are taking on a new aspect, and in a few years, as the trees grow to greater maturity, the vista will be one long stretch of orchard lands, "The mart of merchants from the East and West."

Irrigation is essential in the lands in the more immediate neighbourhood of Kamloops, although at Notch Hill, Salmon Arm and other points on Shuswap lake, to the East, the natural rainfall supplies sufficient moisture. Yet the fruit grown in the irrigation zone is without a peer. The grower has the crop well under control. When water is needed he has but to apply it; when moisture is not desired, he can withhold it. And the yield: "My first fruit pays better than my cattle," said Mr. Carney of Tranquille, and he is a stock raiser of many years' experience. Twenty-five tons per acre of tomatoes, field culture, is the average yield; some obtain more, few less.

The North Thompson Valley, facing Kamloops, offers admirable advantages for mixed farming, and dairying is growing in favor. Hay, grain, roots and general farm crops give abundant yields with markets easily reached by rail, water and wagon road.

One of the chief assets of Kamloops District is the climate; salubrious and mild, both summer and winter, with no severe extremes of either, the dryness of the atmosphere rendering a high or low temperature bearable where in less favoured localities inconvenience might be felt.

The city itself, with its 2,600 busy people, offers an ideal location for the homeseeker. On the main line of the C.P.R. it is easily reached. It possesses all the conveniences of larger cities with none of their drawbacks. It has banks, excellent schools, many important local industries, owns its own water and electric lighting plants, and is progressive in every respect. The view from the more elevated portions of the city is unsurpassed anywhere in the Interior, and it is not difficult to understand the enthusiastic approval of the beauty of the scene expressed by Commander Mayne on the occasion of his visit so long ago as 1859; since which time the natural attractiveness has been added to by the well-kept gardens and lawns of the cosy residences.

Kamloops is not dependent upon stock-raising and fruit growing alone. It has other resources, chief of which are lumbering, iron, coal and copper mines, with deposits of other valuable minerals. Fishing, hunting (large and small game) are to be had near at hand and the navigable rivers and lakes afford ample scope for pleasant outings in the gasoline launches owned by many of the residents.

Enderby, the Gateway of the Okanagan.

H. M. Walker.

TO speak of Western Canada without mentioning the Okanagan, is like telling of the magnificence of the Pacific Coast without mentioning California. What the Golden State is to the Union as a state, the Okanagan is to the Dominion as a district. And to speak of the Okanagan without telling of the Spallmucheen is like leaving a story half told.

The Okanagan Valley, taken as a whole, covers an area of 150 miles north and south, and has a width of twenty miles on the average. It covers the interior of British Columbia, running from Sicamous Junction, on the main line of the C.P.R. to the International boundary line. It is best reached by the Soo line from Eastern Canadian points, connecting with the C.P.R. at Moose Jaw; and from the Middle States by connecting with the Great Northern at Spokane, Wash.

Its climatic conditions are the best, and its productive soil and prosperous cities and settlements make it the ideal place for the ideal home-land of Canada. It

is watered by the Spallmucheen river, the Shuswap, Mabel and Okanagan lakes, and tributary mountain streams.

If one is to properly understand the district, he must divide it into two distinct localities—the southern, where irrigation is necessary, and the northern where irrigation is not necessary. The southern part embraces all that country round about Vernon, Kelowna, Peachland, Summerland and Penticton, and the northern part, that country about Enderby, Armstrong and Mara. This section is watered by the Spallmucheen river and tributary streams, and Mara lake. Spallmucheen is an Indian name, signifying “beautiful prairie.” Large sections of this district are overflowed annually, similarly to the Nile of Africa, and the enrichment of the lowlands by the overflow gives abundant crops and a rich, abundant foliage along the river banks.

It is this district—the Spallmucheen—of which we write. Here are to be found the lowlands and the highlands, the former unsurpassed for dairying and



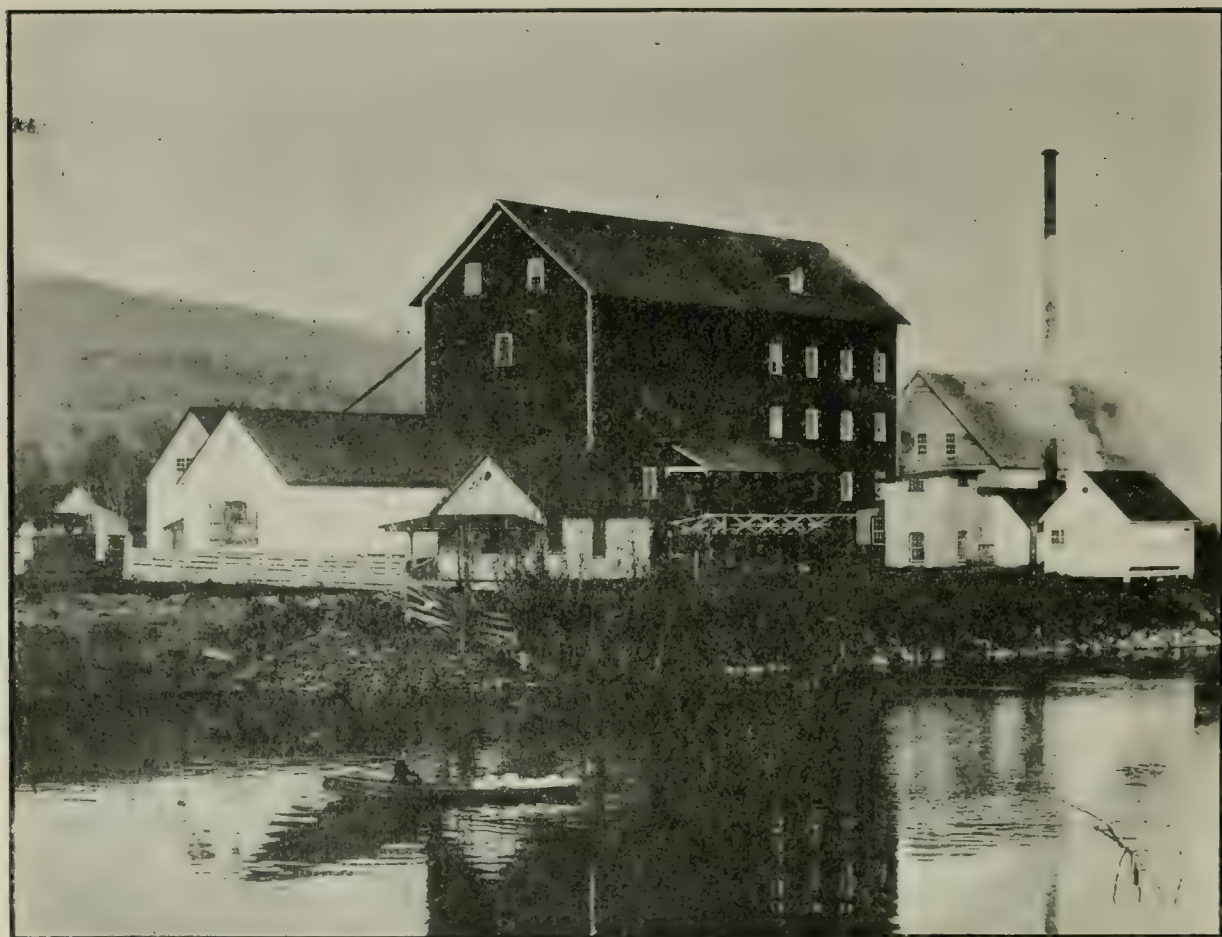
A. R. Rogers Lumber Co.'s Lumber Mill at Enderby.

hay growing, and vegetables of all kinds, and the latter for orchard fruits. Along the banks of the Spallumcheen are great stretches of green prairie that would make ideal dairy farms, and upon the benches bordering the lowlands are planted, or are being planted, large acreages to apples, pears, plums and cherries.

Some of the large ranches about Enderby, which is situated in the centre of the Spallumcheen District, are still given up almost entirely to the growth

ly limited, are the fruit orchards and the dairy farms.

Here in the Spallumcheen, the advent of winter varies. Occasionally the first snow falls in October, again not until Christmas. Generally it comes the second week in November. A peculiarity to be noted, and one of particular interest to the horticulturist, is that upon the bench lands, when snow falls what little frost there may have been in the ground comes out and the ground remains un-



Columbia Flouring Mills at Enderby, on the Spallumcheen River.

of wheat, hay, oats and barley, but these lands are rapidly being planted to fruit orchards, and the time is not far distant when there will be no grain whatever grown in the Spallumcheen. The farmer, like the business man of the city, is intent upon getting the most from his land at the least amount of labour and risk, and his turning to fruit is the natural outcome of conditions prevailing here. The vast prairies of the Northwest are the natural wheat fields of Canada, and the warm, calm valleys of British Columbia, where the land is comparative-

frozen the rest of the winter.

Spring opens February 15th to March 1st. The snowfall is 18 to 24 inches, and it seldom leaves the ground from the start of winter until the breaking up. The winter days are bright and calm; snowdrifts are seldom if ever seen, and the temperature does not go below zero on more than ten to fifteen nights during the average winter.

Strawberries ripen in the Enderby district, the heart of the Spallumcheen, about May 24th, the vines being in full bearing the middle of June. The profit

on an acre of strawberries grown here varies. One grower in Enderby has made \$800 from an acre. The market is unlimited and the price good. This grower says that with ordinary care an average of \$200 an acre may be made by the careful producer.

Fruit raising has proved very profitable in this district to the men who have

little grown, though in some localities it has proved satisfactory.

The cost of land situated near Enderby runs from \$15 to \$50 per acre for uncleared, and \$50 to \$200 per acre for cleared. At the present time conditions are especially favourable for acquiring suitable blocks of land in the district. The old holdings are being sub-divided into 1-acre, 5-acre and 10-acre blocks and are placed on the market at reasonable prices. These small holdings, when planted with winter apples will be worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500 an acre seven years from planting, if the trees are given moderate care, the fruit industry being in its infancy at present.

Enderby, the Gateway City of the Okanagan Valley, is located on the banks of the Spallumcheen river, twenty-four miles south of Sicamous Junction. It is at the head of navigation and at the point where the Mabel Lake valley opens into the Spallumcheen. From Enderby to Mabel Lake is a distance of twenty-four miles. This valley is covered by a heavy growth of timber, with here and there fruit orchards set out. From the great forests of the Mabel Lake, the A. R. Rogers Lumber Company gets its supply of logs, which are driven down the Spallumcheen to the mill at Enderby. This mill has an annual capacity of 50,000,000 feet, and is one of the best in the Province. The Columbia Flouring Mills is another important industry, contributing to the support of Enderby. It ships throughout the Province and has a large trade with the Orient.

Enderby has an excellent gravity water system, owned by the city, a thorough drainage system has been installed, and the city is lighted by electricity, the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co. having installed a plant that gives excellent service and gives the city steady lights of unequalled brilliancy.



"The Skookumchuck"—a Scene in the Enderby District.

gone about it systematically and with care. Six hundred and forty boxes of apples were picked from an acre by Wm. Elson, of Enderby. The fruit was good size and excellent quality, he having taken 12 first and three second prizes at the annual fruit exhibition, out of twenty varieties shown by him.

Alfalfa is the most profitable hay crop. It is grown with best results on the bench lands, and produces, without irrigation, three crops in a season. Corn is



THE Municipality of Spallmucheen, of which Armstrong is the centre, contains a larger area of arable land than any other municipality in the famous Okanagan Valley. It comprises about sixty thousand acres of arable land, composed of rich black loam, sandy loam and clay loam; one-quarter of which is not yet cultivated, with valuable timber of pine and fir standing upon the uncultivated lands. The municipality is made up of valleys extending in different directions, all of which have local names such as Pleasant and Salmon River Valleys, Knob Hill, Lansdowne, Clark's Flat, etc. The rainfall is ample for all crops (irrigation not being necessary), it averaging about eighteen inches, with twenty inches of a snowfall in winter, the timber upon the mountain sides drawing continual and sufficient moisture.

Every foot of tillable land is extremely fertile. Fruit growing, root crops, and dairying are extensively gone into and the farmer of the Spallmucheen is a firm believer in mixed farming. According to a conservative estimate the number of acres set out in fruit trees reaches four thousand, besides which there are a good many acres planted with strawberries, raspberries, currants, etc. At the Dominion Fair at New Westminster in 1905 the exhibit from Armstrong won third place, being thirty-one points only behind the winner, and led every other district in British Columbia (of which there were eleven) east of the Coast.

The municipality is widely known as the land of the "Big Red Apple," as it

is this fruit that is more extensively planted and which gives the largest and safest returns. Oats, wheat, clover, alfalfa and timothy everywhere yield abundant crops. Three crops of clover and alfalfa in a season are not uncommon. The celery from Armstrong is now known far and wide and is shipped by express to every town west of Winnipeg; this is grown on the low lands and is an extremely remunerative crop.

The beautiful orchards and wonderful crops of vegetables are instanced in a 45-acre orchard and a 10-acre cabbage patch. The grower of these cabbages sold 200 tons to Alberta cities in the fall of 1907 and the spring of 1908 for over \$5,600.

To give an idea of the diversity of the resources of the municipality the statistics published in the Armstrong Advertiser on January 6th, 1908, being a recapitulation for the year 1907, are appended:

Exports.	Tons.
Lumber, 209 cars	4,500
Cordwood, 167 cars	3,000
Flour, etc.	2,265
Produce, vegetables, hay, apples, etc.	3,461
Miscellaneous, such as live stock, hides and other freight.....	523
Express: Butter, eggs, small fruits, poultry, celery, etc.	300
Total	14,049

Every pound of which with the exception of one-half the flour (made from imported wheat) came from the farm; the farmers logging off their timbered



An Armstrong Orchard.

lands in the winter and receiving last winter \$6.00 per thousand feet for their logs delivered at the saw-mills.

The pride of the Spallmucheen is its climate. The highest temperature in summer is about 95 and the lowest 15

below zero in winter. Snow always falls before the cold days and frost never penetrates the ground except where a beaten track on the snow is made.

The drives in the municipality are the finest in the Okanagan, the roads in al-



A Glimpse of Armstrong from the Hills.

most every instance being shaded on both sides by timber, and the views from the higher altitudes magnificent.

Davis' Creek is one of the summer resorts as is also Otter Lake, both within a couple of miles of Armstrong, and the picnic places of the district.

The principal industries of the municipality are four saw-mills, having a capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber per day, a 100-bbl. flour mill, a creamery and the Farmers' Union, buying and selling their own fruit and produce. Prices for all farmers' products are the very best and a ready market for everything is always at hand.

The population of the municipality is upwards of four thousand, of which the town of Armstrong (the county town) contains 900. The taxes are exceedingly moderate. Upon a low valuation the rate is eight mills on the dollar for everything, schools included. The schools of the municipality are eight in number. They include a High School at Armstrong with thirty-five scholars, also a public school with four teachers and 200 pupils, and six other schools with from twenty to thirty pupils each in different sections of the district.

Armstrong is a thriving, bustling town, with live and public spirited people for its residents, who have the well-earned reputation of pulling together and getting what they ask for. The merchants show stocks and keep their premises in a manner that would do credit to a large city. The buildings are of a superior nature and the waterworks system—consisting of a 10-inch main with a pressure of 142 lbs.—is the best in the Okanagan. The supply is taken from Davis' Creek and on this creek is installed the Armstrong Power & Light Company's plant which provides the power for the flour mill and the light for the town and district.

The Spallmucheen offers a home unexcelled in British Columbia. Prices for land vary from \$25 per acre for timbered to \$100 per acre for the very choicest cleared lands within a couple of miles of Armstrong. Water for domestic purposes is always at hand and in many places is piped to all plots. Bearing orchards and those with two, three and four-year-old trees can also be bought, but the price would be much higher.



Penticton.

W. J. Clement.

PENTICTON is situated at the southern extremity of Okanagan Lake in the centre of the great fruit producing section of British Columbia. The palatial C. P. R. steamer Okanagan makes daily trips between this point and Okanagan Landing, seventy miles to the north, connecting all the lake points with a branch line of the C.P.R. from Sicamous.

As Okanagan Landing is the northern outlet by railway for the entire Okanagan Lake district, so Penticton will be the railway outlet at the south. The C.P.R. in connecting its branch to the Nicola and upper Similkameen with its line to Midway will touch at Penticton, thus placing this point on the shortest line between the Northwest and the Pacific coast. This road is to be constructed in the near future. The Great Northern Railway in building up the Similkameen, with Vancouver as its objective point, is now at Keremeos, only thirty miles distant from Penticton. A branch will be built from this road to Penticton in order to tap the Okanagan country. Penticton is thus to become the southern gateway of the Okanagan, with the shortest communication by two railways both to the east and west.

Although one of the youngest towns in the Okanagan, Penticton has within the short space of three years sprung to a foremost position. The name has existed as a geographic expression for forty years, but until the Southern Okanagan Land Co. obtained possession of the land and opened it to settlement, the entire district was owned by Thos. Ellis and employed as a great cattle ranch. Upon the acquirement of the property, the company immediately began, at an immense cost, the construction of the most extensive and complete irrigation system in the Province of British Columbia. The land was then thrown

open for settlement in ten-acre blocks at prices ranging from \$50 to \$200 per acre. Since that time the progress of the town and community has been unchecked. A continuous, and ever-increasing stream of immigrants has arrived. Hundreds of acres have been brought under cultivation and comfortable homes established.

The townsite of Penticton is pronounced by all to be one of the finest in the Okanagan Valley. It is large, level, picturesque, has excellent drainage, and has been laid out with special care. Dog Lake, four miles to the south, is an exquisite sheet of water, extending for eight miles down the valley. The Main street of the town extends from lake to lake. Streets have been laid out along the shores of both lakes, thus giving free access to the public of the most beautiful lake shores to be found anywhere in Canada. Both lakes at Penticton are admirably suited to bathing, the water being shallow for a considerable distance from shore, while the beaches are sandy. Bathing, boating and fishing are among the attractive features of Penticton as a residential location. To these might be added miles of picturesque drives, and an ever-changing variety of the most beautiful scenery. In fact Nature seems to have excelled itself in its endeavour to make Penticton an ideal residential place. That this fact is appreciated, is shown by the rapid growth of the town, and the handsome residences that have been erected.

The climate of Penticton is suited to the growing of peaches, apricots, the best varieties of cherries, such as the Bing and the Royal Ann, and the more tender varieties of grapes. There is little snowfall, and the thermometer rarely indicates a zero temperature in winter. As a consequence the finest class of settlers to be found anywhere is be-

ing attracted. The moral tone of the community is exceptionally high, which in itself is a great inducement to the intending settlers.

Up to the present time about twelve hundred acres have been planted in or-

pronounced superior to the imported article, from the fact that Okanagan grown tomatoes possess more meat and less water than those grown in the east. A company capitalized at twenty-five thousand dollars has recently been organized



Royal Ann Cherry Tree at Penticton, 35 years of Age. Has Produced as High as \$150 Worth of Fruit in a Single Season.

chard, comprising about one hundred thousand trees, mostly peaches and apples.

Apart from being a fruit growing locality, Penticton gives promise of becoming an industrial centre. Among the industries the canning and preserving of fruits will of course be important. Last year a cannery was operated upon a small scale and the product, chiefly canned tomatoes, has been universally

to take up the canning business on an extensive scale, and will begin operations as soon as the fruit season opens. There are two saw-mills in the vicinity, while there is a good opening for a brick making plant, there being plenty of clay suitable for the purpose. Although no official analysis has been made, it is believed that the proper material for the manufacture of Portland cement exists in large quantities.

Five or ten acres of land is quite sufficient for a family. Orchards begin bearing three years after planting. On the fourth year peaches should yield at least three hundred dollars per acre, while eight hundred to one thousand dollars

per acre is a conservative estimate for the produce of a five-year-old orchard. Apples take a little longer to come into full bearing, but are none the less profitable.

The Bulkley Valley.

NORTH of Victoria and Vancouver 763 miles, approximately estimated by travellers accustomed to the route, lies a vast area of phenomenally rich country of which little is known to the outside world. This region is as rich in mineral as the far-famed Yukon. Little development as yet, has been done, but assay returns have exceeded the most optimistic hopes of the prospector.

Bulkley Valley lies between the 54th and 55th meridian, and between longitudes 126 and 127. Just north lies the Kispiox Valley; this is north of the town of Hazelton. South lies the Ootsa Lake Country. To reach Bulkley Valley, travellers may take any of the steamers plying north via Victoria and Vancouver to Port Essington, a distance of 543 miles from Vancouver. Thence in by the Skeena River boats to Hazelton. From Port Essington to Hazelton is 160 miles, from Essington to Kitsumgallam River 62 miles, to the Little Canon, 7 miles; from this point to the Kitsilas Canon which cuts the Cascade range, 8 miles. From this place to Lorne Creek, 30 miles, to Meanskineesht, otherwise known as Holy City, 12 miles; from there to Hazelton, 40 miles, making the total distance of 160 miles inland. The boats begin their runs about the end of April, and the season closes about the middle of November.

The distance from Hazelton to Aldermere is 60 miles, and is covered, at present, by pack train over a good, but rugged trail. A good wagon road will

be completed during the coming summer.

By the overland route from Ashcroft, a station on the Can. Pac. Railroad, to Telkwa and Aldermere is 580 miles. This trail and wagon road follows the Yukon telegraph line, which runs from Ashcroft to Dawson. A wagon road



Native Grasses in the Bulkley Valley.

traverses the distance, 240 miles, from Ashcroft to Quesnelle. From Quesnelle the distance to Aldermere is covered by trail via Blackwater Valley, going through Nechaco Valley and following the bank of Fraser Lake, then through to Burns Lake and Decker Lake; thence

to headwaters of Bulkley River, and following the river down to Aldermere, a distance of three hundred and forty miles by stations. This takes the traveller into the heart of the Bulkley Valley. Ashcroft is an outfitting station for that region. Horses and all needful supplies can be secured there. Hazelton is another outfitting point, but for the route first mentioned.

Another route is via Vancouver by steamer to Bella Coola. This place lies three hundred miles north of Vancouver. The remainder of the distance is covered by trail to Aldermere, by way of the Ootsa Lake country, touching Teta

one hundred and ten miles long; Stuart, forty miles long; North Tacla, sixty miles long; Francois, sixty-five miles in length; Eutsuk Lake is sixty miles long, and lying south of this lake near the 53rd parallel, is a large lake known only to the oldest pioneers. This lake is fifty-seven miles long.

About twenty per cent. of the total area is open meadow. There is a heavy growth of rank grass and in cutting this no clearing is necessary. The kinds of grass are various, wild rye, sugar grass and redtop, occasionally beaver grass, as well as peavine and other vetches. The poplar growth is small, averaging only



Cutting Hay on a Bulkley Valley Farm.

Chuck Lake. Ootsabunkut Lake, Cheshatta and Francois Lakes; thence along the bank of the Zumgozli River, a tributary of the Bulkley River. Bella Coola is also an outfitting station. The season opens for this route about the twentieth of May.

The area of Bulkley and surrounding valleys north and south, is four hundred and eighty miles east and west. This area includes the Bulkley, Kispiox Valleys, Ootsa Lake Country, Nechaco, Blackwater, Quesnelle, Soda Creek, and Fort George Valleys.

There are numerous lakes in this region, the principal ones are Babine Lake,

two or three inches in diameter.

Portions of these lands are covered with fireweed, and rosebushes grow in great patches with other undergrowth. This proves the fertility of the soil. The soil is a fine black loam running from eight inches to three feet in depth, underneath is a medium soft clay sub-soil, under this is found an exceedingly hard cemented clay. There is no evidence of alkali in the land. When wells are sunk, where gravel seams are struck water is found abundant in sinking from ten to twenty feet. Numerous creeks not shown on the map water the valley and irrigation for agricultural purposes is unne-

cessary. The coldest weather ever known in that region during the winter was when the thermometer dropped to 34 degrees below zero in January, but the cold weather is never prolonged; the average temperature is about 60 degrees above zero. Highest temperature in summer is 98 degrees Fahr. Snowfall averages one foot. Flurries of snow begin in November, melting and falling intermittingly until January, when it remains on the ground until the middle of March, in the average year. Planting begins about the 15th of April. Grain matures about the middle of August, until the middle of September. Hay season begins the first

great profusion, as well as the high bush cranberry, blackberries and rhubarb, all have a fine flavour. There are several kinds of wild vegetables, onions of a superior sort are native growth, as well as rice.

Bulkley Valley from Moricetown to Frasier Lake, a distance of 100 miles, is available for agricultural purposes, by official report, and much of the land is not yet taken. In summer season it remains light until 10:30 p.m., dawn begins at 2:30 a.m. During the few hours of darkness there descends an exceedingly heavy dew. The heat of the sun is retained and conserved by the soil



Round Lake in the Bulkley Valley.

week in July and can be continued two months. July and August are the dry months and the season for cutting native grass. Hay of this sort averages from a ton to two tons an acre. Oats average forty to seventy bushels an acre. Vegetables grow abundantly and are of fine flavor. Tomatoes ripen on the vine. Fruit trees have been planted and are growing well, but have not yet matured to fruit growing age in the Bulkley Valley.

There is a great quantity of native small fruits, such as sarvas berries, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries and huckleberries, which grow in

during the long hours of daylight, which accounts for the luxuriant vegetation in that region.

In this district there is 75 square miles of coal deposit by Government survey. Coal land at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers has been acquired by different companies. That known as the Cassiar Coal and Development Company holds approximately 33,000 acres of this tract under the management of Mr. W. Lyman, who is one of the pioneers, coming into the country in 1897. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad has, it is estimated, 17,000 acres of this coal land, which it has secured through the

Kitimaat Coal Company. The Trans-continental Development Company also has large holdings. These coal lands were located by Mr. Webster, a well known geologist, now deceased, who came through the region with the geological surveyors in the 70's. Several small locations have been taken up from time to time and developed somewhat. The quality of the coal in this region is high grade bituminous, and a small percentage of semi-anthracite deposit.

North and north east of Aldermere rich mineral veins have been discovered averaging from three to forty-eight feet wide. Mineral was first discovered in the vicinity of Hunters Basin and staked by Dr. Atkins and Mr. Lyman in '98, and this claim has been constantly developed since, and now has passed into the hands of Mr. Lorne, the Indian agent, and Mr. Hawkins and associates, pioneers and prospectors of the valley. Since '98 there have been staked, approximately, 250 to 300 mineral claims in the vicinity of the Telkwa and Copper River district. At the head of the Copper River the character of the ores are copper glance, grey copper, sulphite, chalcopyrites, and bornite. This copper, by assay returns obtained runs in gold, from \$1,400 to the ton, down to \$25. A galena property lying at the headwaters of the Copper River, known as steel galena lode, has been developed for several seasons. Five tons of this ore were packed down over the trail by Charlie Barrett in '96 and the smelter returns exceeded the most optimistic hopes of the shippers. Babine range, lying northeast of Aldermere, is the summit of the divide between the Babine Lake and the Bulkley River. This range has been little prospected. The first was done last Summer and resulted in enthusiastic reports from the prospectors as to the indications of rich mineral deposits in that range. The late James Dibble was one of the prospectors who made the find of a rich galena ledge. This property lies about twenty-five miles northeast of Aldermere and from all information obtainable it is similar in vein and formation to the famous St. Eugene mine at Moyie. The area of mineral tract in this region is of vast extent and

everywhere shows rich prospects; it has been little worked and is practically a virgin field. Mining is much handicapped by the difficulties and expense of transportation. This country would be an ideal location for a smelter, all the facilities for running one are in the country—water power, coal and coke, lime, iron, silica, etc. A clay deposit has been tested and found suitable for good brick, which will stand a high percentage of heat.

The lakes are filled with fresh water fish. Salmon in the spawning season run up the Bulkley River from the Skeena to the headwaters of the Bulkwater. Many salmon during the season have been caught at Moricetown.

HOW TO GET TO BULKLEY VALLEY AND THE NORTHERN INTERIOR

Vancouver or Victoria, take steamers to Port Essington, then Skeena River boats to Hazelton. Distance as follows:

	MILES.
Essington to Telegraph Point.....	20
Essington to Graveyard Point.....	50
Essington to Himlock	60
Essington to Big Canyon.....	80
Essington to Lorne Creek.....	109
Essington to Hazelton, head of navigation	160
Go by wagon road and trail from Hazelton to Bulkley Valley, Aldermere and Telkwa.	
To Mosquito flats	12
To Strawberry flats	18
To Moricetown	32
To Spring Hill	39
To Glaizer House	47
Hudson Bay ranch	50
Aldermere	57
Wagon Road Trails from Aldermere and Telkwa to Pleasant Valley	23
To Head of Francis Lake	60
Ootsa Lake	74
Cheslatta Lake	182
Aldermere by Telegraph trail to foot of Fraser Lake	125
Aldermere to Howsen Camp.....	23
Hunter Basin	14
Head of Copper River and Hudson Bay Mountain mines	20
Trail from Aldermere to Babine...	20
Hazelton to Omineca Mines.....	180
Hazelton to Kispiox	9

The Nechaco Valley.

John F. Appleton.

BEFORE giving a detailed description of the Nechaco Valley, let us get an idea as to the route taken and the character of country traveled through in reaching the land further north.

If you will glance at a map of British Columbia you will notice that the Nechaco Valley lies between the Rocky Mountains and Coast Range, it being the country east of Fort Fraser, along the Nechaco River. There are two ways of reaching this Valley. One is by boat on the Skeena River to Hazelton and then by pack train through the Bulkley and Endako River Valleys to Fort Fraser. The other route, which is much cheaper, is from Ashcroft on the Canadian Pacific Railway as a starting point, using the British Columbia stage line up the Cariboo Road to Soda Creek, then by steamboat to Quesnel and from there by pack train along the Telegraph Trail to the Nechaco Valley. The latter route, which covers a distance of three hundred and fifteen miles, was the one used by our party. It is certainly one of the most interesting trips a person can take on account of the varied country traveled through.

On June 30th, 1907, our party left Ashcroft. The Cariboo road leaves the Thompson River at Ashcroft and follows the Bonaparte River to Clinton. This is a very rough country, there being no agricultural land except along the river, but on account of its being in the arid district it is necessary to irrigate these flats which then produce abundant crops of feed grain, hay, vegetables and fruits. From Clinton, north, vegetation becomes more varied and growth more luxuriant. This is owing to the fact that the altitude of the country between Clinton and Lac La Hache is greater and while the altitude recedes

after leaving Lac La Hache the same is true of the mountains to the West, thus making it possible for more moisture to get into the interior country. In this vicinity the hills are grassy and covered with pine and spruce which does not get very large on account of the frequent fires caused by campers along the trails. There is, however, ample timber for building purposes. In the spring there is good pasturage on the hills and some very nice meadows on the bottom lands, but even here the best results are obtained by irrigation. The ranchers in these parts are prosperous and contented, and all have comfortable homes.

At Soda Creek we took the steamboat "Charlotte" and went up Fraser River to Quesnel. Here we found our pack train awaiting us for the journey along the Telegraph Trail to the Nechaco Valley. This country is much the same as that passed through in reaching Soda Creek, but the additional precipitation was very noticeable. One could note a difference in the growth every few miles traveled and summer rains were more numerous.

South of the 53rd degree of latitude and near the head of the Salmon River, which falls into Dean Channel, the Nechaco River takes its source in the foothills of the Coast Range. It runs northeasterly for a long distance, receiving many feeders, until it falls into a large trough-like depression near Fraser Lake. This depression follows the 54th degree of latitude in its general direction and has an average width of from ten to forty miles. This large extent of land from Fraser Lake to Fraser River, about seventy-five miles in length, is drained by the Lower Nechaco River.

The best part of the Valley is the portion just east of Fraser Lake, along the Nechaco River and around Lakes Ta-

chic, Noalki and Tsinkut and the country intervening. One would term the valley level but it is slightly undulating, enough so as to give good drainage. There are two kinds of soil, viz., a fine white silts and black loam, but the white silts is more in evidence and in most places is from thirty to forty feet in depth. It is very rich and of the finest quality, and is entirely free from sand, gravel and stone. In fact the soil and lay of land is of such an even nature that one could select a farm blind-folded and not make a mistake.

The ground is generally covered with thickets of small poplar, with here and there a few spruce, but prairies of large extent often occur. These appear to have been caused by fires and are more abundant near the trails and rivers, where the Indians and white men generally do their camping. These prairies are covered with the greatest variety of nutritious grasses, pea-vine and vetches and not only did we find a luxuriant growth there, but even in the wooded portions, grass, pea-vine and vetches of different species grew to such a height that it was very difficult to travel in it. In many places this growth was higher than the horses' backs. The timber is mostly too small for construction purposes, but along the rivers and shores of lakes a good supply of building timber can be had cheaply.

The clearing of the land can be most effectually done by fire. The settlers have had the best of success in getting rid of the timber on their farms in this way. As stated, the lands have more or less poplar which is small but grows very thick. There is also a good undergrowth consisting of grasses, pea-vine, etc. After the first two or three killing frosts in the fall this undergrowth becomes dry, making this the best time to do the burning. Mr. Joseph Murray and three of his neighbors, who live north of the Nechaco River, in clearing their places during the fall of 1906, caused twelve sections to be burned over with one fire. The results were most remarkable. At the time of our inspection, July 15th, 1907, there was very little burned timber standing. The winds had blown it down, which was an easy mat-

ter, as the fire gets into the vegetable mould around the roots of the trees and burns them off. In fact in many places the first burning had cleared from fifty to sixty acres in such fine shape that with little work it could be placed under cultivation, almost everything having been consumed. The next fall, after the undergrowth becomes dry, it is set afire again which makes a clean job of it. Many of the homesteaders do not plow the burnt-over land until after the first crop is taken off, claiming it is not necessary.

The Valley is nicely watered by beautiful lakes and streams. The Nechaco River is from five to six hundred feet wide and is one of the prettiest streams we saw on our trip. It has a gravel bottom, the water is clear and the current quite swift. Four or five miles south of the river are three fine lakes, the names being mentioned above. They have nicely gravelled beaches and sand bottoms and the water is excellent. These beautiful lakes and hills surrounding the Valley make a most impressive sight. They are drained by the Stony and Tsinkut Rivers which empty into the Nechaco. Throughout the entire valley well water is easily obtained at a depth of from twelve to eighteen feet and in all wells inspected we found the water to be most excellent and free from all alkaline substances.

Trout, sturgeon and whitefish are very plentiful in all the lakes and rivers. During the months of August and September the Nechaco abounds with salmon which make their way from the sea to their spawning grounds. They are taken in thousands by the Indians who dry them for their winter supply of food. Deer and bear are numerous. Coyotes are plentiful and can quite often be heard howling at night. There is also the rabbit, beaver, muskrat, fox, wolverine, marten, lynx, fisher and otter. Partidge, pheasant and grouse abound and in season the rivers and lakes teem with geese and ducks.

One would not wish for a better climate, there being no extremes. The days during the summer months are hot but no uncomfortably so, and the nights are cool thus insuring good sleep. By

enquiring of the Indians and homesteaders we ascertained that the winters are short and mild, that the snowfall is very light, usually about twelve inches in depth and never drifts. We were also informed that they never thought of feeding their cattle until Christmas and as a rule they could be turned out again in March. Another good feature is the absence of heavy winds, but there is always a refreshing breeze from the west and one feels its cooling effect even on the hottest day. Rains in the summer are quite sufficient as was evidenced by the luxuriant growth found. The Hudson's Bay diary, kept by Mr. Peters at Fort Fraser, which was examined for several years back, verified the above information. Government telegraph operator at Fort Fraser, Mr. G. W. Proctor, formerly a resident of Lower Ontario, who has lived in the Valley for seven years, said that he much preferred this climate to that in the east, it being dryer and more moderate.

On account of lack of transportation facilities the country is badly handicapped but the new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is being pushed at a rapid rate. Its route through British Columbia will be via the Yellowhead Pass and up the South Fork of the Fraser River to Bear Lake. It crosses from here to the Willow River which it follows to the Fraser, and along it to the Nechaco near Fort George, from where it follows the south bank of the Nechaco River to Fort Fraser. From here it follows the south shore of Fraser Lake and along the Endako and Bulkley Rivers to the Telkwa; up this river to the headwaters of the Copper River and down it and the Skeena to its terminal point, Prince Rupert, on Kaien Island.

The main line of this railroad will run directly through the Nechaco Valley. When this road is completed it will be the finest transcontinental railroad on the continent, with a gradient of only one-tenth of one per cent.

From careful investigation made personally, and by obtaining available information, such as given by Mr. A. L. Poudrier, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Mr. H. P. Bell, Mr. M. V. Scribner, Mr. J. W. Mc-

Intosh, and Mr. J. H. Gray in the report issued by the Government, I would call the Nechaco Valley a most desirable place for the home-building. Had it not been for the almost total lack of transportation facilities, also the fact that there are practically no wagon roads and but few pack trails, the lands would have been occupied long before much of the country further east, as its advantages are many.

What has been said so far is more in



A Nechaco Valley Homestead.

a descriptive way to show its desirability as a place to reside. The unique climatic conditions, the scenic beauty of the landscape and crystalline purity of lakes and streams would give here an indescribable charm, but the fertility of the soil, as demonstrated by the wealth of vegetation thereon, proves that as an agricultural district it is as greatly favored by nature. On account of the present isolation of this territory farming is carried on to a limited extent and in most instances under very unfavorable conditions as to cultivation. Not-

withstanding this and the additional fact that they had a late spring, as was experienced in general, their wheat, oats, barley, rye, timothy and blue grass were as good as you would find anywhere. Clover did exceptionally well and was all of three feet in length. We had the opportunity to examine the different grains grown during the season of 1906 and found them to be first grade. The wheat was of the Red Fife variety, of good color, plump and weighed over sixty pounds to the bushel.

In the gardens we found the different vegetables and small fruits and they were exceptionally fine. The following dimensions of a rhubarb stalk measured by our party will give some idea as to this growth: From base of stalk to tip of leaf, 5 feet 9 inches; length of stalk, 2 feet 8 1-2 inches; width of leaf, 3 feet, and circumference of stalk (at base) 5 1-2 inches.

As it is practically impossible, at the present time, to get nursery stock into the country in a condition fit for planting, fruit culture has made little development. However, there is not the slightest doubt but the the hardier var-

ieties, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, etc., would do well, as they are now grown successfully at Hazelton, Barkerville, Quesnel and Soda Creek where conditions are similar. The wild fruits growing here consist of cherries, crabapples, strawberries, dewberries, service or saskatoon berries and other varieties not acquainted with.

Stock raising and dairying is a necessity on the farm and must be indulged in sooner or later in order to get the best results. More ideal conditions could hardly exist for this line of farming, as all grasses do well and the winters are short and mild. Several fine bunches of thoroughbred cattle were taken into the Valley last season by the settlers.

Careful investigation will warrant the conclusion that the undeveloped portions of British Columbia offer greater opportunities for investment than any other section of the continent and after traveling about two thousand miles throughout the Province I am satisfied that one of the most favored sections, from an agricultural standpoint, is the Nechaco Valley.

“The Queen of the Crow.”

D. V. M.

THE evolution of Fernie, near the western entrance to the Crow's Nest Pass across the backbone of the Continent, is a story, which while lacking in ancient lore, is replete with the thrilling heart throbs of modern methods of industry.

Thirty years ago the stillness which reigns in God's first temples filled the narrow aisles of a great forest cathedral which stretched its winding length through the trough in the hills from the plains of Alberta to the parks of the Kootenay Valley. Its myriads of graceful, tapering pillars had been unmarked by the blazing axe of the white man; and the soft, mossy carpets of its aisles

unpressed by any save the foot of wild beast.

“The Monarch of the Plains,” the buffalo, had followed the trail of the deer and had left his skull to bleach in the weather on the little grass plot called, later, by the railroad builders, Bull's Head Prairie, and the skull was elevated to a position on a stump to mark the place.

The wild deer had followed the course of least resistance; the buffalo had followed his trail. The hunter and the prospector blazed the trail, and the steel road builders changed the pack trail to a modern railway, over which we now ride with scarce a thought of



the evolution which brought it all about.

In 1887 the first prospecting for coal on Coal Creek, which empties into the Elk River at Fernie, was done. The work was kept up, spasmodically, until 1897, when active operations on the line of development began; and the next year the active mining of coal was inaugurated. The construction of the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific railway was being pushed to completion as rapidly as conditions would permit, and in June, 1898, the rails reached the present townsite of Fernie.

The road had been preceded by the contractors' camps, the traders and their parasites—the camp followers; and during the fall and winter of 1897-98, the collection of log houses and shacks known as Coal Creek, sprang into existence near the banks of the Creek where the construction trail crossed the stream.

In the summer of '98, the townsite of Fernie was laid out in the wilderness of burnt timber and second growth which covered the ground, and the life of Fernie dates from that time.

Lots on Victoria avenue were sold at from \$150 to \$250 and these prices at the time seemed to be high enough, especially to the man who had to hunt through the brush for his corner stakes, and go into the log rolling and stump pulling business to clear his plot. Not one of those Victoria Avenue lots could now be purchased for less than \$2,000, and some of them would be considered bargains at \$5,000.

Many of the original purchasers still own the lots. From a village of a few hundred in 1898, Fernie has expanded to an incorporated city of some 4,000 people. Taking into account West Fernie, the old town across the track, and the mine settlement at Coal Creek, there are now fully 6,000 people where not more than as many hundreds were to be found at the beginning of '98.

From a town without title to the land upon which it stood, it has developed into an incorporated city with property values reaching beyond the million mark, possessing its own municipal machinery with which to perform all the functions of civic organization.

It has in operation an up-to-date sewer

system costing \$40,000, and is supplied with water and light by the Crow's Nest Electric Light and Power Company.

It has a large public school building, which is crowded to its utmost capacity by a daily attendance of 385 children.

There are three banks in operation, with a fourth preparing to enter the field.

There are two large wholesale establishments with ample capital, doing a flourishing business.

The largest and most complete general store between Winnipeg and the

sand feet per day. The combined output of these mills when in operation amounts to a daily cut of nearly 300,000 feet. A full season's cut will reach a total value of more than half a million dollars.

The mother industry of the district, that of coal mining, produced in 1898, 8,900 tons of coal and 361 tons of coke. Last year the product of the same industry totalled 978,000 tons of coal and 232,000 tons of coke, valued at \$3,000,000. Add to these two large sums the value of the products of the smaller in-



Scene on Main St. of Coal Creek in 1898—the Forerunner of Fernie.

coast is a Fernie institution, besides many other mercantile establishments.

There is a well equipped foundry and machine shop; a very large brewing plant, a cigar factory, and other smaller manufacturing institutions.

There are three newspapers, two weeklies and a young daily with ambitious plans for the future.

There are five churches with growing congregations, and many secret and benevolent societies.

Within a radius of four miles there are four saw-mills ranging in capacity from forty to one hundred and fifty thou-

dustries and we have a total product for the year of \$4,000,000.

The new post office building erected by the Dominion Government at a cost of \$70,000 represents only one-third of the Dominion revenue of all kinds collected here during the past year.

The new court house erected at a cost of \$35,000 by the Provincial Government, bears the same proportion to collections for the Provincial treasury as that in the case of the Dominion.

Building operations already under way represent an outlay of \$160,00, and bids



Victoria Avenue, Looking South.



The Great Steel Tipple at the Coal Creek Mines.

fair to pass the quarter million mark during the season.

Three railways do business in Fernie, the Canadian Pacific, Great Northern and the Morrissey, Fernie and Michel, which connects the mines with the two larger systems.

Fernie's future rests on a foundation of seams of coal and forests of timber; the one inexhaustible, the other capable of being made perpetual by the adoption of proper reforestation methods.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, looking to the future, has increased its capital by \$6,000,000, which means a greater increase of population, trade and wealth to Fernie during the coming decade than has fallen to her lot during the first ten years of her existence.

So short a story on so interesting a subject must necessarily be impersonal, but no story of Fernie could be written without mention of one, perhaps the most interesting, personality connected with her history. The City's name, of which she is justly and jealously proud,

is in commemoration of the man, who, more than any other, is entitled to the distinction.

Long years ago a fourteen-year-old boy, with the spirit of adventure burning in his bosom, was apprenticed to a sea captain, and leaving his English home sailed round Good Hope to Australia. After a short time spent in the antipodes, he voyaged across the Pacific to the west shore of South Africa. After a vain search for gold in the land made famous by the conquest of Pizarro and his followers, he turned northward to California, and some fifty years ago set foot for the first time in British Columbia. Space will not permit of telling the story of his adventures in the "Sea of Mountains." The pioneer is not always rewarded as has been Wm. Fernie. He is now dallying with dahlias and daisies in well-kept beds, or digging dandelions out of a velvety lawn in the Queen City of Canada, the counterpart of many a city in the land of his birth—Victoria.

Kootenay's Capital.

E. K. Beeston

KOOTENAY has for nearly twenty years been a familiar name to those who follow the fortunes of metalliferous mining, as prospectors, as mining engineers or as investing capitalists. For about half that period Kootenay had little other claim to fame. Then came the development of the coal measures of the Fernie district and the exploitation of timber limits along the main line of the Canadian Pacific and the Crow's Nest branch, and on every lake and navigable river. Today Kootenay offers the most varied and probably the richest attractions in all Canada, to the investor, the home-maker or the adventurer.

MINING.

While the mining industry began in

Kootenay many decades ago, while many a field has awakened continental interest by the richness of the discoveries, and large sums of money have been spent in their development, the mineral wealth of Kootenay is hardly scratched. The deepest workings have not yet reached two thousand feet; it is only the surface values that have been won, and even these only from a very small proportion of the area.

This year of grace, 1908, is witnessing in a marked degree a development that began in Slocan and Rossland more than a dozen years ago. The mines are passing from the control of the prospectors into the hands of large companies with ample capital for development and operation. While some pro-



City of Nelson from the Lake.

perties whose wealth begins near the surface may pay almost from the grass roots, the process is not an economical one. There is work for the prospector in Kootenay for fifty years yet, and no other field can offer him fairer reward, but it is better for the prospector as well as for the public interest that the

dealing in Kootenay timber limits. Like the proved mines these are gradually passing into the hands of men or companies who are financially able to make the most of their wealth. The foot hills of the Rockies and the Selkirks are heavily timbered and the limits are accessible by a thousand streams.



Strawberries, Cherries and Gooseberries Grown Around Nelson.

big mineral deposits should pass to the control of strong corporations, and that is what is now taking place.

LUMBERING.

In spite of temporary depression in the lumber trade, which seems to be felt all over North America, there is no cessation or diminution of activity in

But if all the timber land now staked were absolutely denuded Kootenay's total supply of timber would be relatively little less than before lumbering in the district began. The revival of the demand for lumber which must come with the steady growth of population and prosperity on the treeless prairies of Al-

berta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will guarantee an ever increasing value to the timber resources of Kootenay, their nearest base of supplies in Canada.

FRUIT GROWING.

But the wealth of mineral deposits is definitely limited, and the wealth of timber limits cannot bear continuous exploitation. One asset a country has which if treated intelligently may be inexhaustible—the fertility of the soil. In this respect Kootenay is not inferior to any other part of Canada. The configuration of the country—not unhappily called “a sea of mountains,” seems to have resulted in a concentration of all the virtue of the soil in the lake and river valleys and on the lower hill sides.



Royal Ann Cherries Grown at Nelson.

Here nothing seems impossible. The triumphs achieved within the province, in other Canadian markets, and in competition with the fruit of the world in expositions held in the British Islands, are sufficient evidence of the quality of the product of Kootenay orchards.

Dominion officials, expert on soil and products, have conceded that the best of the fruit of Kootenay has not been, and probably cannot be, equalled in any other province of Canada. A provincial assessor, after many years of investigation, has declared that the possible revenue from Kootenay orchards justifies a valuation far beyond any figures that have yet been placed even on the fav-

ored spots where scenery and nearness to a city have had an important influence on values.

The first years of fruit growing in Kootenay were successful only as a demonstration of its possibilities. Now the heroic pioneer work of a few has begun to bear fruit. Many orchards are in bearing, the growers of the Nelson district are organized on a business basis with an expert in charge, and those who have sown the seed are now sure of their harvest.

It is as true of the fruit growing industry as of mining and lumbering that Kootenay is as yet only on the threshold of its promised land. The growth of the past three years has been rapid, but



Boating on Kootenay Lake.

the area of the demonstrably cultivable land seems to expand with the settlement. Three years ago the offer of one tract for sale as possible orchard land was greeted with an outburst of laughter. The tract was declared to be practically all mountain top. Since then several prosperous communities have been established within that very area.

The land in close proximity to the city of Nelson is now all occupied. Much of it has changed hands several times at steadily advancing prices. The shores of Kootenay, Slocan and the Arrow lakes remain, and the valleys of the innumerable streams that feed them. No one is now bold enough to suggest a

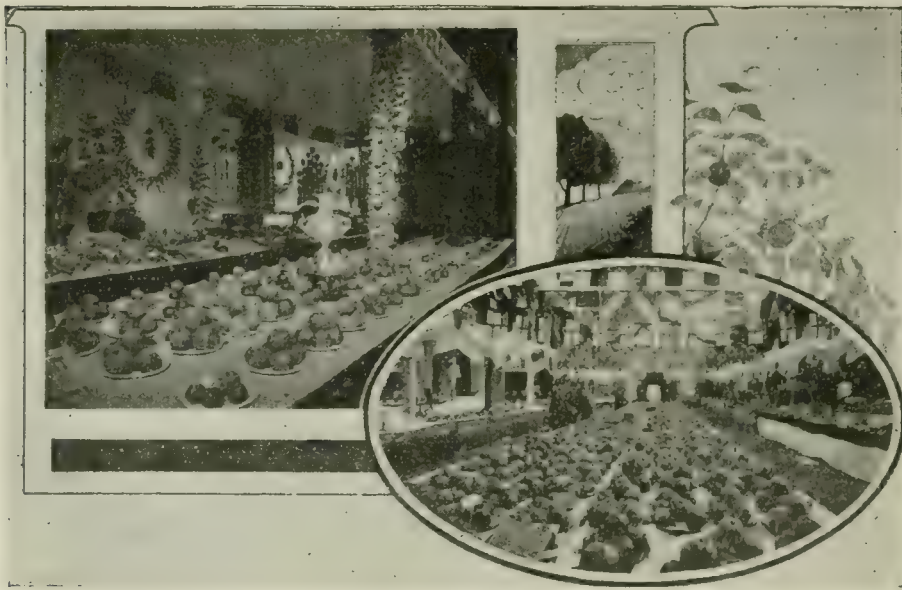
limit to the area of land in Kootenay that may profitably be brought under fruit cultivation.

NELSON.

And the centre and heart of all this great country is Nelson, Queen City of the Kootenays. Whoever wishes to learn of its possibilities, in mining, lumbering, fruit growing manufacturing, or trading, must come to Nelson to learn. Nelson is the door and the key.

Ideally situated on a gentle slope, on the southern shore of the beautiful West Arm, Nelson is the most accessible of all the cities in the Rocky Mountains. It is served daily by two transcontinental railways, and from it branch railways and lines of steamers radiate to all points where traffic offers or interest attracts. Though not yet twenty years

old it has all the advantages of an old, settled community. It is a city of churches, where adherents of every faith may worship in the way they choose. Its public and high schools are second to none in Western Canada. Lovers of drama, music, and sport of every kind will find in Nelson all the amenities of modern civilized life. And its founders have left monuments of their faith in its future in streets, sidewalks, water, sewer, lighting and power systems adequate for a city of 25,000 inhabitants, while private enterprise in addition to many industries that give employment and provide comforts, has added an electric street railway—the only one in Canada between Winnipeg and Vancouver, which conveys citizens and their families from their homes to the beautiful Lake Park.



Part of the Exhibit of Apples at the Nelson Fair.



Herbert Cue

SLOCAN LAKE is one of the beauty spots of British Columbia, and is known as the "Lucerne of North America." Its scenery is magnificent and a trip up the lake in one of the well appointed C.P.R. steamers is one continual source of pleasure. New Denver, charmingly situated at the mouth of Carpenter Creek on Slocan Lake, is perhaps the best equipped town of its size in British Columbia for the tourist. Trails, roads, waterfalls, glaciers, boating and fishing and the angler passing through is often tempted to stay off and test his skill in the deep waters for trout and char which abound in plenty. The New Denver Glacier, one of the most picturesque sights in the Slo-

can, is worthy of a visit and one is repaid a hundred-fold by the glorious scenery both during the ascent and when the summit is reached. The sportsman, too, comes from far and near to hunt big game in the surrounding country—grizzly bear, deer, caribou and goat.

Slocan Lake is about thirty miles long and the numerous gasoline launches afford a grand opportunity for the tourist, or resident, to visit the points of interest. About three miles from New Denver, written on the face of a precipitous rock by the water's edge, are a lot of old Indian heiroglyphics denoting the presence of deer in large quantities. I have said that New Denver is singularly well equipped. Commercially there



New Denver on Slocan Lake.

is a branch of the Bank of Montreal, electric light, waterworks and telephone system, daily mail, express and telegraphic advantages. Socially there are four churches with resident pastors, two schools, an opera house, assembly hall, recreation ground, skating rink, library, athletic and dramatic clubs, while the general wants of the housewife are catered for by a number of well-equipped stores. Its scenic beauties and residential attractions are not the only items of interest in the Slocan.

The fruit growing industry is coming into prominence and in a few years promises to become our greatest asset. Land varies in price according to location and quality and whether bought in large or small blocks. Ten acres, however, is a fair average for one only possessed of small capital and the price varies from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per acre. Are you, Mr. Homeseeker, thinking of settling in B. C.? At the present time British Columbia is the most talked-of province in Canada and Canada the most talked of country in the world. Already the better class of immigrants, the cream of British settlers,

are locating in B. C. and the land is fast being taken up. At New Denyer there is a Town Improvement Society, the object of which is to circulate accurate information of the district and intending settlers, sportsmen and tourists may write with confidence to the Society.

Besides fruit growing, three saw-mills and several logging camps employ large numbers of men. The mines, too, are a continual source of revenue to the district. The Standard, Vancouver and Hewitt mines, tributary to Silverton, find employment for some hundred men. There are a number of creeks all around the lake from which power could be utilized for factory purposes. They are all mountain streams and from a good altitude. Poultry raising, combined with fruit growing is now occupying the minds of the farmers and is proving a great source of revenue and with the knowledge that comes with experience even greater success will be attained. The climatic conditions are such that it is always possible for one to get a refreshing sleep even in the height of summer, while in the winter the temperature rarely falls to zero.



A Young Orchard near New Denver, B.C.

Silverton, B. C.

J. W. M. Tinling

FOR peerless, scenic beauty, awe-inspiring in its magnificent grandeur, Lake Slokan has always been conceded to be without a rival, by those favored few, who have tasted the exquisite pleasure derived either from a short sojourn amidst its wonderful attractions, or who in the pursuit of both pleasure and wealth, have found here the pathway leading to both, and are helping to push the "Wheel of Development," now in rapid progress, through this section of country.

But not until very recently has the public realized that this beautiful lake with its unsurpassed climate, its boating and fishing—surrounded by vast timbered areas—is "The Hub" of one of the richest sections in British Columbia, as to natural resources.

Located about midway along its eastern shore, and having the finest harbor on the lake—at the very nerve-centre of this most promising country, is the beautiful and progressive town of Silverton.

Here the hand of the Creator seems to have been especially lavish in not only storing up riches for the benefit of mankind, but also in providing natural avenues of access to them from this centre, from which a progressive people are extending either wagon-roads, trails or tramways to every important point.

Over the rugged mountains have passed hundreds of hardy prospectors, exposing for the exploitation of capital, most promising leads of gold, silver,

lead, zinc and other minerals, often in nearly a pure state, and in combinations most valuable commercially.

Today, some of these showings have become well developed and paying mines; others are being exploited steadily with best of prospects, and many more of a most promising nature only await the advent of capital to make them an apparent commercial success.

Within the last three years there has been an average annual increase in both tonnage and values of ore shipments from this point of more than three hundred per cent., and yet development here is in its infancy.

But as if to make it a still better field for lucrative investment, a new asset of great magnitude is rapidly assuming a front place in the eyes of both the home-seeker and speculative public.

Here, are thousands of acres of choice land suitable for general farming, fruit and truck gardening, with a steadily growing home market for all that can be produced.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s steamers give this place a daily service each way, and a double service three times a week, always connecting with trains for the main line at Revelstoke, and east over Crow's Nest branch.

To see this country, is to believe in it; and bona fide intending settlers or investors will find themselves well repaid after a careful investigation of its resources.

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The Dominion Trust Company.

What is a trust company? What does it do? What is the difference between a trust company and a bank? Whom does its operations interest and effect?

These questions naturally arise in connection with the organization of a trust company, and are constantly asked of its manager. "Westward Ho!" believes that in the Dominion Trust Company are to be found some of the most prominent and successful business men of Vancouver, who have invested largely in this institution, and by becoming directors guarantee not only their capital but their time and experience in its successful conduct. Furthering this end, the magazine obtained from the managing director of the trust company a sketch of its development and organization.

"When we decided to organize The Dominion Trust Company we found ready subscription to its stock," said Mr. J. B. Mathers, the President and Manager. "Over two hundred thousand dollars worth of the stock sold at once—the first one hundred and fifty thousand at par—the rest at more than par. Men of affairs saw the great need for such a company.

"In selecting our directors we sifted the business men of the city, and chose only such men as stood unquestioned in the business world. Every director has made a success of his own business, and they have invested in The Dominion

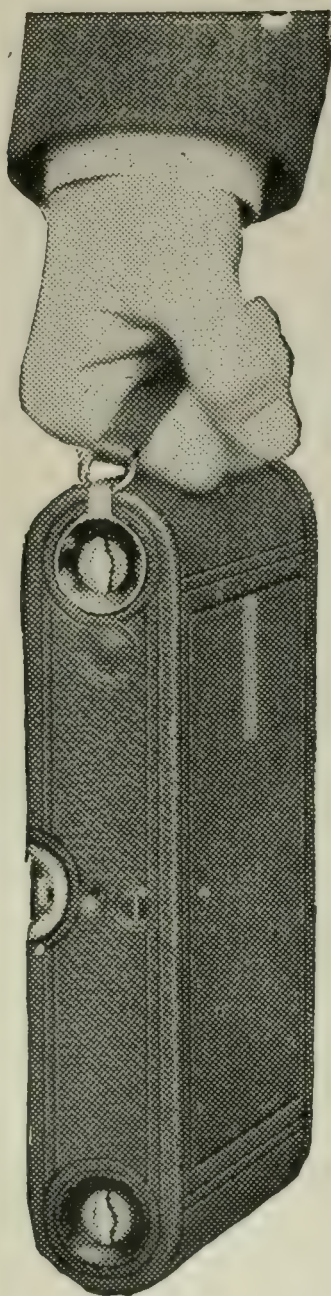
Trust Company because they believe it is really a necessity, and they were convinced it would become one of the strongest and most reliable financial institutions in the West.

"It is our intention to so direct the affairs of the company that it will be as successful as the business enterprises are with which our directors are associated and so that whatever the trust company undertakes will be performed exactly as agreed.

"The management of estates is amongst the Company's most important undertakings," continued Mr. Mathers. "Estates of minors, of legatees, of absentees, of capitalists who wish to invest here but do not wish to give personal attention to property management, are being handled with a system that guarantees the best interests of the estate or investor in every way.

"Our directors are men of the widest connections. They are in a position to know what is best for any estate placed under their management. They secure the highest prices when property is to be sold, can arrange loans on favorable terms, and when property is to be bought for a client, they have knowledge of the best offerings and can secure same frequently lower than the market.

"We train our staff to expert work in each line—each member of the staff fitting himself for special duties. For in-



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Will Marsden

665 Granville St.

Vancouver, B. C.

stance, a valuation is required—we can furnish entirely reliable figures at once through our valuers. Securing tenants for property, keeping property in good repair, arranging insurance, betterments, etc., all require organization and expert service; so we have men who will attend to special duties and those who entrust property to us feel it is being handled with a guarantee of its earning its best returns, bringing a good price in case of sale and not permitted to deteriorate through lack of attention."

It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Mathers is himself a most successful real estate manager and investor. His achievements in this line, coupled with his previous success in Manitoba, where he was prominent in lumbering, having been President of the Retail Lumbermen's Association, was one of the strong reasons why he was asked to become the Manager of the Dominion Trust Company. The directors wished to be sure its operations were to be under the executive supervision of a man of practical experience in touch with the progressive forces of the Province, but conservative and clear-headed in order to throw every safeguard around the company's activities, and at the same time have its undertakings dictated by a full knowledge of how best a trust company can be conducted in the interests both of its stockholders and clients. This knowledge Mr. Mathers possesses from long and careful study of successful trust company conduct, and entered upon the duties of his position with a definite plan for success, which has already placed the company within three years upon a substantial and prosperous basis.

Mr. Mathers next called attention to the Company's safe deposit vaults. "We have opened safe deposit vaults that are the best in Vancouver, being accessible, convenient and centrally located, and necessary to us as the custodian of the papers of many important concerns—especially wills entrusted to our care by hundreds of people who recognize the advantage of having safe storage for documents of this character. Already we have many valuable papers to protect. All our directors have decided to

have this Company act as administrator of their estates. They appreciate the many reasons why a trust company like this can act better for all concerned in these matters than any other institution or individual.

"It is surprising how many people wait years before drawing their wills, doubtful about the way to have the will worded, and still more doubtful as to whom they will name as administrator, and it is a well known fact that many who have striven all their lives to acquire a competence often die without a will and leave their estate to be squandered in useless litigation by not having previously appointed a responsible executor. We furnish free a will form for anyone who applies for it, and will keep the document in our vaults after it is drawn for any length of time free of charge.

"We know that the more people who come in contact with the advantages of our services in matters of this kind, the more they will wish to have the Company handle their estates. We are perfectly organized to protect the orphan and the widow, to act in a confidential, advisory and executive capacity for all who are not in position to act for themselves or do not care to do so.

"We act as guardian for minor children and imbeciles, and as counsel for those wishing to avail themselves of advice that is guaranteed to be honest and disinterested—and in this we do not preclude the employment of legal advice by any of our clients. We wish our clients to have all the benefit of legal advice they may require or desire and the employment of this company does not necessarily mean the employment of its legal counsel. In fact it is so clear to the best lawyers that a well organized trust company has facilities and advantages for discharging administrative duties that they do not possess, that they

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make it a practice to call in the services of a trust company to aid in their work.

"The Dominion Trust Company is in position to act with the greatest success in all such capacities, for it is organized intelligence, experience and honesty, backed by a system that guarantees that no detail shall be neglected, no opportunity be overlooked, in the management of property for the best interests of its clients.

"We also have power to act as organizers and underwriters for enterprises requiring such services. We undertake not only to secure charters for companies and arrange organized system for their conduct, but also to underwrite the stock, if its objects be honest and its future assured by filling a public need, putting it on the best basis possible. Our directors realize the great opportunities for successful commercial and industrial organization this prosperous and progressive country affords, and they possess the desire as well as the means to

take an active interest in sound undertakings calculated to enhance the prosperity of the country or the city as well as the promoters themselves. They see that capital is bound to come to British Columbia if there is to be systematic development of its vast resources; so they wish to participate as active agents and investors in enterprises that appeal to their ideas of soundness and success.

"The affairs of the company are upon a most conservative basis. The directors supervise the company's conduct, know all that goes on and act upon every proposition of any importance. They handle the company's funds with the utmost conservatism, alike safeguarding stockholders and clients in every way possible."

Speaking of the extent to which The Dominion Trust Company is equipped to act in trust capacities, Mr. Mathers concluded: "We are always open to handle assignments of any description, to act as trustee for concerns which wish

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trustees they can absolutely rely on, to act as executors, administrators and liquidators, or financial or confidential agents for any lawful purpose."

FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS.

Mr. A. Oswald Barratt, 619 Hastings Street, West, has just received from the Old Country a series of pictures which are a feature in the world of art. They are reproductions of some of the paintings of the old masters, the originals of which are to be found in the National Gallery, London, the Wallace Collection, London, the Louvre, the Dresden Gallery, etc. They are exact replicas, showing even the cracks in the paint on the canvas, and a great deal of interest has been manifested in the arrival of this consignment in Vancouver. The reproduction is by a special process, performed in the natural colours and tone under the personal direction of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, well known in European art circles. When these facsimiles were first brought out in London last fall, quite an excitement was created. Such

famous painters as Reynolds, Constable, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Titian and others are represented, and this series is the best that has ever been accomplished in the way of printed copies of great pictures. Some of them are now on exhibition in the windows of R. M. Love, Carroll street, Goddard's Auction Rooms, and in John Rankin's on Pender street, Vancouver, while others may be seen in Mr. Barratt's office. Since nothing of the kind has been seen before in Vancouver, people may secure priceless pictures, which differ little from the originals in size and general appearance.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

Probably no firm is better fitted, by nature and experience, to treat the readers of this magazine more honorably and squarely than the Appleton Investment Corporation, Ltd., which numbers among its officers and stockholders many prominent British Columbia Capitalists and Middle West Bankers. This Corporation, while dealing in Eastern Washing-

ton fruit lands, timber propositions, and property in and around Seattle, is making a specialty of Nechaco Valley, B.C., whose boundless resources are attracting the attention of so many homeseekers and investors at the present time. For convenience, the home office of this firm is American Bank Building, Seattle, U. S. A., and its British Columbia branches are located at Vancouver and Quesnelle.

THE ALEXANDRA.

Among the successful and enterprising business women of Vancouver, Madame Humphrey, the leading hair-dresser, deserves much credit. Seven years ago when but few deemed the city sufficiently advanced to support such an establishment, Madame Humphrey, an expert in every branch of the art of hair-dressing and scalp treatment, opened her parlors. By hard work, artistic merit, together with courteous treatment and prompt attention to all, she rapidly won an ever-increasing patronage, until today she has attained that coveted position—first rank in her profession. With an able and competent staff, comprising

six assistants, neither strangers or Madame Humphrey's regular patrons have to wait any length of time for the fulfillment of their requirements, as a skilled operator is ever ready for prompt service.

A SPECIALIST.

Although Mr. J. L. Clark's teas and coffees are vertically sold at retail, his monthly delivery of these commodities exceed that of any other grocer in Vancouver, B.C., while conspicuously rivaling the output of the wholesaler. So popular have his blends of coffee become that more than a ton is purchased every four weeks by his patrons, and practically the same thing may be said of his teas. Mr. Clark has carefully studied the tastes of the Vancouver public, and what is of equal importance, knows when, how, and where to buy, so as to give the buyer every advantage of quality and price. His goods have stood the test of years and are acknowledged by experts to be the best in the market.

WRITE TO-DAY

FOR

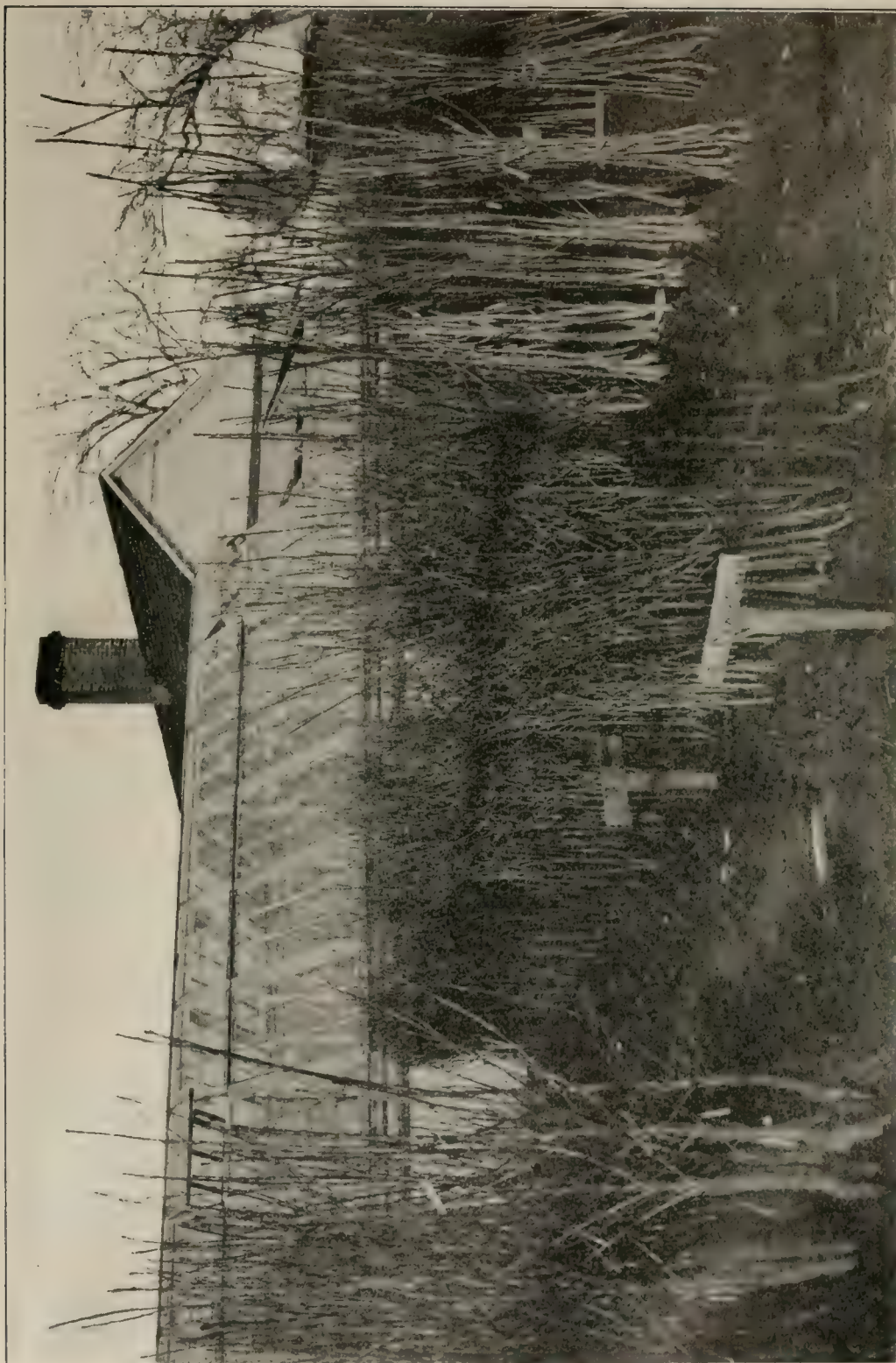
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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless—we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

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Beautiful Marcel Wave, 50c; Shampoo, 25c and 50c; Face Massage and treatment for all kinds of skin troubles, and building up of wasting tissues and flabby muscles.

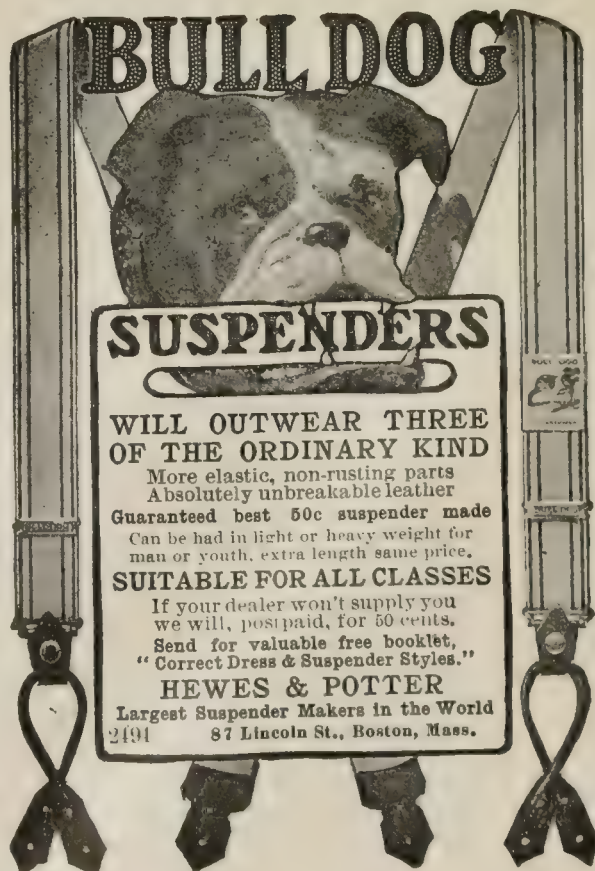
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With every modern convenience and
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Send me your ideas and I will give
you advice, free of cost, or will submit
you a sketch of your ideas worked into
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You cannot afford to be without a
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I will forward you a copy. It con-
tains many designs of practical homes,
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A full set of Teeth.....\$5.00
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It is worth while to keep the grass green and healthy and trimmed just to hear your visitors exclaim: "Oh, what a pretty lawn!"

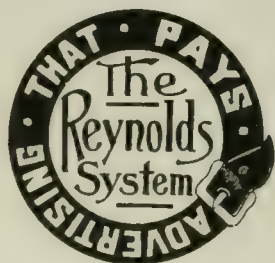
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Just make a mental note to call and price them and ask the man to explain their merits.

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I want to look after your advertising a month or two on trial so that you can get an adequate idea of the real value of an advertising manager to your business.

I offer you the kind of advertising that brings quick results—boosts sales and earnings—nullifies the effects of competition and gives increased influence and prestige. Not theory, but practical working principles that have been tried out and proven sound in the actual experiences of the world's largest and most successful business houses; methods that go straight home and do the work effectively.

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1908 Catalogue Free.

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ACTUAL VALUES.
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REAL ESTATE and REAL MINING.

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Earn from \$25 to \$100 per week.

You cannot fail to qualify for a high-salaried managerial position in advertising, when taking a course of instruction through me. I teach you how to write good, forceful, trade-pulling advertisements, and guarantee my own personal criticisms and advice. Every student treated according to his essays on the work.

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PRICE \$800.

Guaranteed in perfect running order.

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You will do well to see us
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Cushions and Awnings

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The money-making marvel of the age.

\$100	invested has made.....\$	36,620
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I firmly believe that our property will
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Every way you look at **OIL** our in-
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Well down 1,600 feet—may get **OIL**
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**BOATS and ENGINES BUILT,
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Works and Wharf in Coal Harbour.

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IT'S JUST WHAT WE SAY IT IS
GUARANTEED 4 CYCLE ENGINE **THE GOOD KIND**

IMPERIAL HEAVY DUTY

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Boats of All Kinds.

Launches a Specialty.

Marine Railway up to 75 feet

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1711 GEORGIA ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Letson & Burpee

Limited

Manufacturers of

Marine Gasoline Engines

High speed—3 to 12 h.p. 2 Cycle.

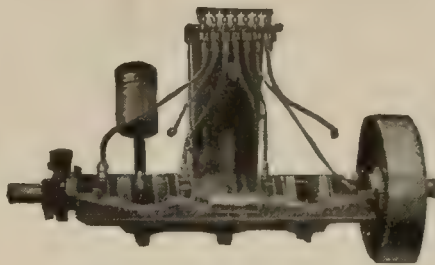
Heavy duty—4 cycle. 10 to 40 h.p.

Catalogues on application.

142 to 152 Alexander Street

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Ferro Engines



Needs No Cylinder Priming-

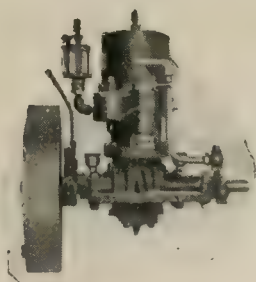
This is one of the latest improvements in Ferro Engines that is of vital importance. Underneath the valve chamber is a shallow cup in which a small quantity of gasoline overflows when the carburetor is primed. When the engine is overturned, this overflow is sucked directly into the cylinders through small openings, thus making cylinder priming unnecessary.

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THE CUSHMAN
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If you are considering the purchase of a Motor-Boat, before deciding on the engine investigate the

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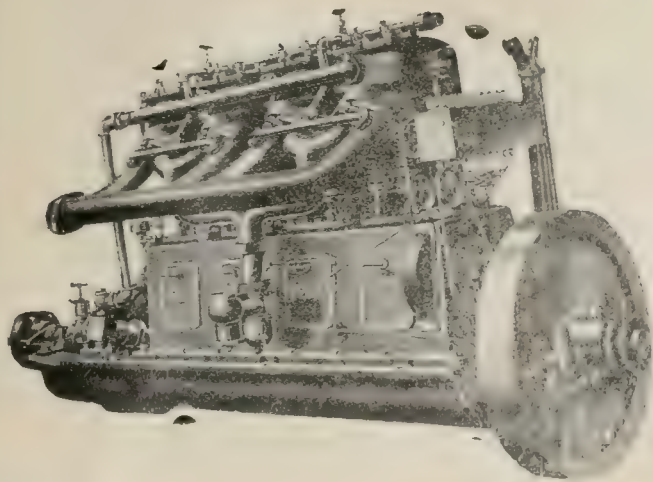
Made in 2, 4, 7, 8 and 14 h. p.

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ELECTRICAL and
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Sole Agents for

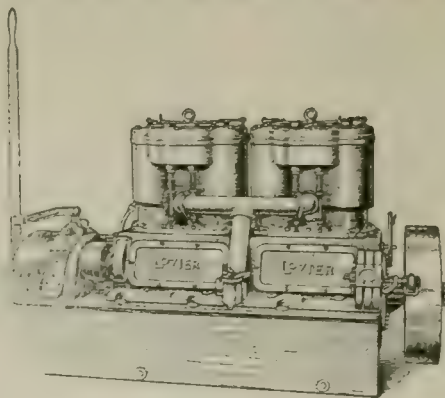
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Marine Engines
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POWERFUL
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SIMPLE,
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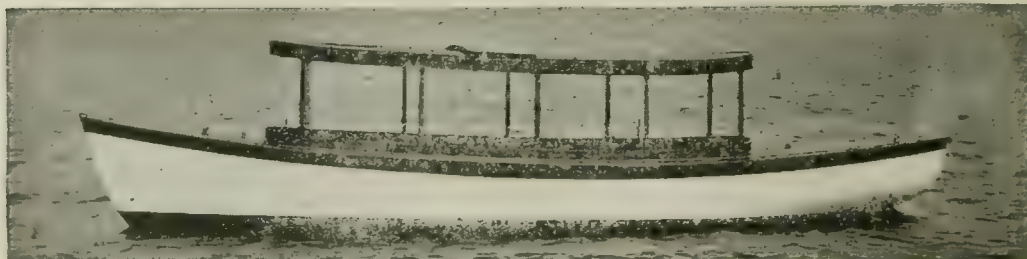
We are B. C. Distributors for these
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Write or call at our nearest office.

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WE GUARANTEE EVERY OUTFIT

OUR POWER BOATS combine every desirable quality found in All others and have none of the disagreeable features found in Any of the others. We are proud of them and want an opportunity to demonstrate their quality.

25 YEARS of actual experience in the building of boats and motors enables us to furnish the noiseless and odorless RACINE ENGINE as used in our LAUNCHES.

We replace any defective parts at any time.

IF YOU COULD PURCHASE ONE OF OUR LAUNCHES AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY LAUNCH, WOULD it not interest you. We are offering special prices.

Send 4 cents for postage on Catalog No. 1, describing Motors and Motor Boats, or Catalog No. 2 describing Row Boats, Canoes, and Hunting Boats, to

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., MUSKEGON, MICH.

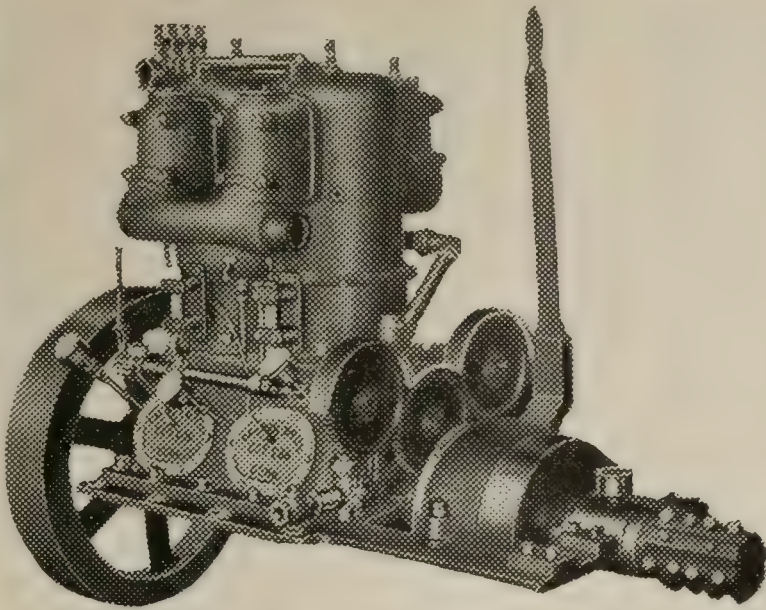
Or call at one of our Branch Stores at

1626 Broadway, New York,
38 Delaware Ave., Camden, N.J.
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182 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
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Where we carry a full line for prompt delivery.

Factory Co's Cob. Conn



20 H.P. 2 Cylinders 7½" Bore 10" Stroke

PALMER

GASOLENE MOTORS



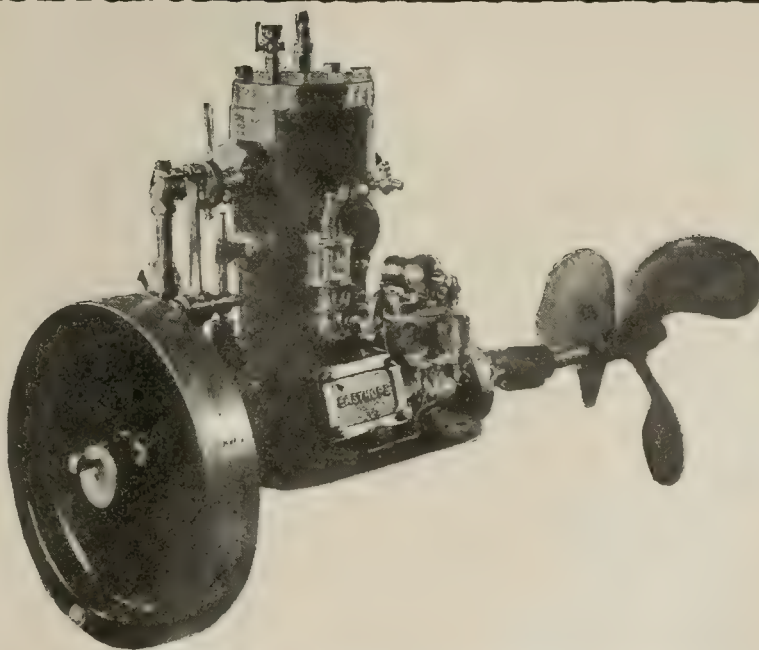
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Launches in stock and built to order.

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Economical, Powerful, and above all Absolutely Reliable

They are the simplest and most accessible engine made today.

WE GUARANTEE THEM—YOU TAKE NO RISK.

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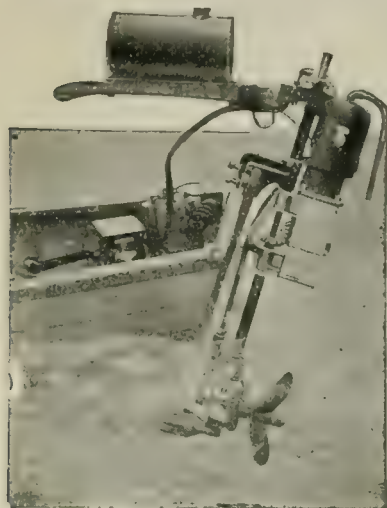
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THE WATERMAN PORTO Motor Attachment

For Row-Boats, Yachts, etc.

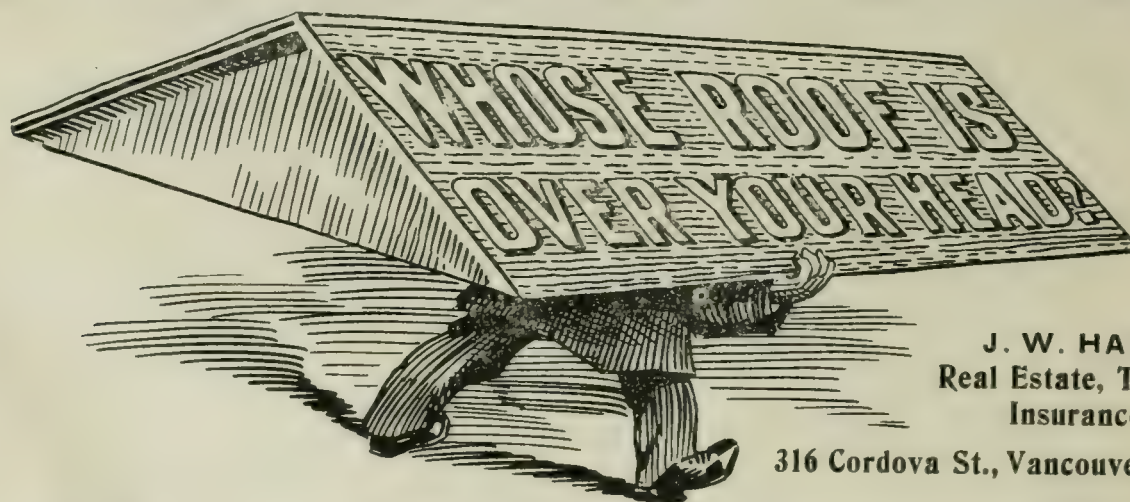
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Agents wanted in every town.

Write for booklet.



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Real Estate, Timber,
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**DO YOU
SMOKE?**

If so this coupon
is worth

25c. To You

We are so well convinced that our Home product,

“The Very Best”

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are equal to

if not better than any other cigar on earth for the price, that if you will enclose to us the attached coupon with \$3.00 we will send you a \$3.25 box of either of the above brands of cigars in order to convince you of their merit.

Remember, they are a Home Product.

THE SUCCESS CIGAR COMPANY

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"MADE IN CANADA"
BEST
RUBBER STAMPS

No more need of sending your orders to "the other side" when you want good stamps. You can now get them made here, same day order is received; of best gum rubber, by expert workmen, on latest improved elastic-producing machinery.

Metal Checks, Badges, Check Protectors,
The Peerless Moistener.

A. G. BAGLEY & SONS, Vancouver, B.C.,



"Bagley makes good Rubber Stamps."

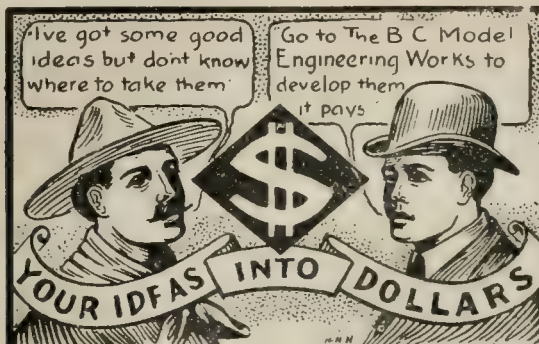
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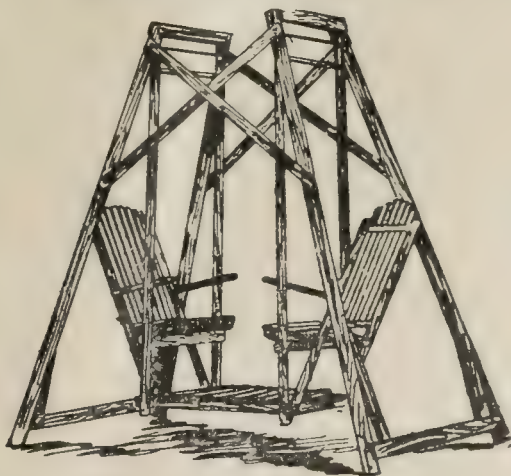
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We do all kinds of metal work—
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SMITH'S UNIQUE COURSE
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Lawn Swings Are Ripe

They are a comfort to the old and a
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Very substantial and very reasonable in
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Made in two sizes, single and double.

Call or write.

DAVIDSON & LABSIK

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THE MONTELIUS NEW ECONOMIC PLAN OF SELLING PIANOS?

We claim to sell MORE PIANOS and on a SMALLER PROFIT per piano than any other concern in B. C.

Our 37 years practical experience in BUYING THE RIGHT WAY, combined with our large capital, enables us to embrace every opportunity that will benefit our patrons, save them money, and increase our vast business.

CALL AT

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AND GET ACQUAINTED.

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439-441 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

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Make a Specialty of

**Summer
Cottages**

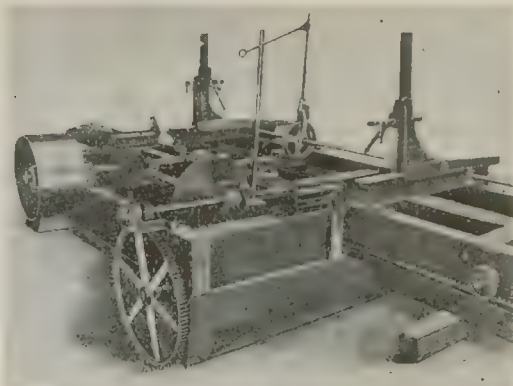
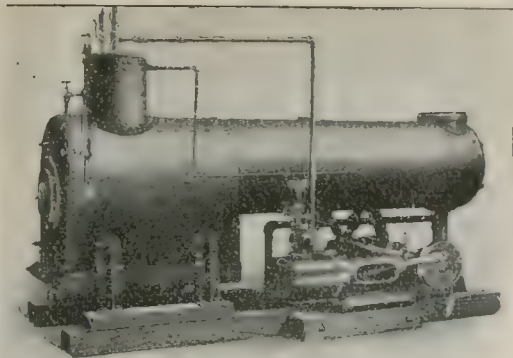
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Saw Mill Machinery



MITCHELL MACHINERY COMPANY

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Complete Logging Equipments, Donkey and Railroad.

If you are interested in the economical production of lumber, better let us give you a few facts about the saw-mill best suited to your requirements. We furnish everything in the saw-mill line, and are especially strong on the heavier patterns. A word from you will bring our catalogue and other information. Write now.

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BUSHELS OF LETTERS asking for more information about

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There's plenty of room in this Province for an INLAND EMPIRE of gigantic proportions and plenty of ambitious men and capital to create it.

Where Shall the Work Begin?

The GEOGRAPHICAL AXIS of BRITISH COLUMBIA is Nechaco Valley, and you won't find its superior for climate, soil, water, beautiful lakes and rivers, lay of the land, and general resources, anywhere.

The GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC R. R. (Main line and arteries) will "honeycomb" this Valley within the next 18 months. Would such a Railroad do this if THEY DIDN'T EXPECT to boom the locality?

Are you interested in this new country? Send us a postal with your name and address, and we will mail you at once free literature and full particulars.

Ask about our re-selection clause; it's decidedly popular among our many clients. Price within the reach of the poorest; terms nine years.

Appleton Investment Corporation, Ltd

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I Need A TRAINED Man



"Yes, I'm sorry, too, that you cannot fill the position, but what I need is a trained man—a man who thoroughly understands the work."

"No, there's no other position open—we've hundreds of applicants now on the list waiting for the little jobs. This position calls for a trained man. Good day."

That's it. There's a big call for the trained man—the man who can handle the big things—the man who is an expert.

You can easily receive the training that will put you in the class of well-paid men. You can't begin to understand how quickly the little coupon below will bring you success. Already it has helped thousands of men to better paying positions and more congenial work. It will cost you only a two cent stamp to learn how it is all done. Just mark the coupon as directed and mail it to-day. The International Correspondence Schools have a way to help you.

● During September 202 students voluntarily reported better positions and higher salaries secured through I. C. S. training.

Don't fill a little job all your life when you can so easily move up in the world.

**The Business of This Place
Is to Raise Salaries.**

NOW is the time to mark the coupon.

International Correspondence Schools. Box 519 Vancouver, B.C.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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Elec. Engineer

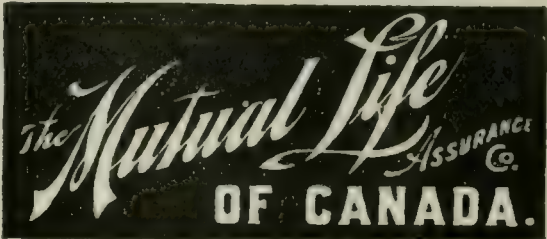
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38 Years Record



RESULTS FOR 1907.

Income	\$ 2,243,570.00
Assets	11,656,410.00
Surplus	1,503,719.00
Business in force.....	51,091,848.00

Owned and controlled by policy-holders—no stockholders to absorb dividends—no foreign business written—every dollar invested in Canada.

For rates and full information, write or call on:

WILLIAM J. TWISS

Manager

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For Turkish, Russian, Electric and Sulphur baths go to the Sultan Turkish Baths, 649 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C. Commutation Bath Tickets.

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The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. W. F. Winters.

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Victoria Realty offers a judicious investment. We have some particularly fine residence sites on the sea front; acreage on the outskirts and good inside business property. The Pacific Coast Realty Co., Victoria, B. C.

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A. N. St. John-Mildmay, M.A., (Winchester and Oxford), has had 22 years' successful experience in all kinds of Tuition, Classics, Mathematics, English, French. Classes or singly. For terms apply 897 Ninth Ave., West., Vancouver, B.C.

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The place for your Cushions, Awnings, Spring Berths, etc., Langridge & Co., 1039 Granville St. Phone B 1460, Vancouver, B.C.

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Repairs of Watches, Jewelry and Optical goods at lowest prices. All work guaranteed. 18 years in business. Mail orders a specialty. Albert Ufford, 237 Carrall St., Vancouver, B.C.

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TIMBER LAND WANTED.

I have capital to purchase timber. If needed will advance money to cruisers to pay for advertising or licenses. E. R. Chandler, Suite 1 and 2, Jones Building, Vancouver, B. C.

MODELS OF INVENTIONS.

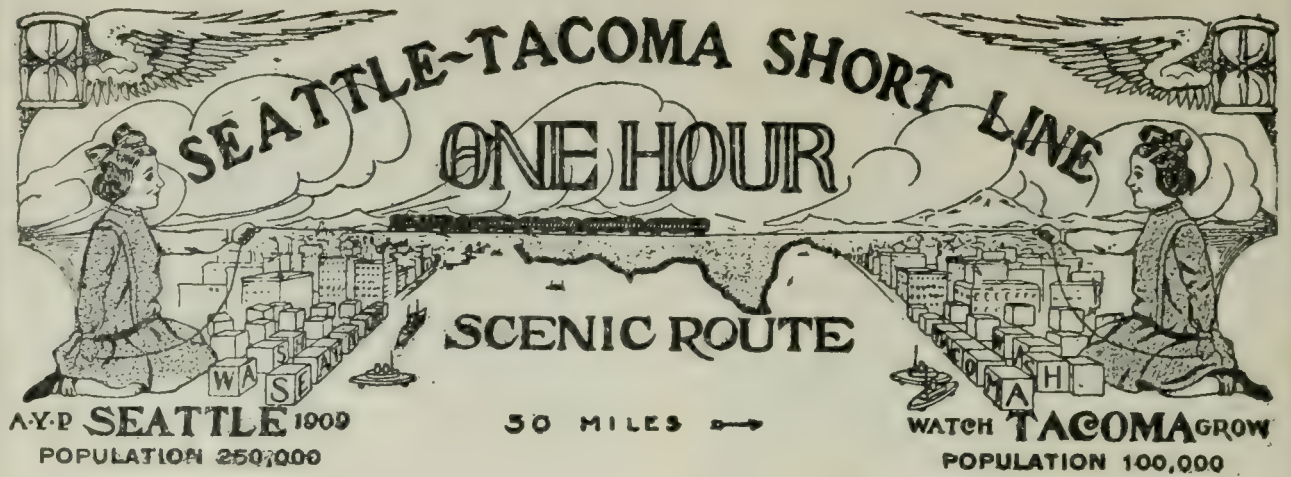
Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 980 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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We conduct auctions of Household Goods, Real Estate and Live Stock anywhere in the Province, Kingsford, Smith & Co., 167 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B.C.

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Repairing, Re-dyeing and Remodelling at lowest prices. Furs stored for the summer. San Francisco Fur Co., E. A. Roberts, 919 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.



Seattle, Wash., April 30th, 1908.

To Mr. or Mrs. Investor,
United States or Canada.

Dear Sir or Madam:—

The "Factory to Consumer" idea has wrought a wonderful change in the business conditions of this country. Today thoughtful buyers find it most profitable to purchase many standard commodities direct from the manufacturer and thereby cut out the middleman's profit to their own advantage.

In no line of commercial endeavor is there a greater economic waste in the matter of middleman's profit than in the marketing of high grade investment securities. Why not try the direct purchase plan on investments? It is possible for every investor to make his or her own investigation of any given security. It is possible for every investor to learn how to weigh the evidence regarding any proposed investment. It is manifestly to the investor's interest that he or she make the investigation at first hand provided the truth of the evidence can readily be established.

With these ideas in view the "Seattle-Tacoma Short Line" has adopted a plan of finance that is readily understandable by anyone and the details of it can be investigated by any intending purchaser with perfect ease. It has adopted a plan of finance, which in the matter of protection to the small investor, cannot in the judgment of experts be bettered. It matters not whether the amount of the investment be one hundred dollars or ten thousand the safeguards surrounding the investor are such that **ABSOLUTE SAFETY** is assured. It surely will pay anyone to investigate the plan and ascertain what is offered by it.

Interurban electric railways have proven to be the safest and most profitable form of investment. Unlike almost any other form of railway enterprise the earning capacity of interurban roads can readily be calculated by persons not thoroughly well versed in either railroading or finance.

The "Seattle-Tacoma Short Line," now in progress of construction between Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, presents, in the opinion of those well posted, the **BEST AND SAFEST INTERURBAN PROPOSITION EVER OFFERED FOR INVESTMENT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE**. One interurban electric road now runs between the two cities and is doing more business, both freight and passenger, than can be handled with satisfaction to its patrons. The Short Line will be seven miles shorter than the present line; it will serve the travelling public in nearly one-half the time between terminals. It can carry both freight and passengers at a cost sixteen per cent. less than the present line can render the same service. It passes through the most beautiful residential country, right along the picturesque Puget Sound and only a stone's throw from the water's edge. On present business alone it will be able to earn not less than ten per cent on the par value of its stock from the first year, and this means twenty per cent. to those who invest now and buy while the stock is selling at fifty per cent.

The phenomenal growth of both Seattle and Tacoma insure enough new business in the next few years to overtax even the facilities offered by the Short Line.

Full descriptive circular matter will be mailed to anyone sending in the attached coupon. Write today for Booklet.

Seattle-Tacoma Short Line.

450 American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Perkins Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.

Kindly send me full details and plans of payment for stock in The Seattle-Tacoma Short Line.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

TIMBER BETTER THAN GOLD

Forty years ago much of the finest and most valuable timber in the United States was being cut and burned to make way for agriculture.

The great forests of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys were then regarded only as an enemy to progress, as they stood in the way of the farmer,—hence the slaughter of the forests... Now it is said of Indiana and Ohio that—

"Had each farmer in the rich timber regions reserved one-fifth of his farm as a wood-lot and forested it wisely it would not only have paid good annual dividends on the investment, but the wood alone today would be worth more than the remaining four-fifths of his farm, including all his homestead improvements."—Milton O. Nelson, in *Review of Reviews*, November, 1907.

Our people could not then see far enough into the future to realize that these conditions would so soon, if ever, exist. Even within the last five to ten years most of the rich timber lands of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and British Columbia have passed into the hands of shrewd investors for only a fraction of what they are now worth.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* of January, 1907, Chas. P. Norcross, in writing of the colossal fortune one man has made in timber says,—

"There is nothing in this country growing in value by leaps and bounds like timber properties. The pinch is coming. The prodigal waste of years is creating a paucity of desirable timber tracts."

In his message to Congress December 3, 1907, President Roosevelt says,—

"The country is unquestionably on the verge of a timber famine which will be felt in every household in the land. There has already been a rise in the price of lumber, but there is certain to be a more rapid and heavier rise in the future."

In Southern Mexico, at a less distance from Galveston, New Orleans, and Mobile than Chicago is from New York City, are found some of the finest hardwood timber tracts in the world. The varieties comprise mahogany, rosewood, lignum vitae, Spanish cedar, and other rare and costly woods. The land, after it has been denuded of the timber, is amongst the most valuable in the world for plantation purposes,—bananas, rubber, oranges, lemons, limes, sugar cane, pine-apples, corn, grass, etc.

The natives and planters, like the early settlers of the Ohio Valley, regard the timber as an enemy to agricultural and plantation progress. By reason of this fact, this Company has acquired absolute title to 91,610 acres (143 square miles) of the choicest timber land in the whole Republic of Mexico at a cost so low as to make it possible to capitalize the company for less than one-twentieth of the real value of its assets.

The land lies within two miles of a river flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, which is navigable for ocean-going vessels for many miles above the Company's property.

The timber on this tract will average 20,000 feet per acre (board measurement). It is only 1,885 miles from New York City by all water route with a very low freight rate.

Additional funds are needed to carry out the Company's plans for marketing this timber and developing the property. To secure these funds a limited amount of the capital stock is now being sold for cash or on easy payments.

Already more than \$800,000,000 of American and Canadian money has been invested in Mexico and the amount is increasing at the rate of about \$200,000,000 annually. Thus it is very evident that sagacious investors are rapidly taking advantage of such marvelous opportunities and that he who expects to participate in same has no time to lose.

If you want to know more about this Company, and the chance you have of sharing in this proposition in either a large or small way drop us a card for "Descriptive Folder."

Do it now.

Chacamax Land Development Company

American Bank Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

References:—National Bank of Commerce, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

Other references furnished upon request.

The Front Door

The completion of the Ferry Slip at Nanaimo, and of the C. P. R. Extension to Alberni and Comox will mean that Nanaimo will become the front door of Vancouver Island.

The rich agricultural areas North, South and West of the City will correspondingly benefit.

Our list covers a great variety of lands, improved and unimproved, suitable for mixed farming and fruit growing near the line of the C. P. R., including French Creek, Errington, Comox and other points.

Sea Front Properties a Specialty

Write for our Free Booklet.

A. E. PLANTA, Limited

Established 1888

Real Estate and Insurance Agents

NANAIMO, B. C.

Are You Looking for a Business Opening or a Safe Investment?

TELKWA

The Coming Commercial Centre of the BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

The Townsite of Telkwa is located in the very center of the famous Bulkley Valley, about sixty miles by wagon road from the town of Hazelton, the latter being at the head of navigation on the Skeena River. It has the finest strategic location for a commercial centre of any town in the interior of Northern British Columbia, being at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa rivers, surrounded by an exceedingly rich farming and stock-raising country, and also contiguous to several mountain ranges with precious metals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc.

A country that is as rich in natural resources as the Bulkley Valley, must—in order to develop to any extent—have some means of getting its products to market and also for bringing in the supplies and material incident to such development. These facilities, in the shape of a railroad, will be amply supplied by the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, large parties of surveyors being now at work in that territory.

Immediately across the river from the townsite lie vast coal fields, which extend up the Telkwa river for a distance of some twenty miles, while a short distance beyond are located a large number of rich copper mines, development of which has already commenced.

With the Grand Trunk Pacific controlling the major portion of the coal fields, it does not require a large stretch of the imagination to realize that a branch line will be built from Telkwa, up the river of the same name, to the coal fields, and also on to the copper mines, so that the products of both may be taken to market.

The Bulkley Valley is being settled up rapidly with a good class of farmers, while the mountains on all sides of the valleys are filled with miners and prospectors, who are discovering ores in good paying quantities. In addition to the large number of farmers, miners, prospectors, cruisers and lumbermen already in the valley, the Grand Trunk Pacific are preparing to send in large bodies of men to commence the grading operations in the valley, so that Telkwa is bound to be a busy point and a good-sized city in the very near future.

I am authorized to offer special inducements to purchasers of property in Telkwa who desire to enter business or live there. The object being to build up the town with a good thrifty class of citizens, rather than to sell a large number of lots to outsiders and speculators. In other words, the owners feel that Telkwa, on account of its geographical location and natural advantages, is destined to be one of the principal inland cities in Northern British Columbia, probably second only to Prince Rupert, therefore the near future will take care of the mere selling of the lots and our first consideration is to encourage the best class of business men and residents to locate in Telkwa, and to this end we will be pleased to meet all those who may be interested in getting into business for themselves. There will be openings for nearly every line of business and trade no matter how small. Further we will not require a great amount of cash. We believe in the future of Telkwa and are prepared to make terms to meet the needs of small as well as large tradespeople and others. At the present time there is a good hotel, one store, meat market, large warehouse and other buildings. It is the natural distributing point for the territory served by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and has been used as such by the surveyors and construction men of the new road.

We consider this an exceptional chance for those looking for new openings. Write or call and see what we have to offer you.

J. L. FOREPAUGH, Agent.

14 JONES BLOCK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

THE Bank of Vancouver

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament of
the Dominion of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE - - VANCOUVER, B.C.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

In 20,000 shares of \$100 each with \$10 Premium.

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The Bank of Vancouver is being organized to meet in part the increased banking accommodation required by the natural and steady expansion of business, coincident with the great development of the country and especially of British Columbia, and while organising to conduct a general banking business, will give special consideration to the industries and commerce of the Province, and is being established primarily for this purpose, and through its connections in Great Britain, Eastern Canada and the United States, it will be able to greatly facilitate the investment of outside capital in the various enterprises of the Province.

It is the intention to open Branch Offices at various points from time to time as opportunity arises.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR STOCK

The Stock Books of the Bank of Vancouver are now open for the subscription of the Capital Stock at the Provisional Offices of the Bank at the corner of Pender and Homer Streets, Vancouver, B.C., and also at the offices of Mitchell, Martin & Co., 643 Fort Street, Victoria, B.C.

A. L. DEWAR, Secretary.



Incorporated 1905.

Capital	=	=	\$2,000,000
Subscribed Capital	=		500,000
Paid Up Capital	=		120,000
Reserve	=	=	160,000

SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT BOXES TO RENT.

There is little use of providing a safe receptacle for your valuables after being burglarized. Many people never seem to fully realize what dangers they court by keeping money, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in a house until they are burnt, lost or stolen. The only absolutely secure place for them is in one of our Safety Deposit Vault Boxes. They are always accessible during business hours, strictly private, fireproof, safe, and cost but \$5.00 to \$10.00 a year. Make a point of seeing our vaults tomorrow. It may result in great saving to you.

We Act as Executors and Trustees

If you have not made your will don't procrastinate. We will supply you with blank will forms and store your will in our Safety Deposit Vaults free of charge, when the company is made executor. As executors we follow the testators' instructions absolutely. In winding up estates we are in a position to realize to the fullest amount on properties, our facilities enabling us to dispose of estates to the best possible advantage, while you are protected by our splendid financial position.

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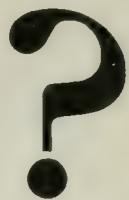
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Vancouver, B. C.

WHY NOT MINE YOUR OWN COAL



It is a conservative statement, to say the least, that the Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Company, Limited, has been eminently successful. Coal from this Company's mine is being shipped daily to Vancouver and owing to its superior quality as a domestic fuel, it is meeting with an eager demand.

The property has reached a stage in the development where it is necessary to install more adequate machinery and improved methods of handling the product in order that the maximum profits may be obtained thereon. The company has arranged a unique plan of co-operation in placing on sale shares of the capital stock of the company at one dollar per share, par value. Many purchasing stock would be actual consumers of coal, hence constant customers for the product of the Company's mine.

As may be seen from the exhaustive report of R. C. Campbell-Johnston, M.E., the profits from a ship-

ment of 6,000 tons a month would aggregate the sum of \$9,000, which sum would go a long way towards reducing the cost of coal to the shareholder-consumer, as well as proving a splendid investment to the speculator. From an economical as well as from the investment point of view, this proposition is of vital interest to the general public.

At the present par value of \$1.00 per share the company's stock is a splendid investment. The proposition is devoid of any semblance of risk or element of chance. All the preliminary work has been completed and a market established for the coal. The Company, therefore, has no hesitation in soliciting your order for shares, and whether it be for ten or more, the order will receive the same attention.

Write today for booklet containing the engineers' exhaustive report, full particulars and map showing the workings of the company.

The Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Mining Company, Limited.

HEAD OFFICE :

441 RICHARDS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

False Creek Coal Syndicate Limited

CAPITAL, = \$20,000

DIVIDED INTO 20,000 FULLY PAID SHARES OF \$1 EACH PAR VALUE
STOCK FULLY PAID-UP AND NON-ASSESSABLE.
NO PERSONAL LIABILITY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

Only 5,500 shares not taken up. These are offered at par, payable 10 per cent. on application and 90 per cent. in one month. Shares not applied for previous to beginning of operations, may be withdrawn or issued at a premium.

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Thomas Duke (of City Brokerage Co.), Vice-President.

James Borland, Plasterer.

Isaac B. Flater, Contractor.

Superintendent—**John Bouskill**.

Capt. G. H. French, Master Mariner.
J. N. Henderson, Druggist.

Alderman McSpadden (of Devine & McSpadden).

Colonel Albert Whyte (of West Shore and Northern Land Co., Ltd.).

Solicitors—**Bowser, Reid & Wallbridge**.

Bankers—**Eastern Townships Bank**.

Secretary and Offices—**James L. Stewart**, Room 8, 445 Granville St.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS

This Syndicate, formed under Section 56 of the Companies Act, 1897, and amending Acts, and more particularly to enter, prospect, search and work for Coal in False Creek, East of Westminster Avenue Bridge, under Provincial Coal and Petroleum Licence No. 2369, dated 16th December, 1907, embracing about 500 acres, issued to John Bouskill, of the City of Vancouver, B.C., and, in the event of operations being successful, to form a Company to acquire all right, title and interest in and to the said Licence in terms of agreement entered into with John Bouskill, Albert Whyte and James L. Stewart, who are jointly interested in said Licence.

It is a well known fact that Coal exists in the City of Vancouver. Borings have been made on several occasions in different parts of the City and neighbourhood, but no trace has been found that this has been done in False Creek where this Company purpose beginning operations, the Expert being confident that a five-foot seam of Coal will be discovered within 500 feet of the surface. Should a five-foot seam of coal be found it will be equivalent to 5,000 tons per acre, or 2,500,000 tons in 500 acres, and a conservative estimate of the value of this is \$1.00 per ton.

Forms of application and other information may be obtained from the Directors, Solicitors, Bankers and Secretary of the Syndicate, also City Brokerage Co. and Devine & McSpadden, Vancouver, B.C.

VICTORIA, B.C.

CANADA

the QUEEN CITY OF THE GOLDEN WEST



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THE
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NO HARD WINTERS. NO HOT SUMMERS. Write Tourist Association for free booklet.

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\$15

The Ostermoor Felt Mattress is positively and without question the BEST mattress ever made. It is clean, sanitary and attractive. Let our new booklet,

\$15

The "Test of Time"

MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

tell the story in word and picture. It is yours for the asking, even though you don't need a mattress now.

The Ostermoor Felt Mattress is for sale in every large town by one dealer, at the following prices:

Ostermoor Mattresses cost, transportation paid:

4 ft. 6 in., 45 lbs.....	\$15.00
4 ft. 0 in., 40 lbs.....	14.00
3 ft. 6 in., 35 lbs.....	12.50
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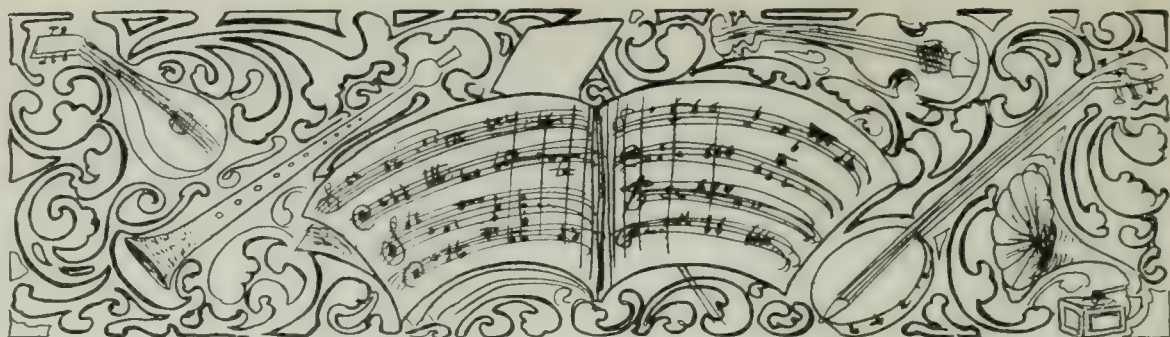
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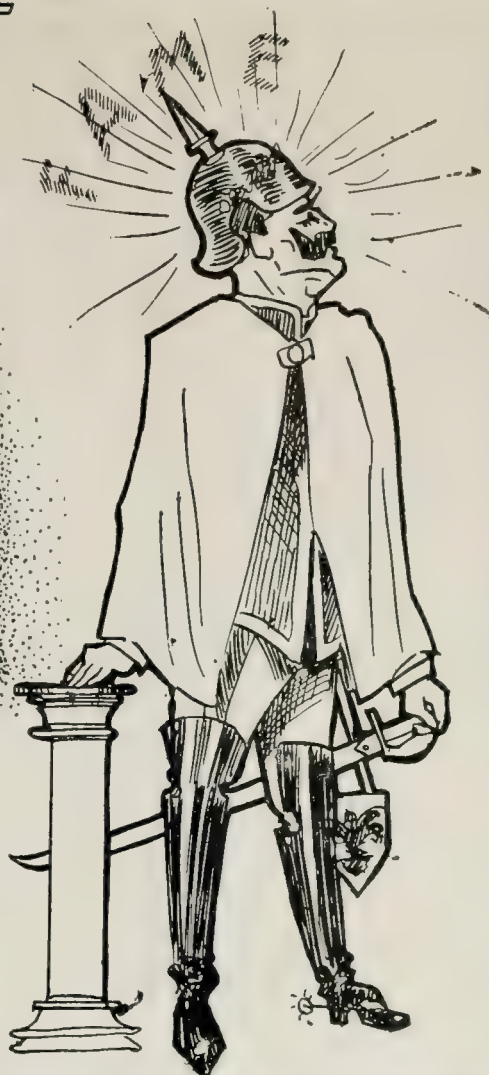
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A man of Considerable
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When Requested his liquor
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It is an every day luxury and appreciated by discerning tea
lovers wherever known. Packed and sealed in airtight tins
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